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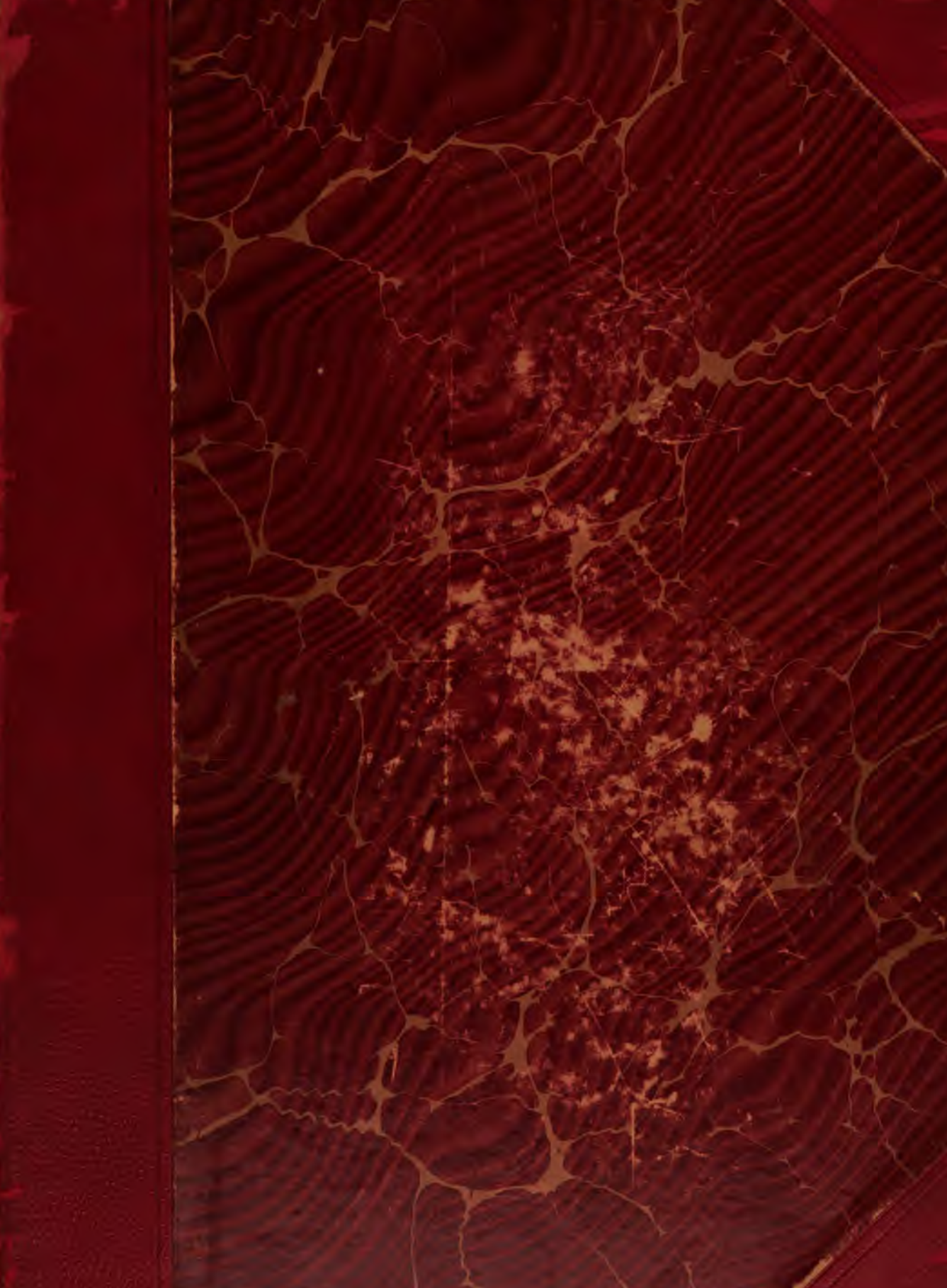
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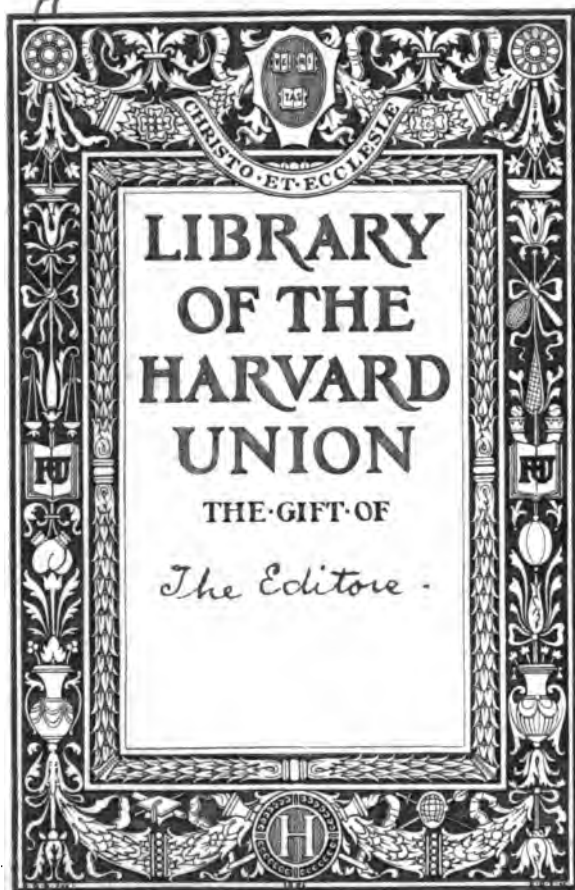
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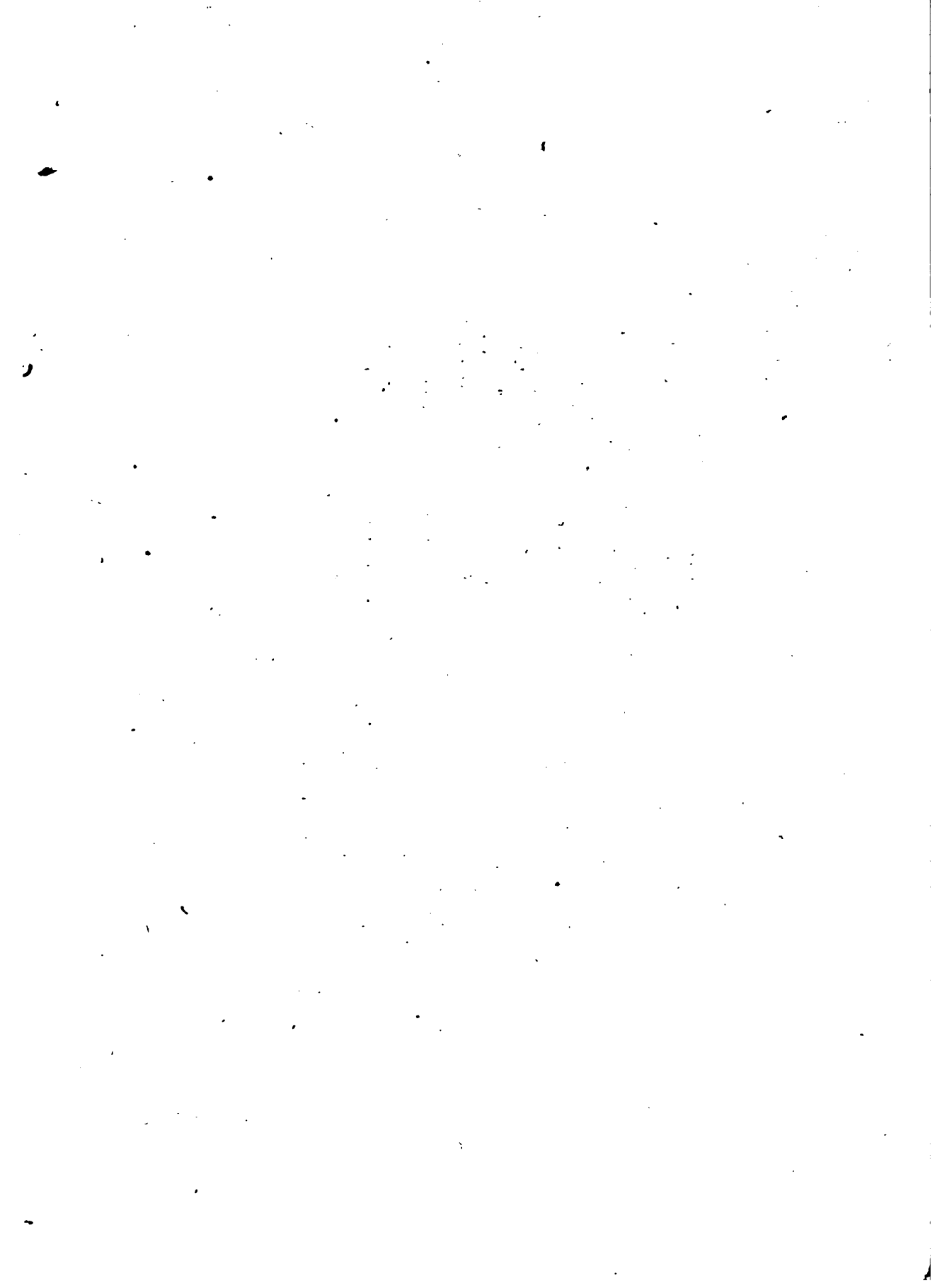
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1907-1908

Cambridge, Massachusetts
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FOR...
OCTOBER
VOLUME IX
NUMBER 1

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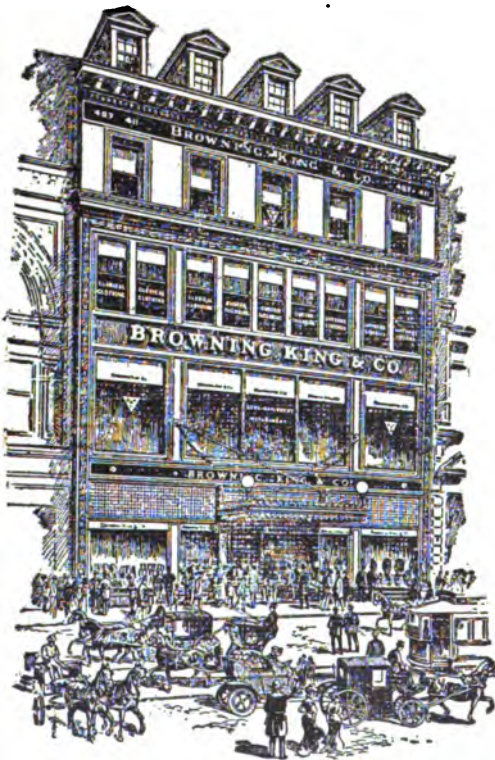
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VOLUME IX

OCTOBER, 1907

NUMBER 1

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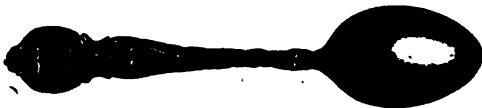
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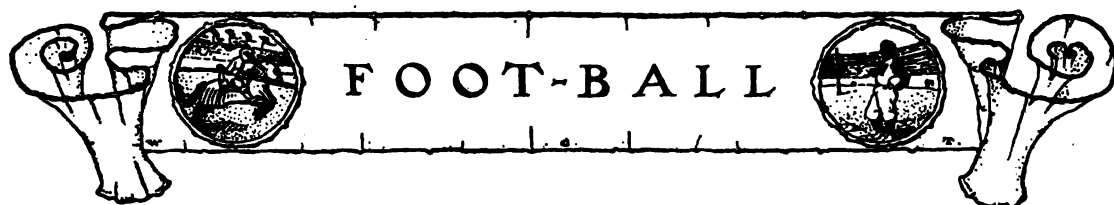
LANGDELL HALL

THE HARVARD ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Vol. IX

OCTOBER, 1907

No. 1



THE FOOTBALL OUTLOOK

BY M. S. MCN. WATTS

The advent of the current football season presents several new features very different from any season which has of late years preceded it. Mr. Joshua Crane, the new head coach, has announced that he would adhere to the general policy of Coach Reid. From the technical aspect of the training this may be quite correct; but to the outsider there are certain differences in the present football policy, which, on the surface, give promise of better things.

In the first place there is an absence of preliminary drilling, of the tiresome practice with the tackling dummy, and work in getting down the field, quite unusual in the education of a Harvard team. It seems to be assumed that the players already know the elements of football. The stress of work and attention is directed upon the development of team play from the start. Harvard will, this year, go into its first game with a prepared knowledge of how to do something. Generally, the early

games of each season, and in some instances not the early ones alone, are devoted to trying out the capacity of individuals. But on the present occasion this trying-out process seems to be relegated to secondary importance, with preference given to the organization of a team which shall be unified from the start. The writer believes this to be of very great importance. It is a principle almost axiomatic in some of the most successful of the football-playing universities, and one which has always, seemingly, been neglected here. The habit of winning games is a good one to cultivate from the first. It contributes greatly to that quality of playing hard and of playing together which makes any team, no matter what weakness it may manifest on the defense, dangerous once the ball comes into its hands.

More particularly the efforts to perfect the on-side kick and the forward pass thus early in the season appear

to be the best of sound judgment. Mr. Walter Camp, in a recent criticism of the work of the Crimson team in the last Yale game, said that Harvard lost solely because of inferior knowledge of the forward pass. Other critics added that our whole attack seemed irresolute and that the action of the team when on the offensive was nervous. There is without doubt a considerable element of truth in these statements. To any observer, the great variety of offensive tactics resorted to by Yale in the last game contrasted to the detriment of the few employed by Harvard. It is neither fair nor sportsmanlike to criticise adversely the unsuccessful eleven of the previous year, but there is a great deal of confidence to be derived from indications that a new coach has profited and drawn experience from a past misfortune, and is taking precautions to avoid the blunders of his predecessor.

In addition to the forward pass and the on-side kick, innovations of last year which we shall now expect to see in perfected form, another play of tested value is likely to be revived,—the tandem attack which baffled Yale in the fall of 1901. It is probable that this play will reappear more or less modified to comply with the exigencies of the game as it is now played, for it was invented while the tackle-back was still the most efficient ground gainer. It is much more open and flexible than the other plays of its time, and, therefore, should work neatly with the more open style of play now adopted.

Last year football in general was of a very experimental character, owing to the revision of the rules which offered many new possibilities, but the work of

this season should show definitely what are the actual changes that this revision has accomplished. The working out of the new rules during the past year was a very thorough one, and most of the new combinations then produced, have already demonstrated their value or shown their worthlessness. They will either be further developed now, or abandoned. From all indications there will be no striking or novel formation produced this season. It is a safe prophecy to say that the general play will be a little more open even than last year. The rule which fixed ten yards as the distance necessary for a team on the offense to make to retain the ball has still many advantages for a light eleven which have not been fully appreciated. In the event that open plays, which, if successful, are likely to net big gains, can be made to operate with any satisfactory degree of surety, more importance will be given them, and end running and kicking will tend to displace the old habit of hitting the line. The experience that the season has in store may not lead to this conclusion, however. There is considerable probability that when every team has acquired a good mastery of the forward pass, the intricacies of the play may enable them to break it up consistently, and render it valueless. This was the fate of another famous play of the same type, the "criss-cross," which has now become obsolete. This possibility was suggested by two games that were played in Philadelphia last fall. In the first, the University of Pennsylvania was unable to employ its forward pass successfully against Carlisle, as the Indians were quite familiar with it and



Bowdoin Game

easily interrupted each long throw. On the succeeding Saturday the same play proved very effective against the University of Michigan, whose line was difficult to penetrate, but who apparently had very little understanding of the fine points of open play. In this connection it is also of interest to note that at a still later game Harvard suffered the same disappointment in regard to the forward pass at the hands of Carlisle.

But whatever the uncertainty of the present moment in regard to the sort of football which we may look for during the next two months, there is no such drawback in regard to the team which will play it for us. There are veterans for every position save the right guard and the left tackle. For these positions the most likely candidates seem to be quite up to 'Varsity standard, as far as physical appearances are concerned. For

the guard's place, Alley has, up to date, given every evidence of making good. He had experience last year, and has all the bodily requisites for the position. From the Freshman team of last year there is a wealth of line material, as yet of rather undetermined value, and Alley is clearly the most promising candidate for the position. For the tackles Inches and Gilmore seem the most likely aspirants. The work of the former in the earlier part of last season is a prejudice in his favor. The backfield does not appear in a way to great alteration from last year. Wendell is now at left halfback, having been moved from full, where Apollonio is now playing. Lockwood at right half is likely to remain. Enos and Rand, the latter a little light for the position, are the best material from last year's Freshmen for the backfield positions, although Galatti

has of late appeared as a possibility for quarter.

The 'Varsity, as a whole, will be rather lighter than the teams of three and four years ago, and perhaps a little lighter than that of last year. This is not, necessarily, a drawback; Coach Crane has a reputation for strategy, and there are rumors of promising new plays. It would not be surprising, therefore, to see a pretty wide departure from some of the old methods, to which teams of great weight and proportionately little action have accustomed us.

On the coaching staff, in addition to the Head Coach, have appeared Graydon, the fullback of 1901, and Charlie Daly. It is doubtful if two more efficient assistants could have been found; and in view of the difficulties that Harvard has experienced of late years with the quarterback question, the addition of Mr. Daly to the list of coaches distinctly enlivens the prospects for a successful season.

The Freshman squad has a very large number of candidates and a number of them have had considerable experience. There is a wealth of line material, but a shortage on backs. The candidates are satisfactory from the point of view of

weight, and judging from the number of men who have come to college with a considerable Prep. School reputation for football, the problem of their coach ought not to be a very difficult one. The appointment of Mr. N. Hall as their coach has been met with approval, and there seems to be no reason why 1911 cannot produce a very successful eleven.

In all, the season just commenced is pervaded with a different spirit than heretofore. Coach Crane said he wished the men to enjoy football, and the statement is indicative of what, theoretically, should be the proper attitude. The men have been carefully saved up to date, and injuries in the preliminary work avoided. It will be very well for Harvard if it can continue. Hardly a season goes by without some serious drawback, due to accidents. It is, of course, unavoidable to have some such misfortunes befall in the actual games, but in practice it ought to be controlled. Coach Crane seems to be intent upon this. And taken as a whole his policy argues better for success than any other that has appeared for some time. Unavoidable contingencies may mar the brightest of prospects, but in this regard we wish him luck.



ANALYSIS

BY SIDNEY CURTIS

Instructor in English

The chief value of a special course in thinking, or as English 18 is termed, in Argumentation and Public Forms of Address, consists of a power of analysis, an ability to select and emphasize the essential arguments which bear upon a given proposition, and an ability not only to state clearly, succinctly and without prejudice that proposition, but to be able to see always the point of view which is opposed to the proposition. To me, the thing that remains most vivid in President Eliot's address before the Trade Unions a couple of years ago, was his thorough knowledge of all that might be urged against him. He knew the position of Trade Unionists better than they themselves, and could state their own arguments in the lowest terms. Recognizing completely the strength and weaknesses of their position, he was able to turn the tables on many points, ward off every hostile attack, and to make recommendations which have since been of immense value to Trade Unionism. Those, too, who remember President Eliot's recommendations for a school of journalism will never forget how completely amazed were well-established newspaper concerns to find out that a man supposedly closeted in a pedantic atmosphere, should know as much as they about the practical workings of newspaper offices.

Examine any business proposition of the day as it comes through the mails,

and the necessity or value of analysis, or of the presentation of arguments, is at once apparent. It matters not what business a man enters, argument will follow him. Whether it be selling commercial paper or bonds, whether it be soliciting advertisements or subscriptions for a magazine, whether it be a trial before a jury or a legislative address, one thing is certain—that the man who cannot see the proper proportions of what he has to offer, who cannot select quickly in the short time at his disposal the strongest arguments which bear upon his proposition, and then present them clearly, convincingly, honestly, and without prejudice, has surely not reached the front ranks of his profession.

How are you going to convince a banker that he ought to buy notes from your concern, which has formerly sold him a bad note, even though you are offering him the notes of a dozen shoe manufacturers in his own town? How are you going to overcome his prejudice to your particular house, and if, perchance, he does you the favor of talking at all, what are you going to say? A friend of mine who solved this particular problem, and now considers this banker one of his best clients, came to us one day and remarked: "It is just the sort of thing you teach in English 18: analysis, selection and emphasis of the

arguments which appeal to reason, and a fair amount of persuasion."

Last year a lawyer from the West, who came to express his approval of argumentative training, told of an incident which happened in his own town. A noted politician was on trial for bribery. His attorney in summing up to the jury spent nearly two hours lauding his work among poor people, praising his devotion to his home, and in flowery metaphor making various emotional appeals. Stripped of all its oratory, the speech of the prosecuting attorney simply covered the facts, reviewed the evidence, and massed logically, forcefully and convincingly, every detail which pointed to conviction. When asked how so famous a man was convicted, a juror replied: "His attorney made a great speech; he held us all spell-bound, but the other fellow had the arguments."

This underlying principle of analysis is needed in almost everything that requires thought at all. Even the students of the Law School are themselves required to analyze every case which they read, though supposedly the courts have previously given the case every possible consideration. But a short time ago in New York, a judge, after impatiently listening to a lawyer ramble on for an hour, leaned over his desk and said, "And now, Mr. —, will you please tell the Court what is your point?" As Mr. Justice Brewer has remarked: "No true lawyer advises, prepares documents, or tries a case without careful preparation. Forensic oratory has passed away. No longer does the crowd gather in the county courthouse to listen to and be

moved by the wit, pathos, and eloquence of the advocate, as for hours or days he addresses the jury. . . . Facts rather than eloquence is the demand."

Is it not apparent, then, from these few incidents, that a special course in thinking has more than ordinary value? Oratory will never convince a clear thinker, much less lead him to act. Nor will an audience listen when it appears that a speaker has not grasped the essentials of his question. In short, every speaker or writer on argumentative subjects must have a conception of analysis. Analysis lies at the foundation of English 18 and English 30. Men are taught to think, to present arguments only after a thorough analysis and stripped of all oratory. And it is their continued application of such processes to every practical problem of the day, that makes these courses valuable.

When the course in argumentation begins, the chief faults of all the work are a domineering assertiveness, an ill-balanced presentation with a distinct prejudice in favor of one side, and a failure to answer clearly, what is the point? If in the first half year we can get this question answered fairly, simply and without prejudice, in every part of the proposition, and if we can get the students to see the other fellow's point of view as well as their own, then we are prepared to take them out of simple argumentation into the larger problems of persuasion, where hostile audiences create added difficulties of presentation, and where analysis of appeal to emotion as well as to sound reasoning forms the basis of successful public address. But the keynote of it all is "analysis."

A CASE IN POINT

BY B. K.

The window was open. Through the gauzy curtains that parted gracefully above it and swept down to either side of a seat heaped with pillows, the red of a setting sun streamed in and lighted up the room with a brilliant counterfeit of noon. Jagged patches, and patches only, of the bricks in Hollis danced before their eyes, sifting through the fog of foliage that in the previous few days had thickened about the tree-tops in the Yard.

The two seniors sat still. All that addressed itself to their senses at the moment was touched with a suspicion of melancholy, evasive, indolent, delicious. It had smothered their conversation. It spoke to them in the chastened roar from the Square, in the rustle of the young leaves, in the crunch on the gravel walks below. Their pipes had gone out, but they were too lazy to follow. Too lethargic to speak, neither could summon the resolution even to turn his head and read, in the face of the other, hunger's willingness to be gone.

Miracle! One of the seniors spoke! "We-ell, Buck, can't you give us some more of your theories?" growled he. "Be an enemy to ennui, I beg you, dear boy, for once!"

"O-oh no, Squealer," the other drawled in retort; "I'd much rather remain your friend."

The two looked at each other severely, and then laughed out. The spell was broken.

"Don't you know, Buck, what you said just awhile ago, 'bout this thing of personality, 's just about made me think. 'T's a queer business, isn't it, anyway? It makes a fellow shiver, to think of all of us,—thousands,—from all over the country, starting on it all, this coming summer. What are we all going to do? Ten years from now, where are we all going to be? It doesn't seem 's if there was going to be room for so all-fired many. 'N' I suppose Tommy Tatters will come out from his garret on the far side of Norton's Field and land where Bobby Bagful from across the Avenue 'd be glad to be himself if he could. And's you say, 't'sn't the amount of brains a fellow may have that does the trick, nor the quality of his 'character'—” Squealer looked toward Buck with a glance that implored to be relieved of the annoyance of thought.

"I know. It's—it's personality. It's what makes Brown a more successful doctor than Jones, though Jones may be a thousand times better read and a better diagnostician. It's personality."

"Where do you suppose it comes from, anyway?"

"That's the point! I s'pose you'd call it a man's point of contact with his fellow-men. We're kept pretty busy in this world, and we judge a man from what we can sight of him from the surface. If it happens that his surface is agreeable, why he's bound to get on so much the better."

"Yes, I see. And that surface is made up, you mean, of a lot of things: the man's manner, the tone of his voice, his inflexions, his accent, his bearing—"

"Or his height or the color of coat he has chosen. There's a million things in it. I saw the other day a vivid illustration of what personality will do and how it works. You know Bill Sykes, don't you? And Dick Johns? Well, you know that Dick Johns, if you give him time, can tell you more than you ever dreamed was in heaven or earth or any philosophy. Whereas everybody thinks—thinks, mind you—that Bill Sykes has pinched about everything that's worth it, he doesn't seem to try to make them think so, but they do. Well, the other day the Office got a request from a woman about to spend a summer on the North Shore. She'd gone in for novel writing, and what she wanted was a Harvard man to set her on the royal road to style. She lived in a nice way, and it was going to be a pleasant thing for whatever chap took the job.

"The Office sent for Bill and Dick to call at a stated hour and consult with the lady—it was understood that they were to show themselves off, you see, and divil take the hindmost. I had the luck to pass through the room where they were—it was upstairs in University—and I saw how things were going,—had an appointment with one of the profs; he was late, as usual, and I couldn't help hearing a little that was said.

"There was Bill Sykes, never more jovial nor more at his ease than he was right there, never more graceful and fetching in his manner; and he never talked so well. He kept up a rapid fire of happy sayings. You see, when occa-

sion commanded it, the fellow was at his best. He let off a perfect stream of good things; his wits were clear; every excellent quality he had came out in its superlative degree. And where was Dick all the while?

"What to one wick had been oil was water to the other. Dick is rather quiet anyhow; but he came nerved up to act his pleasantest, of course. And Dick can sparkle, too. By gad, he'll sass you back as well as the best of 'em, if you try to banter him. But the very sense that this was something of an occasion had stamped itself on Dick so forcibly, and sorter asked his modesty whether it thought he really could meet it, that the poor fellow sat there bewildered and stiff. The very tumult of his fine ideas was probably too strong for conventional remarks. While Bill Sykes was getting off a tasty joke, Dick sat there—listening! He made a sorry showing, that's a fact. And the simple upshot of it was that Bill got a bully fine job—one that will enrich his life.

"And it wasn't caprice in the woman that decided her choice. After it was all over, Dick probably thought of a thousand wittier things than Bill ever could muster in his lifetime—after the stress was over. But the lady had judged against him exactly as the world judges against any brilliant man who can't muster his forces on demand. In a time of crisis, flukes are fatal. Bill simply got the decision on a point of personality. On any after occasion of crisis, he'll likely act the same way. The chances are that Dick will behave again exactly as he did, or a little worse, from having his confidence shaken from previous failure. Or if he does pull himself together, it will be only after

the loss of things that might have widened his life.

"But that's personality. Of course there were reasons why Dick grew into that manner of his. That personality of his had its sources. And there's the deuce about personality. A man has no control over the thing. He can't always acquire the sort he'd like to have. It saddles itself on him from causes sometimes maddeningly remote from any wish or will of his — from birth, from breeding, from daily contaminating contact with a rough environment, contact with irritating events, with unkind people. He acquires a sour disposition, probably, and can't help it. Yet this, that probably fits in ill with the surroundings he is finally thrown into, ill with his dearest aims in life, this which may worry him, and doom him, torture him, this is the thing called personality that is going to decide pretty much what shall be his destiny. I say it's tough luck!" Buck paused for breath.

"Bravo, bravo," Squealer was applauding him. "Your gestures were highly finished. . . . You were right, though. Go on. What I'm interested in is where *does* a man get his outfit? Where does it come from? That's what I'd like to know."

"We-ell, I fancy that the causes are not so remote, or so hard to find. And they may not be entirely to a fellow's discredit, if he happens to have an undesirable form of what you are pleased to call his outfit. Take the case of Bill Sykes and Dick Johns. Let's speculate a little. S'pose, now, that Dick and Bill were born near together in point of place and time — the same week, in adjoining houses, on the same street.

Neither has any advantage over the other in that respect. And let's concede that both were born equally generous, bright spirited kids, of mothers who are widows, say. S'pose there is this difference, and this one only in the mass of circumstance and event hedging them in in their respective worlds: Bill's father, let's say, was able to leave his widow a handsome life-insurance, where Dick's left one much less handsome."

"Pretty little picture, Buck. But what sort of difference can that make in this country! What obstacle is that going to be to Dick Johns, or any other Johns, here where —"

"My dear Squealer! What an infant you are! What a deal you do know of the world! Why, you haven't got beyond the 'equal rights of man'! You haven't —"

"There, there; no more of your cynicism just now, please. Go on with your talk. I grant you anything for argument's sake."

"We-ell, I say, Buck, in the thick of all your beautiful democracies and free opportunities, that sort of thing really can make some sort of difference. For example: suppose, now, that Bill and Dick go to school, aged ten; but Bill owns four pairs of shoes to Dick's one — other articles of raiment and amusement in proportion. Now, then, the two of 'em go out to coast downhill of a winter afternoon. They do it 'belly-bumper' of course. We all know that when a boy steers his sled that way, digging his toes into the snow and ice on the way down, he's apt to damage his little shoon. Well, now, in coasting so, Dick, who has already grown considerate of his scant belongings, — he

has respect for his mother, you see, and wants to save her all he can, — Dick be-thinks him that on his feet are his solitary pair of shoes that his mother has cautioned him to use very carefully. But Bill, with his plethoric four pairs, gives no thought to such things as shoes; what Bill thinks of is only that he may steer his sled farther than any other boy on that hill. Dick thoughtfully refrains from digging his toes into the ice; his sled is poorly steered, and he stops short of Bill's wonderful mark by a distance that draws hoots from his companions. Dick is a sensitive fellow — that you know. We-ell, on his mind, then, there is left the sense of defeat; and that defeat is all the more bitter because he feels, young as he is, that it has been visited on him from causes beyond his control — causes that held aloof from Bill. An impression like that would endure. S'pose that, under the sting of it, the next time Dick starts down the hill he casts his infant scruples to the winds, digs his toes hard as you please into the snow, steers well, and sends his sled far ahead of Bill's mark. All the kids cheer, and he feels pretty sweet. Very good.

"But now suppose that an evening or two afterward Charlie across the street gives a party. Dick and Bill and all the boys and girls are there. Bill wears a neat pair of shoes, reserved for just such occasions. Dick, proud, shy, hangs back in that same solitary pair that he scuffed on the hill. Do what he will, he's eternally conscious of their forlorn looks. Chances are that the clothes he wears have suffered exactly the same at one time or another. These force on the lad a cramping restraint, a constant thought of his appearance, a

forced inaction and stiffness that annoy him. He's afraid of little eyes that may look down, see, and smile — for all boys and all girls are barbarians pure and simple. But where is Bill all the while? Bill is frolicking about with never a thought of shoes, or of anything else, save to be as much amused and as amusing as he knows how to be. All the little girls are entranced, and give no heed to that quiet Dick off in a corner. And Dick grows more quiet as he sees Bill getting farther and farther ahead of him.

"Well, now, years pass, let us say. It's a habit that years have, by the way. That attitude of constraint has had time to fix itself on Dick as a cast-iron habit; it has tinged his ways of thinking; in short, it has molded his personality into permanent form. Bill's easy, graceful way has settled on Bill with the same fixity. From sheer habit he never doubts his powers. He enters into any sort of situation sure of himself because he doesn't know how to be in any other frame of mind. Let's say the two chaps go out calling now. Bill, as ever, is supremely himself. Perhaps Dick has lots more sense and less of the silliness of nineteen than Bill. And he may not be aware of his own stiffness; he probably doesn't have any idea of how cramped his manner really is; he's never sat down and studied out how he acquired such a bearing. It isn't that he's self-conscious or morbid. He's entirely oblivious of it, but he's careful not to cross his leg, if you will notice. And why? Why, Dick has on his only pair of respectable trousers, say; and by nature, by habit, he's careful lest he should bag them at the knee. It's the same way with his coat. You laugh, Squealer,

but this is so. Dick doesn't gesticulate as a fellow does when he's wrought up in conversation. He doesn't gesticulate, because he never permits himself to get wrought up, don't you see? There's that only coat of his on his back; he sits in it, carefully avoiding wrinkles—he knows it's going to be some time before he gets another, or even can get that one pressed. But Bill is burdened and cramped with no such necessity. By now, Bill is reckoned a most delightful chap, a popular fellow, welcomed everywhere. People don't stop to analyze his charm—Bill never gives a thought to it. They just take him in, where the verdict on Dick is that he's nice enough and all that, and deucedly clever, but—well, there is no verdict on Dick. People don't happen to think of him at all. Or if they do think of him it's that he's clever, yes, but just a trifle 'peculiar,' don't you know? just a trifle stiff.

"We-ell, those two come here to college. Bill makes the clubs and societies. Dick makes the high marks—not that Bill's a dolt, by any means, though. But somehow Dick isn't taken up. Bill's room's always crowded with fellows. Dick's is not. And, understand me, I mean all the while that Dick's just as good a chap. There's not a thing wrong with him, only—well, that lady who wanted an instructor in a course of novel-writing showed the difference in the two. I haven't a doubt that Dick could have told her more that she wanted to know. But I'll wager she'll learn more from Bill.

"Pretty soon now those two are going to start out in the world. What's going to happen? It's harder to predict their future than it is to guess the

past. But if I were at all intimate with Providence I'd suggest that Dick become a novelist, or something like that. For this reason—you know sensitive people are usually very observant; their sensitiveness to all the roughnesses of the world keeps them noticing what it is that has scratched their feelings; keeps them, in short, with their eye on the world. Give those people the gift of writing, and they're Balzacs right away. I could give you a long lecture, sir, on how Dick Johns grew, or might grow inevitably, to become a novelist; and why? Why, because Dick Johns is only 5 feet 5 inches tall instead of 6 feet! You laugh; but there's logic in it, my boy, there's logic in it.

"But to return to Dick and Bill as they are. Both say they're going to practice medicine. Well, now, you know how it's going to be. Bill will simply repeat over and over again the seance with that lady-novelist the other day. It's personality at its work—"

"Oh, yes, but—"

"Tut, tut; I know. You say it might just as well be the other way round, or any way round. And course it might. There may be a billion variations to the way that Bill Sykes and Dick Johns came to be what we see they are right now. I didn't start out to foretell the life careers of Bill Sykes and Dick Johns, but to analyze what constitutes this queer thing of personality; and I reckon I've done it (*q.e.d.*). Ahem! But, I say, now, doesn't it make you feel uncanny, the way this thing works, and the way it comes at you—without any say so of your own! Do you suppose the Napoleons or the Alexanders and Cæsars themselves could dictate what should be their style of personal-

ity? There's a thesis for you in Filth 5. But about the more ordinary of us mortals—begging your pardon, old man—the tough luck about us fellows is that, willy-nilly, beyond any wish of our own, we may have thrust on us a style of personality—if we're lucky enough to have any personality at all!—that just won't fit in with the sort of environment that we happen to get plumped down in for life, or that won't fit in with what we long to do in the world. That's what Dick is up against. That's what ailed Hamlet. Hamlet was an egg in a basket of cannon-balls—that's what Hamlet was. And in one way or another we're all fixed the same way. Oh, I get excited about this matter. And out of that awful misfit grows the whole round of human woes; and happiness out of its harmony. What was it that Flaubert says about happiness, somewhere?—I've forgotten. But think of the novels, the philosophies, the epics that are lying round loose for anybody that cares to take up the study of this little matter! Think, for instance, of all these guys here about to plunge out into the world. Why, it frightens a man, that's what it does, to know that poor Dick Johns there, and all the rest of us besides, are going to make a great and surprising discovery in a month or two. We're going to discover what every ambitious cuss discovers—that the instant we strike out for ourselves, we are surrounded by a wall of other men's ambitions, other men's interests and purposes and strivings and designs. Outside that wall lies that oddity we call 'success.' And the way out of that wall is the way of personality. And how does a fellow know whether he is going to get out at all? Poor dupe, he's only a piece of bullion. Personality comes down on

him like a die; and it's a matter of luck, or something, whether it stamps him as a coin worth fifty million or only fifty cents, by gad!—”

Buck might have run on, but for the interruption of a yawn, and the remark, “Buck, do you know? You remind me of a Bernard Shaw play. You are awfully clever, and you sound plausible. But anything may happen in this world; everything and anything is true. But you go ahead and say the world is *this* way, and it is *that* way, and it is no other way—it *can't* be any other way than the way *you* say it is. And you say that so positively that anybody who knows better, gets just as miffed as I am now, without my dinner. Grab your hat and come on to Mem. We'll have to make a run for it now, after all your gabble.”

Squealer, as he spoke, slowly unbent himself from his crouch on the seat, wiggled down his trouser-legs, knocked out his pipe, and continued:

“Buckie, my boy, listen to a wise man. You can't grip the world in the clutch of any system, or any most water-tight piece of logic. Our dear departed friend, Herbert Spencer, failed at that. The World-Eel slipped from his palpitating fingers. Put this down—anything may happen to any man. Poor Dickie Johns may be another George Washington ten years from now, and you know it. Give any dolt a taste of power and he is on the way to become a king or a Homer. There's yon mucker in East Cambridge. Put a nickel in his pocket, and you've made a Tamerlane. And now, having settled these weighty matters, let us now live life as before.”

And arm in arm, the two Seniors went out the door and down the stairs, and moved to their doom in Memorial Hall.

SUMMER SCHOOL SNAP-SHOTS

BY HANS VON KALTENBORN

It was almost noon, but about the benches in the shadow of Appleton Chapel the cool of the morning still lingered, confined by the listless branches of the elms. Near the path leading to Sever Hall three chubby youngsters tumbled about on the lawn vainly trying to persuade a group of wobbling pigeons to closer companionship. A fourth crowed delightedly from the perambulator, which a nurse, seated on one of the benches, pushed back and forth with one hand, while the other held an open book. Whenever the baby shrieked more loudly than usual, or the sound of chiseling and hammering from where a score of workmen were fashioning the Gore Hall addition to "resemble the other Yard buildings" increased, the severe maids and matrons seated about on adjoining benches looked up from their books with a slight frown. But a smile followed whenever they glanced at the happy baby.

As the Memorial clock tolled twelve, showers of white-frosted students spilled over the steps of Sever, lingering here and there to gossip or strolling arm in arm across the Yard. "Oh, Marge, Marge," called a brunette, prettier than the majority of her classmates, from the top of the steps, "let's lunch at Mem to-day."

"Oh, no, let's not," answered the girl addressed. "I know a funny little place near the Square, where they say all the Harvard professors eat in summer."

"Well, but do ladies eat there?" asked the brunette, doubtfully.

"Oh, yes," was the answer. "Mary went there yesterday and she met two of her instructors."

"All right, I don't care," and off they started.

The six weeks in the summer of each year, when from five to six hundred women students undertake what has been called the feminine occupation of Harvard, is a most interesting period to the undergraduate, whom laudable ambition or circumstances connected with the fifth letter of the alphabet tempt to share it. There is so much that is new and strange, such an overturning of traditions, that he finds it hard to reconcile the changed conditions with serious study. But serious it is, for the actual work done this last summer would suffice, on a rough estimate, to earn between forty and fifty A.B. degrees. A considerable number of students take the last course required for their degrees in the Summer School. Many more undergraduates would utilize this six weeks' period were it not for the restrictions upon summer work which the office has seen fit to impose. Hereafter, unless in special cases, only one half-course may be counted towards the degree, and then only if the student attains the grade of "B" or, in some courses, "C." The University of Chicago, in adopting the European policy of continuous sessions throughout the year, and many Western universities, such as Wisconsin, are encouraging summer study among their regular students by enlarged opportunities there-



THE "FEMININE OCCUPATION" OF MEMORIAL

fore, and it will be interesting to see whether their or Harvard's policy will become general. The theory that a man cannot study with advantage to himself more than eight months in a year has been disproved by many of the world's great scholars. Another common argument against more liberal provisions for counting summer courses assumes that some undergraduates would be more lazy in winter if they were given a chance to work in summer. The new regulations relative to counting summer courses are said to be only another step in the eternal competition between the "Office" and the "Sports."

But let us have another picture. Floods of light are pouring from the opened doors and windows of the Hemenway Gymnasium. Within, the chairs jammed into every corner of the floor and gallery, and a sloping tier of circus benches built up at one end of the building are filled with friends and admirers who have come to witness the final exhibition of the summer classes in physical training. As the gong rings—the gong that ordinarily calls on that motley collection of running pants, undershirts, red sweaters and bathing suits, known as the five o'clock class—fans flutter more rapidly, there is a general rustling of freshly-laundered dresses, and a troop of short-skirted dancing girls trips to the middle of the floor. The piano begins thrumming out a waltz, and under the watchful eye of a white-haired dancing master there is a graceful manipulation of black skirts and a twinkling of slipped toes.

The skill acquired by these physically cultured summer students is seen to

best advantage at the Friday night "receptions," more widely famed among undergraduates than any other institution of the Summer School. Think of having ice cream, claret lemonade and a pretty girl to dance with "on the Faculty"! For it is true that the Summer School authorities, in their successful effort to develop the "social side," provide all these things gratis to "members of the Summer School and invited guests."

In its conscientious efforts to make the personal relations among the students as pleasant as possible, the Summer School management has been almost entirely successful. The liberal privileges of the Information Bureau, the cordial welcome given by the Reception Committee, the rest rooms at Memorial Hall and Phillips Brooks House, the many, carefully-planned historical excursions into the environs of Boston and Cambridge, the frequent, interesting lectures and readings, by way of evening entertainment, were all appreciated and enjoyed. But it is rather a curious commentary that the privilege least appreciated—that of eating at Memorial Hall—cost Harvard more money than all the others put together. For the first week of its operation the Summer School restaurant showed a deficit of \$480. The second week this rose to \$709, a week later the published statement showed it to be \$638, the fourth week it fell to \$566, and the fifth week, the last for which a statement was issued, it was \$600. Estimating the last week's deficit as equal to that of the preceding week it shows a total loss of about \$3,600. This, in spite of the fact that the prices charged

averaged considerably higher than those of outside restaurants, a breakfast, consisting of canteloupe, griddle cakes and coffee costing, for example, just twice as much in Memorial Hall as elsewhere. The advantages of picturesque environment, better service, and sanitary kitchen methods did not suffice to offset the disadvantage of higher prices. The unhappy young man who took tickets at the door, never succeeded in quite satisfying some of the school teachers why it was necessary to "pay seventeen cents to get in when you don't get anything for it," a statement which involved a slight exaggeration of the truth. To dispel the belief that they were making large profits, the management of the restaurant undertook the additional expense of publishing elaborate weekly statements, in which all the income and expenditures were carefully set forth. Yet even these did little to reconcile patrons, and from the first the Summer School restaurant was unpopular. But is there any method of operation by which a plant like that at Memorial Hall, built for a capacity of 1,200, can be made to pay when accommodating one-third of that number?

In their cordial appreciation of Mr. Copeland's readings, the Summer School students rivaled the undergraduate audiences. They laughed less willingly and less heartily at Mark Twain's description of "the thing that calls itself a She," perhaps for personal reasons. But they sighed for "Mandalay" and shivered appreciatingly at the gruesome Kipling tale of Bertram and his horrible ape.

Where they differed from us most strikingly was in their faithful attend-

ance at morning chapel. Eight hundred Summer School students provided twice as many regular chapel attendants as are found among five thousand members of the University. And this, despite the absence of special music and preachers with national reputations. A reasonable explanation of this discrepancy ought to throw some light on the present church situation in America.

Coming to the work in the class room there are some interesting differences. Because of circumstances surrounding their attendance the average Summer School student will take the work more seriously than the average undergraduate. Sometimes, however, the instructors met with interesting revelations. One very pleasant, white-haired old lady, who had been listening eagerly to the lectures in the course she was attending, failed completely to satisfy the instructor on the occasion of her first conference. Gently and discreetly he hinted that to gain credit for the course she would have to put more time on the work. "More time?" she gasped, in dismay, "More time? Why, I'm working almost three hours a day now!"

Several Summer School instructors who have worked with undergraduates, expressed the opinion that in doing a considerable amount of reading the undergraduate's mind works more quickly and effectively than that of experienced teachers. Perhaps because they have never learned that 200 pages of history reading can be nicely summarized in ten pages of printed notes, many of the teachers were inclined to memorize details, instead of "skipping through" with a judicious selection of important points. Many of them must find even a brief contact with the broad-



Summer Athletics

er methods of University teaching an invaluable aid.

The cost to them of the instruction is greater than it is in term-time. The charge for most of the courses that may be counted as a half-course towards a degree is \$25. There is also a registration fee of \$2. The authorities advise taking only one course, except in cases where two courses are very closely related, but most undergraduates feel that they are wasting time unless they are taking at least two.

Most delightful of all things about the School is the personal interest of the management in the welfare and success of every student. This is not only evident in the cordial reception they

receive upon reaching Cambridge, but in the constant effort to meet their wishes and adapt all things to their requirements. At the close of the session this year, the Chairman of the School sent to each member a printed blank with a request for a friendly discussion of ways and means by which it might better serve the interests of its students. The first steps towards the organization of a Harvard Summer School Association were also taken near the close of the last session. Many of the students have been coming for several years, and the constantly increasing attendance, with the corresponding enlargement of educational opportunities, augurs well for the School's future success.



MORE ROOM FOR GRADUATES

BY O. G. MAYER

With a view toward providing the graduate student with additional opportunity to live in the buildings of the University, the Graduate Department has embarked on a new venture. During the summer the rooms of the north wing of College House have been furnished, and will be assigned to advanced students desiring conveniently located yet inexpensive quarters.

The idea of establishing a graduate-dormitory system at Harvard found its first open expression in the report of Dean Wright for 1901-02. Here the Dean stated that "the association of graduates in dormitories would be of the highest value in forming a sense of union, fellowship and solidarity of interests on the part of those who pursue the scholar's life, which is a most powerful agent in the development of intellectual as well as moral character." This is the keynote of the system which was aptly begun last year with the reservation of Conant Hall for graduate students. Among other American universities, Princeton alone has set aside a building for graduates, Merwick Hall, very popular, but inadequate. Harvard has tried to do things more thoroughly.

Conant Hall can no longer accommodate the large number of applicants, and the overflow has been forced largely into outside quarters. To overcome this objection entirely another large new dormitory would be requisite. This project is actually in view, the location near

Conant has already been chosen, the the beneficent donor alone is in doubt.

Meanwhile, the Graduate Department has a very acceptable plan to alleviate the situation. The rooms in the north wing of College House, about twenty in number, have been thoroughly renovated, and plainly, but comfortably fitted out. As no two rooms are furnished alike, a very agreeable variety is secured. The restful Morris-chair stands in each study, and book-cases equal to the most exacting graduate demand are provided. All decorations — matters of individual taste, have been omitted. Bedding and towels, as well as heat and light, are at the expense of the tenant, but the rents are very reasonable. The corner room on the second floor is the most expensive, bringing \$100. The lowest is \$70, the average \$80. The work of furnishing has been in the hands of Mr. Leavitt Parsons, '10, under the supervision of Mr. W. H. Cutler, college janitor.

While no graduate was ever deterred from attending his chosen school because of insufficient dormitory facilities, such accommodation adds much to the effectiveness of a graduate department. The graduate is a sober genius, averse to hideous noises, "rough-house" and the disturbing Freshman. But if reasonable opportunity offers, he likes to congregate with his kind, mature earnest minds with many common interests. "College life" has lost its charms, "university life" is welcome.

THE DEPARTMENT OF SOCIAL ETHICS

BY DAVID CAMP ROGERS

Instructor in Social Ethics

It is a criticism often made, not always justly, that college studies are too remote from the life of the time, and furnish too little preparation for its activities and duties. The Department of Social Ethics is one of the sections of Harvard University in which special endeavor is being made to render such a criticism inapplicable to us. The Department makes its special contribution to the part of life in which the citizen is concerned with his general social relations, especially his relations to classes in the community other than his own.

Professor Peabody began a course in the application of ethics to modern social problems in 1880 in the Divinity School. Two years later his course was opened to members of the College and has since been given as a college course, open to members of the graduate schools almost continuously. The course has always dealt with concrete problems in a concrete way, and has always emphasized personal investigation on the part of students who participate in it. Beside the lectures, the assigned reading, and the special library with its facilities for broader work, there has been the sending of the students to see for themselves the conditions and the institutions for betterment which they were studying. They have gone with charity workers and health officers into the homes of the poor, or have taken advantage of employments,

or philanthropic activities, which were already bringing them into contact with the poor, to make careful observation of the conditions thus made accessible to them. They have slept with tramps, hobnobbed with Chinese laundrymen, visited saloons, playgrounds, hospitals, and prisons, interviewed officials of all sorts of municipal departments and private organizations, investigated conditions of factory employment, taken from the employers' own account books the records of profit-sharing undertakings.

About three years ago the gifts of an anonymous benefactor made possible the organization of the Department of Social Ethics, with additional courses of instruction, and with special rooms in Emerson Hall, extensive additions to the library, and a Social Museum. By resorting to the collections of photographs and diagrams which this museum affords, the student who is investigating at first hand the housing conditions, playgrounds, or employers' welfare institutions in Boston or in some neighboring city can bring into comparison with them large numbers of similar institutions too distant to be visited.

Affiliated with the work at Emerson Hall, and under the direction of Dr. Brackett, an instructor in the Department, is the School for Social Workers, which is located at 9 Hamilton Place, in Boston. Here detailed studies of the



The Social Ethics Library

same subjects are undertaken for the purpose of training men and women for expert work in philanthropy. There is the same emphasis here on actual contact with the conditions and methods studied; active workers in many fields are invited to the class-room conferences; the students are expected to devote time to personal activity in social work as well as to personal observation. Graduates of the school have already found themselves in demand for positions of responsibility.

College graduates who took Social Ethics I, or Philosophy 5, as it was

known by more of them, return and recall one or another detail of the class-room work or the personal research in which the subjects under investigation were given a new vividness and reality; many of them testify at the same time to a permanent interest aroused or deepened, through the course, in the welfare of their fellow-men; some tell of life careers having been shaped by the interests here obtained. It is hoped that the enlarged equipment may be the means of a constantly increasing efficiency in producing in Harvard students an intelligent and altruistic citizenship.



EDITORIALS

ANNOUNCEMENT

The ILLUSTRATED announces the election of John Adams, Jr., as editor-in-chief during the absence of Hans von Kaltenborn in Europe.



JOHN CORBIN ON HARVARD

Again the critics are upon us. In his series of articles, "What College for the Boy?" in the *Saturday Evening Post*, John Corbin, most widely known as the dramatic critic of the *New York Sun*, but with some experience as a writer on educational topics, chiefly gained in producing a book on Oxford, after a year's residence there, pays his respects to Harvard. There are two ways of answering those who assail us. The easy, flippant way is to quote some such lines as these:

"Oh, Harvard was old Harvard
When he was but a pup;
And Harvard will be Harvard
When he's gone belly-up."

The other way is to analyze and ponder the accusations, whether they be true, and, if true, to discuss remedies. Mr. Corbin's conclusions as to Harvard, based on his experience as an undergraduate fifteen years ago, his interest in the University since then, his study of foreign educational methods, and his recent examination into conditions in our leading colleges, merit serious consideration. It is, therefore, the more regrettable that his journalistic ways have led him to make a number of statements that must impair the value of his gen-

erally careful analysis of the Harvard situation. In these we find the same John Corbin who a few months ago declared the conditions in Memorial Hall to be a "standing disgrace to the University," and who failed to substantiate his charge, although the editor of the *Harvard Bulletin* offered to reward him, should he do so, with a big red apple. We are prepared to give serious consideration to statements that we are "Germanized" and that the University has "lost its power of social assimilation," but it would be a waste of time for Harvard men to answer such hard-hitting assertions as: "The Yard is no more" — "The College commons has become a mob" — "Harvard is disorganized" — "It is magnificent as a collection of little men" — "As a human institution it is a byword and a jest" — "A well-ordered, general education is impossible (at Harvard)" — "Only one of President Eliot's graduates has gained world-wide distinction." Mr. Corbin professes to aid parents in choosing a college for their sons. But how will readers of the just-quoted statements reconcile some of them with others appearing in the same article, such as: "Harvard deserves to rank, on its educational side, at the head of American universities" — "All of the departments are strong, and many of them of the very first rank"?

The sum of this entire criticism may be embodied in the statement that, having expanded from a college into a university, Harvard has lost some of the

social characteristics peculiar to smaller educational institutions. When a boy grows up and loses his curls his mother sheds a tear, but she is proud to see him in long trousers. We are sorry that the Dean can no longer be a father to us all, but we conform to the inevitable. Curls and long pants do not go together. It is true that we have become somewhat Germanized, and we are proud of it. To have developed a university measuring up to the German standards on a stalk of Puritan traditions is the achievement that stamps our President as America's greatest educator. We should also like to see him cheer the eleven and come around to our class smokers, but we realize, after all, that no man, barring out "one graduate of world-wide fame," can be all things to all men. No, indeed. There is little use in crying out because Harvard is not what it was fifty years ago. Would Mr. Corbin have us go back to old conditions? To-day we have defects, but of these defects we are aware, and we are striving might and main to overcome them. Witness the worth of the Union and of Phillips Brooks House, the growth of "common rooms," dormitory athletics, and broader class activities; witness also the new graduate dormitory system and the establishment of degrees with distinction in related subjects. All these are powerful centralizing influences that have sprung up within the past few years. And besides there are a score of plans for erecting Freshman dormitories, for bettering the instruction, for restricting the elective system, that are now ripening in the minds of our teachers and administrators, and that need only money or authority to be put into effect. Harvard is not asleep. With the world outside just beginning to realize the great changes incidental

to her growth, she is already correcting the evils that inevitably accompany expansion.

LANGDELL HALL

Our frontispiece this month is Langdell Hall. For many years past the facilities of Austin Hall have been growing more and more inadequate to the increasing needs of the Law School. The primary purpose of the new building is to separate the work of the various classes. The first-year men will occupy the new structure, the second-year men the old, while the third-year class will share quarters with the first. This move is almost required by the system of smaller classes, conferences, and more personal contact between instructor and student, which it is planned to inaugurate at once. The library will be divided following the division of the classes. The dedication of Langdell Hall will not occur for some time, and so it is hardly in order to comment more upon the building itself or on the plans of the Law Faculty in regard to it. It is needless for us to describe the building or its appointments; this can be done just as well by the newspapers; but any one who wishes to get a good idea of the building should be satisfied with nothing short of a personal inspection. Certain it is that there are too many of us who have no idea of the interior of many of our buildings until they have to show the College to a party of friends. We might say, however, that the building as it now stands is only three-fifths of the completed structure; the present northernmost section, bearing the inscription, "Langdell Hall, Harvard Law School," will be the centre of the building when it is finally completed.



THE DEVELOPMENT OF SHAKESPEARE AS A DRAMATIST. By George Pierce Baker, '87. The Macmillan Company.

In this day of prolific publication any new book on one of the great and familiar subjects must give evidence of marked and distinctive quality to save it from the commonplace and justify its appearance. Professor Baker has, however, discovered an unused point of view from which to treat of Shakespeare. And he does this in a way which moves his readers to wish that all books in the field of literary criticism emanated from an author who could as inconsistently manifest their competence to discuss their subject. From the first, Professor Baker rejects the attitude of writers who adore Shakespeare as an isolated genius, and treat of his achievements in much the same strain as the fathers of the church narrated miracles, and, at the same time, he keeps well apart from those of the opposite tendency, who aim, apparently, to vulgarize great personages by dint of insistence on every detail of their shortcomings. In the development of his material, and he seems to have compressed no end of information between the covers of his book, the author very

effectually destroys all conception of an unnatural and peculiarly endowed personality for Shakespeare. Under the influence of Professor Baker, Shakespeare becomes a very human individual, one above all else, a part of his age, and acutely sensible to each demand and requirement of its peculiar conditions. The genius of the poet manifested itself, not in conflict, but in harmony with the limitations of time and place, especially in the ease with which, as playwright, he responded to the tastes of his public and the canons of dramatic art, and surpassing these, in living up to the higher standards which were evolved and created from himself.

In dealing with his thesis, Professor Baker manipulates his facts with the familiarity of an expert. He is everywhere convincing; and many of the conditions of a time totally unknown to the playgoer of to-day become graphic and realistic. The book seems intended for laymen, and in the brief, terse exposition of the conditions of life and art in the times of Queen Elizabeth the author assumes a slight tone of authority. This mannerism is not at all unpleasing. Matters of slight superficial importance take shape as characteristics of the

period, and as a portion of those circumstances under which Shakespeare worked, come into close relation with some of the major features of his art. It is refreshing in a book of this nature thus to have matters of detail stated with assurance and then dismissed without argument. The author everywhere appears before the reader confident of himself and sparing of the energy of others. In his feeling for the weight of influence which public taste and immediate conditions of the stage must have exerted upon Shakespeare and in the succinct and thorough analysis to which the character and habits of that public are subjected, the work is almost psychologic. Throughout the book the style is sufficiently forceful without being fatiguing, and everywhere is clear.

S. T. M.

In addition to the book reviewed in this number, we would call attention to the following, as entertaining and profitable reading—books recently written by or about Harvard men:

A NIGHT IN AVIGNON. By Cale Young Rice, '95. McClure, Phillips & Co. New York. 50 cents.

A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN WHALE FISHERY. By Walter S. Tower, '03. John C. Winston Company. Philadelphia.

THE SIAMESE CAT. By Henry Miller Rideout, '99. McClure, Phillips & Co. New York.

THE YOUNG IN HEART. By Arthur Stanwood Pier, '95. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston. \$1.25 net.

EFFICIENT DEMOCRACY. By William H. Allen, '78. Dodd, Mead & Co. New York. 60 cents net.

THE LIFE AND GENIUS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. By Frank Preston Stearns, '67. Lippincott's. Philadelphia. \$2.00 net.

THE MASTER OF THE WORLD. By Charles Lewis Slattery, '91. Longmans, New York. \$1.50 net.



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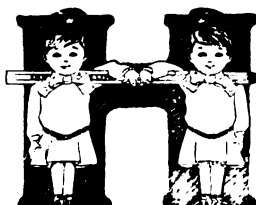
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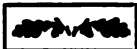
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THE HARVARD ILLVSTRATED MAGAZINE



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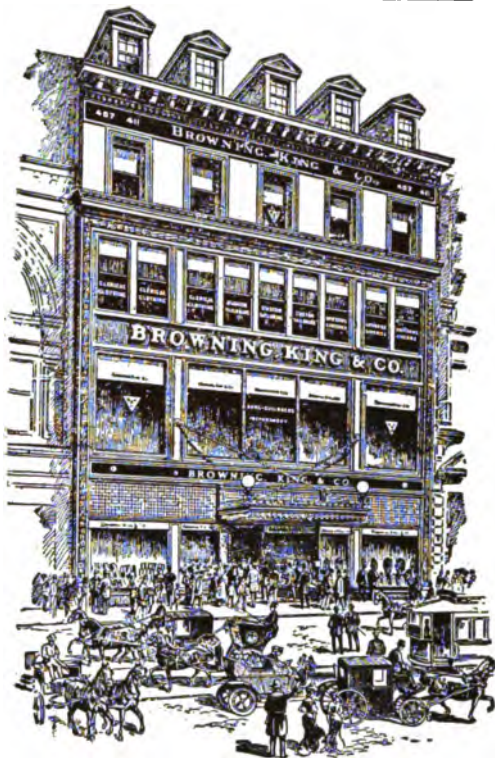
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VOLUME IX

NOVEMBER, 1907

NUMBER 2

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A REVIEW OF TENNIS



THOUGH all of Harvard's major teams have on past occasions suffered at the hands of the capricious Fates, one sport at least has enjoyed almost unbroken success. Tennis is the Harvard "game," *par excellence*; and if we be the "rich man's college," and tennis "the rich man's game," here is at least an agreeable phase of a subject upon which we have heard many less complimentary remarks.

But tennis at Harvard is not strictly the "rich man's game." Nowhere in the United States is the sport followed more assiduously by all classes. No university offers facilities comparable to those of Harvard. Fully fifteen acres of ground, comprising about thirty single and ten double courts, are provided, offering a hundred men chance to play simultaneously. Upon afternoons suitable for good tennis all the courts are sure to be taken, and a waiting list on hand. A striking feature to the newcomer is the uniform good quality of the play. It is the result of practice and plenty of courts. The importance of these facilities in the rounding out of Harvard's gilt-edged Intercollegiate game cannot be overestimated. Among

the men developed at Harvard, who subsequently acquired national reputation, Wright, Ward, Larned, and Whitman are conspicuous.

Last spring, for the first time in a long number of years, the tennis squad was defeated at the hands of Eli. Niles was missed on the team, but it had earlier in the season easily defeated Technology and Princeton.

This season has opened more auspiciously. In the Intercollegiate meet which was held at Haverford, Pa., in conjunction with Yale, Cornell, Princeton, Williams, and Pennsylvania, the University team was undefeated in the singles, and captured the doubles championship. Its members—Pell, '08; Niles, '09; Dabney, '09, and Gardner, '10—contested the singles among themselves, Gardner defeating Niles for the championship, three sets out of four. The defeat of a player like Niles aroused added interest in the outcome of the subsequent University tournament. For some unknown reason, however, Gardner has not entered the singles, and Niles, by defeating Pell, has, for the third time, been declared University champion.

Whether Niles would have again succumbed to Gardner is seriously to be doubted. Gardner has speed and re-

sources, particularly at the net, but is apt to play erratically. He lacks the composure and consistency of play which is Niles' chief asset, and Niles visibly excels in placing and backhand strokes. He has an inborn talent for the game and rare qualities that make for championship. If his improvement remains steady, he should shortly qualify for national honors.

Niles' match with Pell for the University trophy, though one-sided, was intermittently marked with brilliant tennis. Frequent rallies and the game up-hill fighting of Pell won repeated applause from the small grandstand that had assembled. Pell was visibly off color in the first set, which he lost by his nervous eagerness. He gained a lead of three games in the second set, however, by unusually clever side-line and cross-court placing, and ought to have taken the set. But his playing became erratic;

Niles recovered and won 6—4. The next set was never in doubt. Pell's net play was wanting, and his smashing volleys often went astray.

Pell and Gardner are paired *versus* Niles and Dabney for the final round of the University doubles tournament. The match should be an absorbing one, as the teams average equally.

The tennis tournaments, both class and 'Varsity, are enjoying an increasing popularity. In 1906, 107 men were entered in the fall 'Varsity tournament. This year there were 133 single and 64 double entries, more men than any other organized athletic activity enlists, with the possible exception of dormitory rowing. It is not a bad tendency; in the skill and quick-wits which it demands it is preëminently intellectual, and forms in after life a most enjoyable and useful athletic accomplishment.

R. R.



A YANKEE-DOODLE CUPID

BY JEROME C. FISHER

A motor-boat slipped swiftly through the warm, dark waters of San Juan Harbor, raising a great curl of white foam on either side of the sharp bow, and leaving behind a phosphorescent wake that gleamed in the moonlight. Overhead the calm moon shone in a starless sky. Off at either side Jack could see dark palms outlined against the white beach.

He sat in the bow, bare-headed and bare-armed, holding the little steering wheel. The cool sea wind blew his hair back from his forehead, and its glorious rush set every nerve tingling with exhilaration.

It was a queer place for a man whose burning proposal had just been "laid on the table," but, as Jack thought to himself, it was better than sulking on board the yacht. "It's comforting to be told she hasn't anything against me, but that she wouldn't marry any man just out of college. And I'm to wait two years to 'learn how to live with the world again,' am I? If she's right in her premise that college makes every fellow an assertive leader, then she's exactly wrong in her conclusion that this one is going to wait two years to get her. Say, Dick," he called back to his chum at the motor, "what do you suppose that dark thing, floating over there, is,—beer keg or mermaid?" He turned the wheel carelessly, and the boat rushed toward the object. As they came close Jack saw it wiggle, and then with a whoop, "Bones of Uncle Eli,—Mermaid! Oh, Lord,

here's a mermaid for you, Dick! Shut off that threshing-machine of yours, and we'll take on passengers."

The motor ceased its throbbing and the boat slowed down. Dick took in the cause of Jack's emotion; rising and falling on the swell was a little naked darkey, smiling chubbily. A big gourd was tied below his arms, so that he floated easily in the water, and he kicked and splashed as merrily as if it were the most natural thing in the world for unchaperoned babies to be found adrift in Porto Rican harbors.

"Ship ahoy!" Jack shouted. "Are your engines broken down? Want a tow?" The little chap opened his mouth to reply to these funny young men in their funny, puffing boat, but a little wave smote him in the face, and nothing came out but a choking gurgle of laughter.

"Look out there! Don't drink like that, it isn't good for you." Jack reached out a strong arm and swung the shiny body on board. "Now what do you mean by this?" he questioned, stern'y. "Don't you know you're an obstruction to navigation? Where are your riding lights? You might have sunk us. We're going to get salvage out of this. So who are your owners and what is your name?"

The little four-year-old nodded and chuckled. He knew some of this American tongue, too, had learned it from the soldiers. So he rose up and sang proudly,

"Yangee Tootle wen' tutown
 Along wi' Capetaine Goodin,
 An' — ther 'e met the men-un'-boys
 As thik as hastiputtin.'"

"Bravo! Bravo!" his audience applauded. "But isn't 'Yankee Doodle' kind of a queer name for a naked little heathen like you? Of course, if you like it, it's all right, it's *your* name."

They turned back toward the yacht, where it lay at anchor, brilliant with light, and as they went, wondered how Yankee Doodle could have drifted into the middle of the harbor. They could make nothing of his chattered Spanish.

"Some of these people almost sleep in the water, I know," Dick said, "and all the kids are wonders at swimming and diving; but this is beyond me."

"Some of those boys swimming around the yacht and diving for pennies were no bigger than he is. I suppose some one just tied the gourd to him and turned him loose. You saw how he could swim, and he could easily have drifted out," Jack suggested.

"But why hasn't somebody missed him and hunted him up. A shark might have got him. If the little beggar could only talk English, we would know where we're at, but now —" and he began humming hopelessly "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

When they climbed the ladder with Yankee Doodle perched wide-eyed on Jack's neck, at once they became the center of a wondering, excited circle, but, turning expectantly to Elizabeth, Jack met an amused smile that crushed his elation.

"You see how it is," she said, as soon as they could get away. "Here you're set up into prominence, just as your four

years have trained you. It isn't your fault, of course, but it must be awfully tedious living with a whole college full of leaders, where every man feels himself picked from all the lesser lights at home, and works all the time toward his great destiny. And then each of you satisfies himself that he is a big man in the university, because he does one little line well, makes the lacrosse team, or writes for a paper or gets into a club — and you have lines enough for every man to shine in something. Then you go to the clubs on election nights in the hope of having your ability marked by an office. Boys like Dick and the rest of them here are a lot more fun because they don't have so much individualism sticking out over them. When they come up to dance with us after they've copied quotations all day, they're not bothered with brilliant careers or high achievement, and they know better how to consider the rest of the world. So I'm going to wait till you wear off a bit of your individualism."

In the morning he went ashore and made a vain effort to restore Yankee Doodle to the grief-torn bosom of his family.

"There was no bosom to be found," Jack told the inquiring crowd at the rail. "We couldn't give him away. There were about a thousand kids just like him, running loose, but no one would admit having lost one. I have too much paternal affection to turn him adrift, so I brought him back to use for a valet."

Elizabeth professed to be unable to understand why he had failed. "Watch me this afternoon, and I will find him three or four mothers, won't I, Yankee Doodle? And then we'll find out how you got out in the middle of the harbor and

gave this boy a chance to become a heroic life-saver." But Yankee Doodle was in no hurry to get back. In two hours he was on intimate terms with everybody on board, from the cook, who stuffed him with cake, to the chaperon, who insisted on making him a kilt.

Impartially from state-rooms or stoke hole came his song from a knot of equally delighted hearers, —

"Yanee Tootle wen' tutown
 Along wi' Capetaine Goodin,
 And ther' he met the men un' boys
 As thik as hastiputtin'!"

"If you want to go in with us, you can carry him down to the boat," Elizabeth said to Jack. "But you are not to stay with us. Those poor women thought there was something the matter about the baby, and I'm going to have Dick here get somebody to announce that we want to pay twenty-five dollars to the mother of this baby — and that will bring her."

It did; Elizabeth had hardly watched Jack around the corner when the announcement reached the first group of fish-women, and one came round the dock "like a fast freight," bare feet thudding in the dust, turban flapping out behind. "Is yo' goin' give twenty-five dollars to the mother of this pickaninny? Oh, ma honey-child, giv' him to his mother quick; I've just been crying me eyes out since —" And they were lost in the rush of the arriving matrons, gasping for breath, but every one of them shrieking for her lost baby and invoking heaven to witness that every one else was an impostor, seeking to rob her of her child. As the announcement spread the crowd increased until Elizabeth was the center of a quarreling, threatening

mob. The front line seized on Yankee Doodle, each pulling to herself, and his horrified shrieks keyed the chorus higher. Elizabeth shrank back against the corrugated side of the warehouse, almost ready to scream herself, when she glimpsed a tall form hurrying down the street, with a wave of thankfulness.

Jack comprehended the situation in a flash and took command in another. "The Campbells are coming, Elizabeth. Now, then, stop talking. The next one of you that says a word loses her chance for the money." And the authority of his voice checked the uproar short. "Every applicant for this child must get in line for the box-office," — and he arranged them on the farther side of the dock. "Dick, you get a policeman from the Square, and we'll see whose here, mammas and kidnappers. And if any of you aren't the real mother of the kiddie, you needn't wait for this gentleman to get back," he added, politely. He whispered to Elizabeth, and when he turned again the mob had become a half-dozen humble suppliants. "Now you've got to prove property. What can your baby do — sing, you know, or anything like that?"

"Yankee Tootle went tutown

Along wi' Capetaine Goodin," piped the woman at the end of the line. "There, this will do. Now put the baby down and see if he goes to her — that's what they did with a dog I had stolen once." Yankee Doodle promptly trotted to the woman and Jack passed her the money.

Going down to the boat Elizabeth confessed. "I think I've changed my mind about that individualism. I guess I don't believe I'd like to see any of it wear off."



FROM MONTALLEGRO TO CARRARA

MONTALLEGRO

BY M. S. MCN. WATTS

Liguria is a country that literature has almost suffered to live in blissful neglect. Elsewhere throughout the peninsula of Italy successive authors have ransacked towns and palaces for "material," seized upon the old stories and legends, and converted them into the necessary by-products of novel writing. But the Riviera di Levante has enjoyed a more kindly fortune, and has only been described. Indeed, together with the *litterati*, the guide-books accord it but a scant notice, and it may be that this latter fact can throw some light upon the neglect at other hands.

Socially and historically all that the countryside has ever been relates to Genoa. The whole *littoral* of the great gulf, whose shores compose the two Rivas, naturally adhered to this city for their fortune, and from her have derived their modicum of fame. During the Middle Ages this association was one of alliance and mutual aid, and was a period of growth for all of the towns along the gulf, which terminated with the firm establishment of the Genoese Republic. But later conditions changed. With the advent of the Renaissance the requirements of life were altered. This movement was especially favored by the wealth of the strong communes and the centralized power of the despots at centers where luxury tempted men of intellect to gather, and concentrated resources furnished the necessary wherewithal to accomplish great things. In the little villages that perch upon and cling to the red rocks east of Genoa, and

look at themselves in the clear green waves which wash their water stairs, no trace of the brilliant Cinque Cento appears. The Renaissance was in its essence selfish. The works it undertook laid heavy drain upon the industrial equipment of the day. The desires and designs of the rulers and governing bodies throughout the peninsula demanded the exploitation of the surrounding country as far as military domination effectually extended. The spirit of the time gave no thought to economic conditions, and the exploitation contributed an important element to the conditions which made the period one of intestine warfare. From the hamlets, which were unfortified and exposed to the attacks of raiding enemies, who were unable to make effective assault upon the larger towns, these same larger neighbors drew off the wealth and enticed away the few men who advanced beyond their fellows.

By the process of the time, the small communities were left to their own devices, and were relegated to another scale of importance. Their population became different from the urban type, and settled to a simpler and healthier life of its own, crystallizing into a society shaped by their own peculiar conditions.

Liguria was once a part of Cis-Alpine Gaul, but to-day there is no trace of the peoples of classic times. The popular memory cannot penetrate beyond the Dark Ages, and the Middle Ages were the days of their prime. The people have lived close to their country, and have created a folklore of legend about

it, eloquent of the simplicity of their life, and of the passion which ennobles even small ideals in Italy. The predominant note of all their stories and the greatest feature of their life is the church. It even rules the landscape, for the summits and valleys have long ago forgotten their own names, and adopted those of the churches in or upon them. The result is confusion. Very often a good villager, while laying out the itinerary for some traveler who has a taste for climbing, suddenly realizes that he has directed the stranger to Saint Somebody-or-other no less than three times, and that the ignorant one before him cannot possibly know that he meant three different places. When laboring under like perplexing complications the wiser ones have been known to ticket these multiplied saints with their local variations for the sake of clearness; and the variations themselves always have to do with the tilt of the tower or the predominant color in the picture over the door of each particular church, for beyond this and a half mile or so of road, there is no difference between any two of them. The traveler after a while becomes accustomed to having his map translated into terms of churches, and even acquires a feeling of respect and fellowship for the venerable saints who thus lend themselves to such practical application.

Some of the churches are referred to with a touch of wonder and affectionate admiration, and after hearing them mentioned many times the stranger finds himself, without knowing just why, acknowledging their right to reverence and dignity, and half believing the legends of the saints which sanctify them. Such a church is that of Montallegro, whose

origin rests upon a miracle so well attested, say the folk, that even atheists believe.

The legend is one of the later ones that are included in the ecclesiastical annals of Liguria, a work by one Agostino Schiaffino, who compiled them into five fat volumes, and brought his annals down to the later third of the Seventeenth Century. For a part of the facts he is supposed to have been a living witness, and thus "most to be credited." Only the legends of the churches have any claim to great antiquity, and in most cases their claim is presumably correct. The Ligurian coast afforded good locations in secure retreats for more than one of these convents that preserved the memory of better things during the Dark Ages; and from their store of recollection about the old cloisters the people have created a peculiar popularization of narratives which combine a sacred origin with those elements which in other lands have given birth to folk-tales of animals and witches. The characteristic trait of this population, peasant par excellence, is the absolute faith in everything to which they have associated holiness, and the passion of their devotion. Pilgrimages and festivals are not matters of a past that antedates education in these mountain valleys, which are all the habitable land of the cramped strip between the Apennines and the sea; such rites are all that is really important or heartily enjoyed in the life of to-day, for the great city still exploits the small villages to which some other power now affords protection and guarantees existence.

The miracle which first gave rise to the sanctity of Montallegro was made manifest on the second day of July, 1557, high up on the mountain range, which

reaches down from the sierra of the Apennines, to make the big promontory that separates the bay of Rapallo from that of Santa Margarita. The high point itself was then called Monte Leto, notable at that date for the memory of the conflict between the Ligurians and Romans, in 574, upon which bloody field the Roman consul, Quintus Petilus, was slain and his forces routed. The day was that upon which the Church celebrates the visit of the Virgin to St. Elisabeth, and it happened that a devout peasant, who in his heart worshiped the Virgin before all saints, and had dedicated to her his life, happened to pass over the mountain.

He had been that day to Genoa to dispose of his wares, and returned, during the heat of the day, over the high lands above the villages. Exhausted in a measure when he reached Montallegro, he lay down to rest, in the shade of some shrubs, where, feeling the luxurious *dolce far niente* of any one who naps in the Italian sunshine, he took a good sleep. The honest Chichixola was soon awakened by a voice calling him and using his name. Awakened, he looked upon the Virgin in glory, but the sight was more than his strength, and consciousness forsook him. Again recalled by the sound of his own name in the tones of a voice more delicious than imagination, he caught the words of the vision: "Look up, my Giovanni, and fear not. She whom you behold is the Mother of God, Mary. Go joyfully to Rapallo, and there announce to the people my manifestation on this mountain. Say that this picture, which represents my departure from this earth, and which by the ministry of angels has been trans-

ported from Greece, do I leave as a pledge of my love."

And the Virgin rose on a white cloud into the air, higher and ever higher, and disappeared.

Chichixola thereupon abandoned his return to Canevole, his home; and approaching the sacred picture, where it lay upon the rock, he would have taken it in his hands to carry it to Rapallo, but overcome by the ecstasy of emotion he was unable to raise it. He cried aloud for help, and several peasants heard him and came to his aid. They worshiped the picture upon hearing his story, and discovered in a place which had been quite dry as far back as their recollection extended, a small stream of water trickling from the rock, where Chichixola attested the Madonna had just stood. Some of the peasants remained in charge of the picture while the others accompanied Giovanni, who was considerably wrought up, and in all likelihood not in condition to make the sharp descent into Rapallo alone, to carry the glad tidings.

The news caused great excitement, and the archpriest, Giacompo Fieschi, made Giovanni go back with him for the picture, which he did, and a large company followed them. On the sight of the miracle, the story was again repeated, and the priest took the picture and wrapped it in a silken veil and transported it with reverence to Rapallo, where it was lodged for the night in the *canonica*, and the people were promised the privilege of adoration when it should be placed upon the high altar in the morning. But when the priest then sought it, he was prostrated with consternation, for in the night it had taken miraculous flight. Some of the *conta-*



The Church of Montalegre

dini who had not heard of its disappearance soon came running down from Monte Leto, whither they had gone to visit the miraculous spring, with the glad news that the picture was itself again upon the mountain.

Fearing that the disappearance of the night had been caused by insufficient reverence upon the previous day, Fieschi organized a great procession, and with pomp and hymns worthily escorted the relic back to the city, and placed it upon the altar, where it was worshiped until nightfall. July the 4th, however, found it again upon the hill, although the priest had taken precautions in the way of locks and keys to prevent the recurrence of this miracle. But now the Rapaltese saw that it was the will of Heaven that they should adore the picture where it was placed by the Madonna herself, and

a temporary shrine was erected to hold the relic. This was quickly a place of importance on the discovery of healing properties in the spring that had appeared upon the side of the rock. Even the Genoese architect, with many specious arguments of a technical nature, could not persuade the Rapaltese to alter the site of the church in the slightest, but was compelled to build upon the identical spot, in spite of all obstacles.

The building itself called forth the energy and devotion of the townsmen, and every one contributed to and aided the construction. In 1558 the first three days of July were given over to the dedication of the new church, which, not being worthy of the Virgin, was appropriately considered dedicated to the confusion of all iconoclasts. The Bay of Rapallo was illumined in notable man-

ner, and *mortaretti* and rejoicings attested for three days the gratitude of the people.

Yet the famous picture was not yet free of vicissitudes. In 1574 the treasure came under the jealous eyes of certain Greeks, who claimed it and invoked the potent arm of the law. The Greeks were sailors who were prosecuting a voyage from their native town of Ragusa, on the shores of the Adriatic, to Genoa, and who were overtaken in the gulf of Rapallo by a tempest of such proportions that they sought only to save themselves by prayers to Heaven. By the intervention of the Virgin they finally reached the haven of Rapallo and duly made pilgrimage to the sacred Montallegro, to present an offering of silver. The captain of the Ragusans, Nicolas de Allegretis, deposited his offering, and immediately commenced proceedings in the courts of Genoa for the recovery of the miraculous picture, which he claimed had, in some unknown way, disappeared from Ragusa in 1557.

The cause was contested with all the bitterness of the great lawsuits of the day, but ultimately the high court of Genoa unfeelingly gave judgment against the Rapallese. The Ragusans on their return voyage halted at the port of Rapallo and, amid the hatred of the townsmen and their deep grief, removed the picture to their ship. But again the purposes of Providence were not to be misdirected by any human activity, and the following morning revealed the picture in its accustomed place. With fear in their hearts, the Ragusans hastened to their own country, and though on subsequent occasions others from the same place recognized the picture without any difficulty, none of them put its mysteri-

ous powers to further test by a resort to litigation.

It is, in all probability, from the accounts of these Greek votaries that the early notions of the significance of the picture and its origin have been derived. It is in fact one of those Byzantine works which are attributed to the Apostolic artist, St. Luke. The "blessed sleep," or departure from this earth of Mary, is here depicted in the dull tones of old Greek pigments, spread upon a tablet, — the exact nature of whose wood is still undetermined, although cedar seems to have been the probable material. The panel is small, measuring only nine by seven and a half inches. The top is a little convex, in a manner which suggests some subsidiary panel in an ancient altar. In the small space there are represented in all eighteen figures. In the upper portion, and toward the right hand side of the picture, appear three figures of identical nature, being the Greek interpretation and symbolization of the Trinity, here welcoming the soul of Mary, which is represented by a small figure very nearly indiscernible, in their respective capacities of father, son, and spouse. With these the top of the picture also bears the single Greek word *THEOTOKON*, Mother of God, which fixes the title of the work. The upper middle portion is occupied by the reclining form of the Virgin, whose face is veiled, and whose body a brown mantle encloses. There is nothing in the small figures to give any clue to the particular allegories that were in the mind of the painter, and no archeologic deductions as to its actual origin are possible, save that the brown color of the robe upon the Virgin is significant evidence of a Byzantine origin.

The lower part of the tiny space contains the remaining thirteen figures. One at the head of the dais—for the horizontal figure of Mary appears to be rather upon a dais than upon any form of a couch—is the figure of an old man. A close examination of this figure gives an unpleasant suggestion of repainting, and possible improvement upon the original. There is a suspicious oily look in the fine shades of his robe and hair that are not to be detected in the other parts of the painting. The identity of the person is still in dispute, and has been in time past the basis of a lively controversy among the learned of the neighborhood. Some careful students have held it to be St. Dionysius, then bishop of Athens, but the better arguments seem to be in favor of St. Peter, while the writer prefers to believe it to be that of St. John.

In the Catholic world this picture has attained to greatness. In 1767 it was decreed the Golden Crown, and a copy of it is in the gallery of the Basilica at Rome. St. Francis de Sales visited its seat as early as 1592, and among others who have done worship before it are two women of note, Brigida di Gesu, founder of the Ursulines, and the present dowager Queen of Italy, Margherita.

We visited Montallegro on a day in January, when every top of the Apennines was covered with the snow of a driving storm that had crossed the barrier of the Alps and covered the rose trees in the gardens by the seaside. From Rapallo the road mounted by ridges toward the higher summits, for the land at the foot of the sierra is furrowed with twisting valleys, whose slopes are too insecure to permit of road building. It was the pilgrims' road, whose intervals

were marked by recurring chapels, at first flanked with tall cypresses, and higher up with olives, and finally with the tall and lugubrious pines that the wind has tortured into permanent convulsions. The way is stone paved, and mounts with a directness and disregard for grade and obstacle that is Roman in its essence. The Mediterranean, as we climb, preempts more and more of the scene behind us, and the saw edge of the snow peaks assumes an appearance of depth and loses the likeness to stage mountains, all cut from the same plain in cardboard. Below, on both sides, the thin-lying snow marked, with a clean preciseness, each of the little terraces, which a tireless race of toilers have created upon the slopes of their mountains in never-ending series, to hold what little productive land there is from slipping away. At length we reached the shrine, and approached a neat modern marble façade in good taste, through a long avenue of tall trees, evidently the additions which artistic taste has demanded, to the rather doubtful natural beauties of the region. We passed the hospice, with its kindly peasant host, upon our right, and mounted the short flight of steps to the tiny piazetta before the building itself. Interest in this little church had grown upon us, and we hastened to enter, without a pause to do honor to a superb expanse of mountain scenery. Within, the church was suggestive of many traits of the purely Italian simplicity of soul, that is different from every other, for it is intense with a passionate element, which avoids meanness and the commonplace. The building is a small one, in that style which travelers always associate with Jesuit edifices, for the apparent reason that they are probably the worst exam-



Interior of the Church at Montallegro

ples of it. The available area of walls and ceiling is devoted to paintings of the scenes of the sacred story, and have the general appearance of all modern Italian of being too bright colored. Their art is not of a high order, but they are all the work of a single hand, and their design implies a sense of sympathetic feeling in the artist for the nature of the place, and the nature of the tale, he was illustrating. The church itself is full of offerings, commemorative of the goodness of the Lady of Montallegro. A stuffed crocodile is the only one whose nature is quite inexplicable. The shrine is rich in jewels, some of them in the best style of another age, and others tracing an undoubted origin to some of the shops for articles of piety, which, from the lucrative nature of their business, rival the curiosity shops throughout the whole of Italy. Only one gift is

noteworthy and that chiefly for the disposition made of it. This is a cross of gems of fine quality, a tasty jewel of much richness, which was presented by Cardinal Lambruschini, and which, as the fairest thing in the possession of the church, is accorded, with a charming naiveté the privilege of hanging upon one corner of the sacred picture itself. Everywhere the interior of the building glistens with the bright foil hearts, likewise reminiscent of the supply system for evidences of faith, which represent the gratitude of many who have been benefited — in secret, by Our Lady in matters of *affaires du cœur*. The altar itself is the last point to which attention is naturally directed, and it holds it longest. Surrounded by secondary paintings and gilded decorations, and crowned in by the multifarious offerings whose agglomeration is expressible only as vari-

ous and sundry, it is itself an old piece mellowed by time, and soft with the warm tones of faded gold and rich coloring. There is a panel set into it of gilded metal, which conceals the picture. We sought the *Custode*, who at once turned a handle at the side of the altar, winding it around many times, and so actuating a very slow moving sort of machinery to move away the panel and reveal the picture. As we stood and gazed we saw most prominently the cross of the cardinal, which was the more easily discerned in the darkness of the niche. But there was no hesitation to offer the treasure to examination, for the mere mention of our wish for a better view, at once produced the required conveniences of a lamp and a step ladder and a boy to lend security to the latter.

Our inspection finished, we thanked the chaplain who had done us the courtesies of the church, and then carried him off down to the hospice to a bottle of muscato, over which he waxed eloquent on the yearly festival and pilgrim-

age from Rapallo and the nearby villages at the beginning of each July, when all the girls dressed their best, and of the procession of the *Sindaco* and *Giunta Municipale*, of Rapallo on the fifth of that month to annually fulfill their vow of a thank offering for the deliverance of the city from the plague way back in 1657.

The padre at length left us, and we sipped our wine and ate sweet cakes on the hospice terrace, looking down to the southward, where the chain of the Apennines tossed their heads high and in the far distance, the giant Carrara, clove upon its brow the driving clouds. And over the cakes and wine, we sat and talked, not of the picture nor the legend — but the tumultuous mountains and the sea, and in our hearts, in spite of ourselves, we questioned, if it had been our fortune to be born of this land, — would that bit of ripened Byzantine coloring have the same hold upon us as the Mediterranean, flecked with shadows, and Carrara attaining to the clouds?





'MISANTHROPOS!'

By RUDOLPH ALTROCCHI

I hate the sunshine, whose alluring powers
Hold o'er the senses such tyrannic sway ;
I hate the glare, the picturesque array
Of hills and valleys, with their trees and
flowers.

Let feeble maidens, in artistic bowers,
Enraptured gaze at all this harmless play
Of pretty things, and spend their idle day
Smiling at spring or dreading summer showers.
But night I love. I yearn to grope alone

Where foes unknown may find a lurking
place ;

I yearn for storms whose deafening rum-
blings burst

In deadly rage, and winds whose threatening
moan

Bids manhood rally and the challenge face
Of unrelenting Nature at her worst.

THE PRINCE MANUSCRIPT

BY JOHN ADAMS, JR.

There is almost always more or less aversion to old books that we do not know. Perhaps this comes from the sight of the ponderous dusty tomes in the stacks of Gore Hall, and from a rather minute acquaintance with some of them when we are in the throes of thesis writing. An old book of value to those who are interested in early Harvard history has been brought to public attention by the recent visit of the Bishop of London. In his speech in Sanders Theatre he presented to the University an old manuscript volume.

The title of the book is "A List of Books into which Nathan Prince, tutor, 1723-1742, intended to gain some insight." Surely this is formidable enough. But before we speak of the book itself, a few sentences about Nathan Prince and his times will not be amiss.

Nathan Prince came from an old Plymouth family. He graduated from Harvard at nineteen, and was thereupon made a minister, for there was then no preparation for the clerical profession beyond that which the college afforded. He probably traveled five years, and in 1723, at the age of twenty-four, became a "tutor at Harvard." At that time faculty consisted of two professors, of Divinity, and of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and seven tutors. These tutors, who, by the way, gave most of the instruction, were generally unmarried. That they were not easily tempted from their state of single blessedness is amply shown by the records. Henry Flint, for example, was a tutor for sixty years. A tutor had entire charge of a

class from the moment it entered college to its graduation. He taught it everything. The tutors, therefore, had to be men of wide learning. Nathan Prince served in this capacity for about twenty years. During most of this time he was also a Fellow of the Corporation. In the New England Biographical Dictionary (1809), he is valued above Greenwood and Winthrop, the professors. He could not, however, resist the temptation of the cheapened prices of liquors brought about by the opening of West India trade. Like Professor Greenwood and many others of his time, he fell a victim to Jamaica rum, and was dismissed from the college for intemperance.

The "List," the book in which we are interested, is all written by hand. In the preface he says his purpose is "to write down the lives and characters and works of all the authors in those arts and sciences into which I intend to gain an insight." He divides it into eight parts: (1) "History, civil and ecclesiastical." (2) "Languages, and here grammars, and that which relates to each tongue, authors and those that wrote the most pure and correct." (3) "Mathematics, and of this the authors all along down." (4) "Natural philosophy." (5) "Divinity and religion." (6) "Medicine." (7) "Poetry and oratory." (8) "Belles-Lettres and miscellaneous."

To gain "an insight" into all these subjects certainly seems ambitious. But we should remember that learning was not then what it is now. Mathematics was in its infancy, modern science did



The Prince Manuscript

not exist. The interest of the book is chiefly in its extraordinary comprehensiveness. It shows what a tutor *wanted* to know. And so it throws light on the instruction of the time. But we must not assume that he read all the books that he noted down. Often Prince gives a considerable description of the book, the life of its author, etc. More frequently there is just a bare mention of the title of the book and its author's name. Most of the books mentioned in the "List" have been absolutely forgotten.

Nathan Prince's brother, Thomas Prince, was minister of the Old South Church in Boston. This brother founded the Prince, or New England Library, by giving all his books to the Old South Church in memory of his brother Nathan. The bookplate of the manuscript says, "Thomas Prince, his book; Boston, 1745." This library was stored in the steeple chamber of Old South, and during the siege of Boston in 1775 was partly dispersed. Some of the books that the British took with them found their way to the library of the

Bishop of London. Nathan Prince's "commonplace book," a sort of scrap book, in which he entered thoughts from his favorite authors, etc., we regret to say, still remains there. The bishop, however, was good enough to bring us this work, actuated, no doubt, by the slip pasted in the back, which reads, "An old Harvard Book." In 1866 the Massachusetts Historical Society took charge of the Prince Library, and transferred it to the Boston City Library, where it now is. Since the "List" was stolen from the Prince Library the President and Fellows of Harvard have in accepting it made themselves receivers of stolen goods! They have, however, endeavored to exculpate themselves by sending a note to the trustees of the Prince Library, asking to be allowed to keep the book, since it is solely of Harvard interest. Doubtless the trustees will see that, though the book throws light on the Harvard of the time, it is of no use to them, and allow us to keep this rare old book.

EDITORIALS

HARVARD MEMORIALS

The coming celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of John Harvard's birth, which is planned for the latter part of November, brings to mind the many memorials that we have of the founder. To most of us he is simply a minister who gave the books and money that established the university that bears his name. The statue in the Delta, with its simple words "John Harvard, Founder," reminds us of him. Few of us indeed try to trace him beyond this. But lately there has come a renewed interest in Harvard's life in England. Mr. Henry F. Waters has traced down many "intricate Harvard clues." Two years ago Ambassador Joseph H. Choate placed in the Chapel of St. Saviour's, Southwark, London, an east window memorial of John Harvard. Last July, through the efforts of Mr. Choate, Mr. William Phillips, '00, Mr. John Ridgely Carter, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and others, a Harvard chapel was dedicated in the same church. Within the past two months Mr. Edward Morris of Chicago, at the instance of Miss Marie Corelli, has purchased the old Rogers-Harvard house in Stratford-on-Avon, and presented it to the Corporation of the University. This house was built in 1596 by Thomas Rogers, the father of Katherine Rogers, the mother of John Harvard. The house is a remarkably fine example of the architecture of the time. This house and the chapel in London give us a good representation in the Old World.

On this side of the water John Harvard's great memorial is, of course, this university. It is pleasing to have memorials of him in England. We must remember, after all, that John Harvard was an Englishman. His countrymen have as good a claim on him as we Americans. An English college inspired him and sent him forth to found this institution of learning in the wilderness. It is pleasing to note, then, that the English are beginning to take an interest in John Harvard, and to commemorate the scenes of his life.



THE STAND AT THE END OF THE STADIUM

The Athletic Committee has decided not to erect a large stand at the open end of the Stadium this year. This will cut off at least ten thousand seats. We need hardly consider the specious excuse that is given for this decision. It is that they are afraid of a fire. They seem to forget that the stand cannot well take fire on top, and any fires from below might easily be avoided by soaking the supports an hour or so before the game. It seems that the committee hopes by reducing the number of seats to do away with the evil of speculators, supremely oblivious to the fact that the curtailment of seats will cause higher prices, and so greater profits to these gentry. The speculator evil cannot be abolished by any such weak scheme as it is now planned to try, but by the drastic measures that were employed at New Haven last year.

There is another side to the question, the students' and the graduates'. Two years ago with over forty thousand seats there were more than three thousand applications unfilled. With the interest in football fully as great now as it was then, there will be thirteen thousand persons disappointed. From the undergraduates' point of view the non-erection of the stand represents a net cash loss of over fifteen thousand dollars. It has often been said that when the Stadium debt is paid no fee will be charged any undergraduates for admission to any games whatever. That debt is now reduced to a point well below fifty thousand dollars. It is from the undergraduates that the University gets the teams themselves, and their "support." It is from the graduates that it gets the money for nearly all of its improvements. The University is not treating either class fairly. If it has so much money that it does not need fifteen thousand dollars, let it abolish admission fees, stop the "subscription" nuisance, and build a new Boylston Bridge.



A PROSPECT

Go any clear afternoon to Jarvis Field, and you will find every court taken and dozens of men waiting for a chance to play. Now drop in at a debating-club meeting some evening, and see the contrast. For years we have enjoyed the prestige of the first "tennis college" of the country; we lived up to our reputation this fall by taking the Intercollegiate championship. In debating, while we have generally managed to win from Yale, we have fallen four successive times to Princeton. We would not think much of an athletic team that won less than half its games.

The point is, tennis is popular, has plenty of patrons,—too many for the grounds,—and wins championships; debating is unpopular, neglected so much that its meetings appear lost in the rooms in which they are held and loses half of its Intercollegiate contests. It seems clear, then, that to put debating on such a basis that it will win consistently, we must encourage a wider interest in it. We have good men, but not enough of them. We need quantity as well as quality. As things stand now it is impossible to get the average undergraduate sufficiently interested in debating to come out and do steady work. You show him the advantages of training in debate, he will agree, but will not act. The truth is that debating is almost a social outcast.

The University Debating Council took a step in the right direction when it voted to allow any upperclassmen to form a club, and not to interfere in its management. Too often in the past the council has alienated interest by what was, or what seemed to be, high-handed interference in club affairs. Several clubs are now in process of formation, but it is too early to predict anything about them. It is plain, however, that they will not succeed any better than in the past, unless some means are taken in each club to gain homogeneity of membership. A man's manner and disposition may be congenial to one body of men, while it may be the very opposite to another. If each club were to stand for some definite aim, or represent some social class, the members would be congenial, and soon debating would be on a firmer and wider basis. We might then win more victories. At any rate, more men would get valuable training, and perhaps make lasting friendships.



JOHN HARVARD AND HIS TIMES. By Henry C. Shelley. Boston. Little, Brown & Co. \$2.00 net.

With the rapidly approaching tercentenary of John Harvard's birth, Mr. Shelley's book is most opportune. The general historical background of England and the various religious movements and persecutions that led to the Puritan emigration to the New World are fully described. Harvard's mother came from Stratford-on-Avon, his father from Southwark, London. The father was a well-to-do tradesman, and educated his son well. John Harvard went to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, whence he took his A.M. in 1635. The picture of the college life of the day and of Harvard's teachers and friends is most interesting. Students were so poorly fed that we find some imploring their mothers to send them "a cake and a cheese" or "a pound or two of almonds and some beer." Prayers were held each day at five in the morning. On the death of his father, John Harvard succeeded to a comparatively large estate. He emigrated to New England, preached in Charlestown, but soon succumbing to the severities of the climate died in 1639. By his will he left £800, and his entire library, worth £200 more, to the "College which is at Newtown" (the former name of Cambridge). Con-

sidering that money was then worth about eight times what it is now, a bequest of £1,000 was large. The General Court of Massachusetts had previously granted £400, but the accounts show us that there is still a balance of £350 due the College. We must then give almost the entire credit of founding the College to the young English clergyman.

Mr. Shelley has brought together all the available material on John Harvard. This, however, has been mainly collected through the researches of others. The amount of evidence bearing on John Harvard's life is so meagre that Mr. Shelley often draws on his imagination. We mean that he indulges in speculation and conjectures about what *possibly* did happen, or what *might* have happened. On almost every page we find such expressions as: "quite possibly," "may well have," "may reasonably be supposed," "it is practically certain," "it is not improbable," and so on. These may be excused, perhaps, on the ground that there is not enough material to piece out Harvard's life in full, and in many cases the excuse is valid. But there is no reason for indulging in twenty pages of speculation backed up by long trains of very circumstantial evidence, in an effort to prove that the father and mother of the founder were introduced to each other by William Shakespeare. All we

can say is that the reasoning is very ingenious, and that there is a *possibility* that the parents met as Mr. Shelley suggests. But the probability is remote.

The work is, as the author states in the preface, the first ever written on the life of John Harvard. Although some-

LIFE AND TIMES OF STEPHEN HIGGINSON. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson, '41. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.00 net.

"Life and Times of Stephen Higginson" is not a biography. It is an account of certain political and commercial



Harvard House, Stratford-on-Avon

Courtesy of Little, Brown & Co.

what marred by undue speculation, it is, as a whole, creditable in giving a picture of the times in which Harvard lived, and in bringing together all the evidence that can be found upon his life. As such it should commend itself to Harvard men.

J. A., JR.

events which took place in New England from 1775 to 1830, in which Stephen Higginson was a prominent figure. He is first shown as the youthful sea-captain, called upon to testify concerning the condition of the fisheries of Massachusetts before the English Parliament.

He enters politics, representing Boston in the State Legislature; and, steadily gaining the trust and affection of the public, becomes more and more a man of importance. While he held but few offices, for he disliked public life, he showed great public spirit as a private citizen. On intimate terms of acquaintance with many of the greatest men of his time, he showed by his judgment and advice great insight into the conditions of the country.

In the method of the work Colonel Higginson suppresses many biographical details. He does not write a life of Stephen Higginson, but portrays a series of events in which he played a prominent part. It is true that these give an admirable account of the man, but it is an external one. The sketch of his personal appearance, habits, and home life, given

at the end of the book, serves to complete a beautiful picture. In the historical account, the author, while always accurate and strict, is yet clear; and the book might well be enjoyed by one who is no student of American history.

E. H. M.

In addition to the books reviewed in this number, we would call attention to the following, as entertaining and profitable reading—books recently written by or about Harvard men:

THE GOOD OLD WAY. By Henry Van Dyke, h., '94. Crowell Co. New York. 30 cents net.

An excellent little sermon.

AN ODE TO HARVARD AND OTHER POEMS. By Witter Bynner, '02. Small, Maynard & Co. Boston.

No Harvard man should fail to read this real delightful verse.



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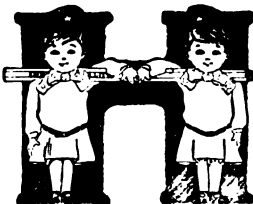
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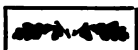
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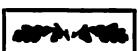
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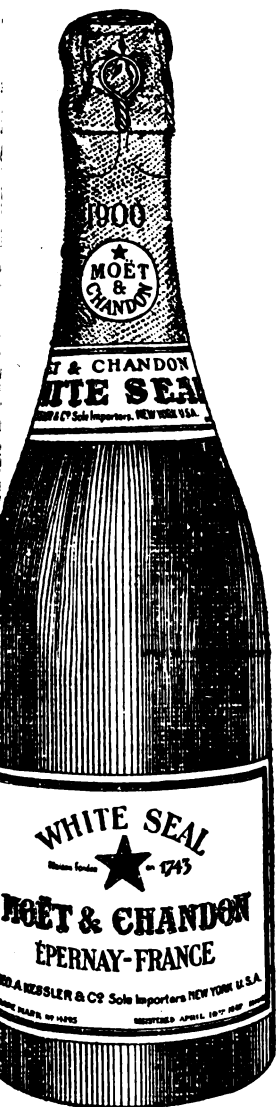
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VOLUME IX

DECEMBER, 1907

NUMBER 3

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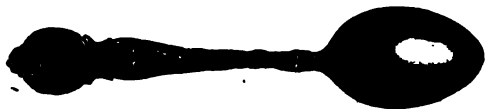
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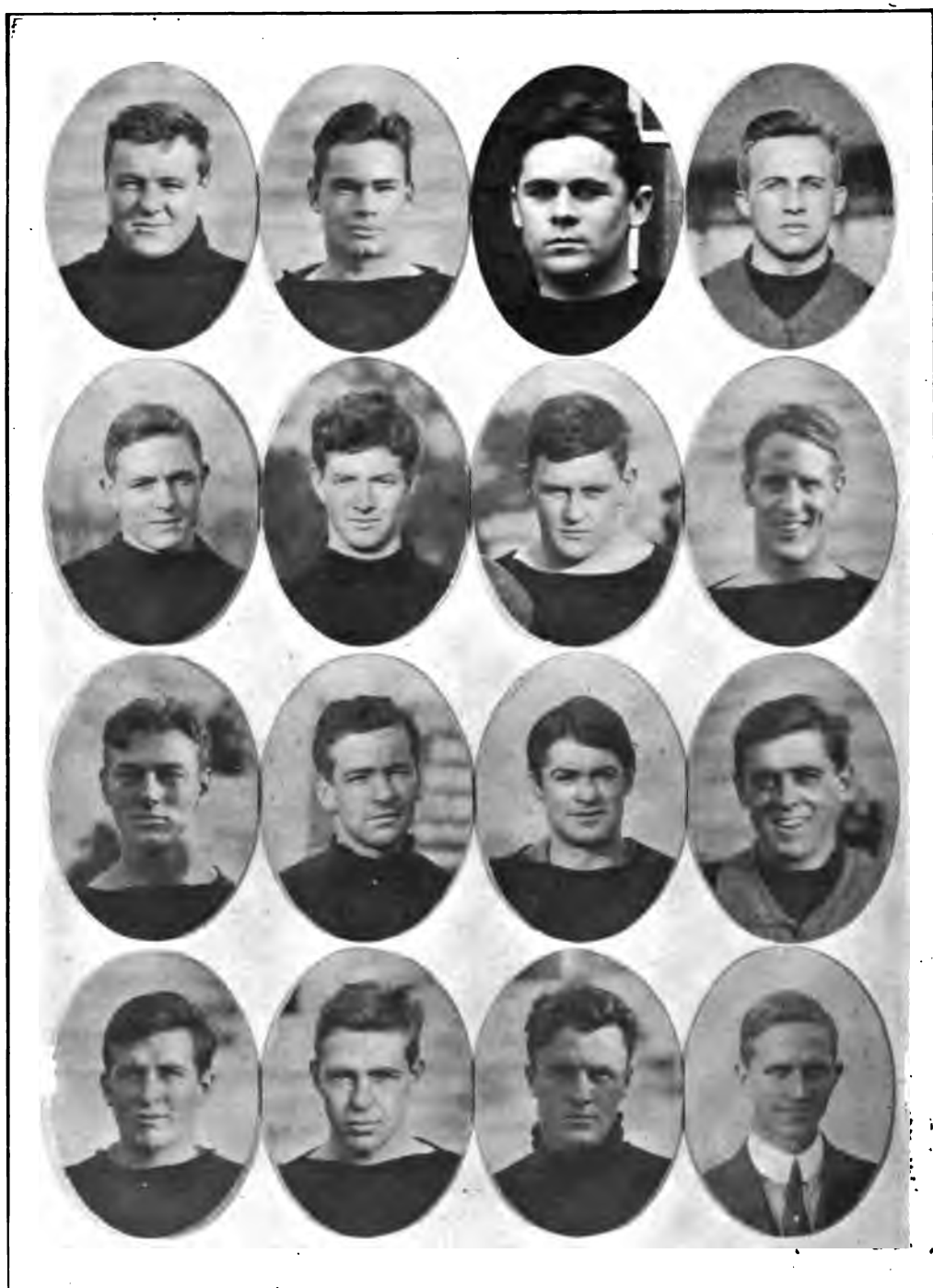
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THE HARVARD ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Vol. IX

DECEMBER, 1907

No. 3

THE FOOTBALL SEASON

BY M. S. MCN. WATTS



THE close of another football season also closes another experiment in the administration of the sport, which even a victory, in the final issue, can make but moderately successful. The promise of the early fall was of very full and encouraging nature, but with the progress of the season the play of the 'Varsity has tended more and more to become only the play of former years. The forward pass appeared, for a season, to be a factor in Harvard's general attack that could be relied upon. The on-side kick and the tandem, resurrected from the memories of 1901, likewise offered prospects of success; but in no game in the face of measurably strong opponents has Harvard been able to make any consistent progress, and what is more disheartening has too frequently failed to carry the leather over for scores when within the five-yard line.

Reduced to the lowest terms and analyzed, the weakness of the year's team seems to be chiefly in three departments. On the offense the interference can at times hardly be said to exist. The protection in open plays, which Brown and

the Indians afforded their runners, rendered tackle after tackle ineffectual, and even when unsuccessful, usually demanded the assistance of the secondary defense to overcome. In almost every instance where the University team attempted end runs against good ends they proved unsuccessful. Interference in itself may not be the chief element of the offensive game, but as football has been played this season weakness in this department must in itself paralyze any team.

A corollary to the absence of interference is the ineffectual forward pass which Harvard has clung to, unmodified, after repeated failures. The chief criticism of this play as it now appears on the gridiron is, that the arrangement of the backs that it entails, serves as a signal to notify the opponents of the nature of the play which is coming. Earlier in the season many things were done with the odd formation of two men drawn well behind the line, both posing as if to receive the pass for a kick. Whatever the play might turn out to be, it was evidently something that would require a stiffening of the opponent's secondary defense, and this invariably took place. In the Carlisle game, however, not even



Captain Parker

the possible variations which this arrangement afforded were resorted to, and the special line-up served only to advertise and operate the forward pass. In not a single instance, moreover, were the forwards down under the throw, which generally did not appear to be aimed anywhere in particular. It was a simple problem and easily fathomed for the Indians to block the forwards, and thus prevent them from even getting within touching distance of the ball, which was

passed so high that it was easily discernible, and difficult to catch. The passes made by the Indians were, however, low and directly to a player who never failed to occupy a given position, a system which allowed a much swifter throw and a correspondingly faster play. In breaking up the forward pass the Eleven does not seem to have any well-defined mode of procedure. The long and slow passes made by Springfield were finally analyzed after one half of the game has been spent in studying them, and after the line-men had found holes in their opponents' defense, which permitted of sudden entry, and necessitated very hurried passing. Many of the best examples of the Carlisle forward pass attained success simply because the play, deceptive in appearance, enticed the Crimson secondary defense to the support of the line, and the Indian ends at the same time were left uncovered. With the special advertisement that the Harvard formation gives of the present intention to work a forward pass, no such advantage as the deception of their opponents can reasonably be looked for. It may well be that in this respect Coach Crane will have a surprise for all, in the Yale game, and it ought naturally to be expected.

Chief in the handicaps of the season was the paucity of good end material, and as game after game was played this rapidly proved to be a more real difficulty than the filling of the odd tackle. Even at the late period of this writing no satisfactory solution to the difficulty is apparent. Browne is talked of as a saving possibility, and, with Bird or Starr, may be equal to the specially difficult task of taking care of whatever Yale will care to throw against an ad-

mittedly weak spot. Both on the offense and the defense the ends have not played up to the standard of the remainder of the Eleven, and but for the support afforded by Burr the situation would be an acute one.

At all times, however, the line has been good. Gains and touchdowns have been made through it, but on the whole it has not been here that the glaring weaknesses have appeared. The right tackle, which seems to be finally assigned to Fish, cannot be said to be satisfactorily filled for defensive purposes. At center Grant has created the sensation of the season. His lightness has been in strong contrast to all the men he has played against, and his speed and ability to break through are of first-rate order. As a tackler he is the most effective man on the team, and from all indications he would probably have served more beneficially at end than in his present place. There is material for a good guard on the squad, and the removal of Captain Parker from his normal position at center, displacing a guard, and calling Grant in from end, in the absence of end material, is policy that is questionable upon the face of it. Whatever the causes or justification for such shifting may be, ordinary observation would suggest the placing of a speedy tackler and a vigorous all-round player at end rather than at center, where weight might be made a substitute for strength.

Up through the Carlisle game the backfield has felt a handicap in the absence of Wendell. In this instance the difficulty has been to overcome the formalities of university administration. Wendell was unfortunately withheld from the team during the major part of

the season on the pretext of probation. The backfield seems to be effective in spots, and on several occasions the line hitting has manifested a very considerable power. From time to time a tricky end run and double pass has appeared in our play for the net of good gains. These plays, at times very effective, do not seem to be taken seriously, and almost never attempted during hard games. The chief weakness of the backs has been in handling kicks and in



Coach Crane



Captain Bigelow of Yale



"Tad" Jones of Yale

following the ball. In the Brown game, it might almost be said with truth, that every possible fumble was made. Faults of this nature are, however, not vital, more indicative of a slump, or that the team is temporarily rattled, than of inadequate coaching. It may be confidently anticipated that the Yale game will see this minor matter corrected. In the backfield Starr has appeared to trouble the coaches to know what to do with him. In games and practice he has appeared as quarter-back, half-back, and end. In the receiving of punts Starr does not seem very reliable. He made a speedy, though very light half-back, when played in that position. His tackling is of a very superior sort and shows up well at end, for which position he appears very small, but was played in that position against Yale last year.

The run of the season has not been encouraging. Although the games with Brown and Springfield resulted in victories, in both instances our adversaries put up a style of play that held Harvard temporarily baffled, and made any out-

come of the game possible. Annapolis was defeated by a very narrow margin, and subsequent to that game a marked and unexplained slump appeared in the work of the squad. Morally, the effect of such a pronounced falling off has a disastrous effect, in that all the opposing teams, hearing of it, immediately make special preparations to put up *the* game of their season in their contest with the Crimson, and play unduly hard, to the general embarrassment of the team, individually and as an organization.

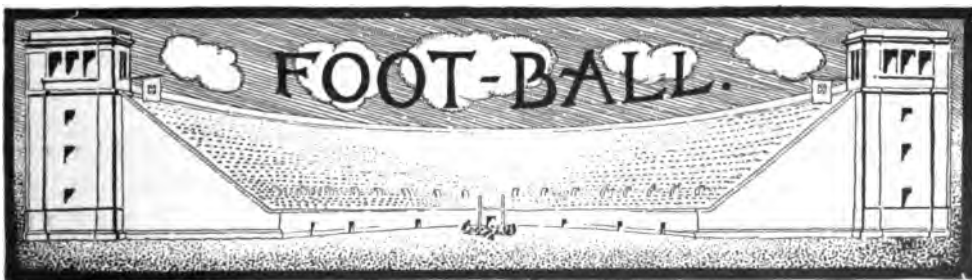
The conclusion that may be fairly deduced from the showing Harvard has made up to date this season is that in no sense is the team as a unity developed to the limit that the capacity of the individual players ought to aggregate. Throughout the season there has been good spirit, and the victory over Brown would be a credit to the sticking quality and fight of any aggregation. The last days of practice before the Yale game ought to be fruitful in good results, and with the permanent addition of Wendell behind the line, much of the potential

force, which has never been lacking, ought to be made effective. Unquestionably there is a chance of a successful season, dependent upon final victory. But even in the event of this, the season of 1907 emphasizes once again that Harvard must soon take measures to institute some form of continuous administration for the sport. A successful team ought not on a theoretical basis be made the criterion of a successful season, but it is no more sportsmanlike to play on an eleven that has not had the benefits of the best of training, than to play on one that has been favored with every advantage. The interest in the sport, from the showings of attendance of the present year, is on the increase. It does not seem upon the face of it that there is any logical or practical objection to instituting some really permanent form of coaching organization, which will obviate the waste of experience, entailed by each change of coach, and which will give the team the benefit of the best experience obtainable, for its instruction, by furnishing men who have had real experience upon our own teams, and who will have their duty put upon them in such a way as to make it a serious matter, in so far as the performance of their services may be concerned.

Coach Crane has reduced the secret

practice to the greatest degree possible, and has throughout the season made efforts to have the men enjoy the game. This is a good move in the right direction, and another is to be noted in the appearance of Campbell, captain of the 1901 Eleven, to coach the ends.

The work of the men ought to be a pleasure, and to all intents, it seems to have been. This is an addition to Harvard football lore that should remain unforgotten, for it is the basis upon which spirited teams can be built. In the arrival of Campbell, the wise and careful choice of a good coach is evident. Harvard cannot hope to succeed without building up a school of football, and this implies some permanent system whereby the experience and method of each year may be saved from abeyance, and every season may be relied upon to advance somewhat beyond its predecessor. This year, at the start, the University team was composed chiefly of veterans, and against an unusually strong run of adversaries it has done well, suffering defeat only at the hands of a phenomenally strong aggregation from Carlisle; but nevertheless, had the same material been developed under a tried and hereditary coaching system, such as many of our rivals enjoy, a brilliant season could have been reasonably anticipated.



BETWEEN FIRES

BY R. ALTROCCHI

Alfred Van Namen was shaving at his window when he heard a familiar step slowly ascending the wooden stairs of Holworthy, and a few seconds afterwards heard a letter drop through the crack in the door. "Damned bill, I guess," he thought, as he stepped across the room, picked up a square white envelope with foreign postage, and at once recognizing the writing, gave a shrill whistle, and, placing the razor carelessly on the table, tore the envelope open. Hastily he ran through the round, regular handwriting, and turned the page. It was a short letter. Again he read the beginning, with one hand rubbing his forehead violently, as he always did when he could not understand. The note shook in his hand, yet he said nothing. He read it again, then laid it dazedly on the desk.

"Great God, after three years!" he mumbled.

At first he had been too shocked to feel anything but extreme surprise. Yet now he began slowly to realize, though he could not believe. He felt a sudden contraction in the chest and something solid in his throat that gave him a painful yearning to gasp. He took the letter again. Towards the end were the words: "I have not told a soul about it yet, but I wanted you to know first. I am not formally engaged yet, but it will be announced. . . ." The words went through him like arrows. He stepped to the window. His breath dimmed the glass, making the Yard still cloudier.

How dreary it looked full of snow and dead trees, darkened with frozen water, and motionless, indifferent! Through them his eyes wandered to summer fields, to one field, to a house in it, to an evening in a parlor. "Great God, after only three years!"

Reticent and self-contained by nature, Alfred had never before felt the sudden yearning for violent action that now seemed to possess him. He felt like grabbing and smashing things, like running away from a calamity that had just overtaken him, and he had an irresistible need of opposing bodily the author of his sorrow. And all the time a solid mass clogged his breathing, and made him yearn to gasp.

Suddenly there was a jumping step on the stairs, a huge bang on the door, and in burst Ned Sullivan.

"Hello, Sandy. Got a bully thing for you—guess what! Bet a dollar you can't. Gad, I'll make it two! Guess what I've got for you and me." He then whirled to the piano and striking a few jingly keys, began to sing his favorite coon song:

"Want 'o make a 'oman too

Dese bones gwine 'o rise agin . . .

Didn't know . . ."

"Oh, hell! Cut it out—damn your song!" Alfred had turned from the window and was sitting in his Morris chair, his head on his hand. Ned stopped playing, laughed loudly, and:

"Whoa, Sandy, easy now. Keep your shirt on and guess the riddle." He began to light his cigarette, without paying attention to Alfred.

"But you can't guess. Here, let me tell you. Two front-row tickets—Tremont—table reserved—Dutch room, and finally, ah, 'here's the rub'—" and he whispered, "Knock down to two queens, stunners from the Majestic—see here, Sandy, don't you catch on? What's the matter with you now?"

Alfred, with his eyes fixed vacantly on the table, did not seem to hear his friend's voice. Struck by the momentary silence, though, he turned towards Ned, saw in his eyes the inquiring look, and pointed to the letter.

"Read that," he said. "Go ahead, read it—you knew it anyhow."

These two friends had no secrets between them. So different in all their ways, they seemed each to supply what was missing to the other, and they agreed perfectly. It was natural, then, that in the moment of distress Alfred, in spite of his reserve, should wish Ned to share his sorrow.

Ned also reread the letter, for he was surprised and embarrassed. At once he felt full of sympathy for his stricken friend, but could find no words to express it. He saw Alfred's distress, but failed to realize the sorrow. For so many years he had floated along, avoiding all but shallow pleasures, that he could not feel in himself the sensation of depth. His sorrows had been only skin-deep disappointments, his love affairs, momentary fancies. Yet his jovial affection for Alfred filled him with sympathy and a wish to be of help.

"Gee—I'll be—Why, Sandy, this is—awful! I'm damned sorry, Sandy. Is

this straight goods?" Even the tone of his voice was the same with which he told his stories and talked about tennis.

Alfred had risen from the Morris chair and was mechanically putting on his overcoat. At Ned's trivial question he stopped, and half-sneeringly: "After three years," he said, "promises, hopes—all gone to hell!"

Ned also put on his coat, unconsciously eager to change the situation. Yet he was in earnest when he remarked, tritely:

"Sandy, there must be some mistake. She couldn't have done that—after so long, as you say. I know Mary and—" but Alfred had opened the door and was walking downstairs.

Ned wondered where they were going to, as he lighted his cigarette, and purposely offered one to Sandy, who refused it.

Alfred wanted fresh air. He felt the need of moving, as if moving could take him further from his sorrow. He, the big believing fool, he thought,—thus she had treated him. And again came that yearning for action, for bodily opposition to the calamity that oppressed him. Then came the idea of the other man. Alfred had always thought himself immune to jealousy, to hatred, but what was it that gnawed him inside? She, his ideal, was making a fiend, a hater of him who had been so faithful, and so deceived.

Thus by brooding Alfred found himself guilty, not of treason, of which he accused Mary Bartlett, but of innocence, the childish, the stupid innocence that makes a man a dupe of his own blind judgment, of his illusioned heart. For three years he had built hopes on her affection, fashioned his life to his future aspirations—and now had lost. He had

lost her, his happiness, and even his confidence in his own power and thought. With his mind teeming with half-known regrets, he walked on, not noticing his friend.

Ned's thoughts were quite different. Here was a fine afternoon, and a still finer evening ruined, and poor Sandy made unhappy. Why did such unlucky coincidences occur? Why in the world did some men need to settle their hearts on one particular girl, and take it all so seriously? Was youth to be wasted in moping for some brown hair, or golden or black? And Ned, though at times trying to put himself in his friend's shoes, felt a sort of self-complacency. *He* had kept away from it. And now what on earth should he do with Sandy? This aimless walk did not entirely relieve his embarrassment, and he would not leave his friend now, of course.

"Well, Sandy," he ventured, after they had gone several blocks, "where are we going?"

At these words Alfred's thoughts, suddenly disturbed, seemed to take another turn. He stopped and rubbed his forehead with his hand, as he did when he wanted to condense his thoughts. Suddenly he turned to his friend.

"Ned," he said, "I must tear this out—or it'll choke me. Ned, I will get out of it." His words were decided, cool, and measured. "Ned, I'll go with you to-night, to the show, to the devil, anywhere, I don't care. Give me a drink. I must tear it out."

At once Ned caught up the idea. So Sandy intended to break loose to-night, at last. The three years were over, the anchor was lifted, it would certainly be best for him. Perhaps the whole thing was for the best after all.

"Yes, Sandy, we'll drown our troubles. We'll have—Oh, Sandy, you're too good to spoil on one girl. Mary was, of course—"

"Shut up," and Alfred led the way in silence. Ned followed, thinking of the fun in store, and at times he talked too, as if to divert Alfred's mind, for he could not understand.

They had front seats at the Comic Opera. They went to the hotel for supper. Alfred had not been able to eat, but he had forced himself to drink. He had shuddered at the ill-smelling liquors, he had cursed, but he had drunk. When he reached the theater he felt a strange sensation of colors and sounds. There in the stuffy house, the glare of the stage lights, which dazzled his eyes, the shuffle and murmur of the crowd, the shrill sounds of the orchestra, everything became in his mind a confusion of color and sound through which came flashes of reminiscences. He saw far back months and years, the incidents he had so often lived over. The feeling of solitude, enhanced by the noises of the surroundings, did not so much depress him, as thrill him with a new emotion. The drama of the situation he found in his visions. He forgot the show and looked back.

Yet as the show continued these visions grew dimmer and dimmer, the sorrow of them became fainter. Now he would have gone to drink again, lest his troubles should return. But the show was almost over. The applause of the crowd, which before had sounded like a far-off rumble from people who did not concern him, now seemed to disturb him. In his head was a peculiar throbbing, a pounding of sledge-hammers. And if

he tried to shut his eyes, the old visions came again.

Ned, absorbed in the trivial plotlessness of the musical absurdity, failed to note any changes in his friend. From some of Alfred's remarks at the end of the dinner he had concluded that liquor does kill "heart-dopiness," as he called it. He had then, with a smooth conscience, paid the bill, had accompanied Sandy to the front seat at the show, and preparing himself to enjoy the chorus-girl effect he had dismissed all worrisome ideas. There were two chorus girls he knew — they had smiled at him once in the second act. With gleeful anxiety he looked forward to a supper with them in the Dutch room. Thus they did not speak to each other, these two friends. Alfred's mind was far away, dreaming exaltedly, wandering in the past; Ned's was on the stage, eager to enjoy — and say nothing.

When the curtain fell after the last act, Ned hurriedly pushed Alfred towards the door.

"Hurry up, Sandy. We mustn't keep them waiting."

Alfred, confused by the sudden change of posture, and the interruption of his

visions, found himself in the cold night air, dragged by Ned hastily down the street.

"This way, Sandy, don't you know? This is the alley. We must go to the stage door and wait there for the girls."

Alfred stopped and looked at his friend.

"Girls?" he mumbled, and rubbed his forehead right over his eyebrows. "What girls?" Then it all came back to him, the sudden resolution. He remembered the glasses and the snickering waiter, the bitter stuff. All the time Ned, who had gone ahead, was beckoning for him to come towards the end of the alley by the dim gas-light.

"This way; hurry up; come on, Sandy." Alfred looked at him, hesitated a moment, then stepped back, and sneaked into the crowd. He saw now, and walked fast, as if escaping from something. Beyond the crowded streets, beyond the snowy Common, he saw a summer field, a house in it, an evening in a parlor — three years ago.

He walked dazedly on, pressing through the noisy crowd, faster and faster, and disappeared in the subway.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE YALE GAME TICKETS

BY JOHN ADAMS, JR.

All of us know that there is such a thing as the Harvard Athletic Association; our H. A. A.'s, season tickets, the letters on the sweaters of track team men, bring it to mind. We all know that the office of the Association is under the

rotunda of the Union, but about the work of that office, as indeed about the work of most university activities, most of us know little.

We are not here concerned with the most important function of the Athletic



The Athletic Office

Office, the keeping of the accounts of 'Varsity teams, but simply with its work in distributing tickets for the Yale game. This subject is of peculiar interest, particularly to those whose "impersonal applications" were not filled.

Let us begin with the reception of the applications at the office. About three-fourths of these come by mail, and a goodly proportion of them are registered, the receiving of which takes up a great deal of time. Most undergraduates hand in their red blanks at the window. Whether the application comes by mail or is presented in person the process that it goes through is the same; a clerk examines the blank, sees if there is a postal, stamped addressed envelope, and the price of the tickets along with a correctly filled application, and then marks on the outside of the stamped addressed en-

velope the classification of the tickets according to the "Circular of Information." For example, the blank of a graduate of the class of '90, applying for two seats for personal use, would be stamped II2c. A '10 man not an H. A. holder, applying for one seat would be Ib, and so on. Each application is numbered, beginning with the first one received up to the last, and this number is placed on the application, on the outside of the envelope for the tickets, and on the postal. This numbering is done by classes; the first Ia application received would be numbered 1, the first of the Ib's would be numbered about 2,000, and so on. Then all the applications of one class are given to a gang of men who enter information on the "sheets," large pieces of paper with long columns, in which are entered the number of the ap-

plication, the number of seats applied for, how these are paid for (cash, check, or otherwise), amount of money enclosed, name and address of applicant; a space is left to be filled in later, for the location of the seats. When all this information has been written, the postal is sent to the applicant. All the blanks are now filed away alphabetically. A man takes them and checks them off in the University, and Quinquennial Catalogues, and also in the "List of Living Harvard Graduates," for often in the past applications have been received from dead men! Care is also taken that no person, as a Yale graduate studying in the Harvard Law School, applies to both managements.

As soon as the applications are closed, the work of distribution begins. The sheets are drawn at random, and a sufficient number of seats given to fill that sheet. Thus no one gets any preference except the general one of members of the Faculty, and H. A. A. holders. It must be remembered that though there are only fifty *applications* on a sheet, as many as two hundred tickets may be called for; for two persons enclosing applications for two seats each, together, are classed as one application. The seats go along by rows, as A, B, and so on. But the first application on a sheet might get seat J5 of a certain section. Then the next would get J6 and J7, according to the number of seats the application calls for, as the seats of a preceding sheet may have run over a section. This work is done, four men working in a gang. One man takes the tickets, another the envelopes, a third the sheet. The man with the envelopes calls out the number of the tickets required, while the man with the sheet checks them off for verification. The man with the tickets then hands out

those precious bits of pasteboard, calling out their location, which is entered on the sheet opposite the name and address of the applicant. A fourth man examines the tickets to see if there is a correct number of them, and puts them in an envelope for sealing. After a sheet has been exhausted, the fifty envelopes are given to another man for sealing.

On the Sunday before the tickets are mailed a large part of the force of the Harvard Square Post Office comes over to the Union, and makes the billiard room its headquarters. Here all letters having sufficient postage are registered. The Athletic Office "sets up" a fine dinner to the postmen. The tickets are mailed, and there is nothing left to do except wait for complaints from those who were unable to get seats. As over five thousand *applications* are not filled, their number promises to be large. It must be remembered that Yale has a right to half the field; as many more Harvard men wish to see the game than Yale men, the hardship bears on us. The Yale management, however, returns us all tickets that it has not sold.

The work of distribution is in the general charge of Mr. H. S. Thompson. Mr. O'Connor, however, has charge of nearly all the detail. About fifteen men have been working in the Athletic Office, which has been running, by shifts, night and day. From this brief sketch it will be seen that it is no laughing matter to distribute nearly 40,000 tickets, equitably and expeditiously, and prevent fraud of all kind. It is some consolation to know that no Harvard man is disappointed in *his own* application. Only those applications calling for tickets for non-personal use were not filled.

AN AMERICAN ON THE THAMES

BY MILNOR DOREY

An American tourist in England never neglects to remind his British cousin, in questions of comparison, that "of course that is very nice, but then in America we do it this way,"—and in that complacent manner which brooks no denial. He pokes fun, even reproof at the English pride in tradition; calls it "vanity" and "bull-headedness," but nevertheless frantically strives to become English in word and deed. He never admits this, although his feeble affectation continues to flower long after his return to "civilization and common sense," and never quite goes to seed until his last proud reference to the time "when I was in England."

One of these Americans who believed himself to have been divinely appointed to teach the English "a thing or two," persuaded a fair Briton to accompany him to Putney one August day while the Harvard and Cambridge crews were training for the great race, where he would carefully explain to her the too obvious reasons why Cambridge must lose, incidentally demonstrating in person the great superiority of the American style of pleasure rowing. It may be said that the girl was exceedingly rosy of cheek, wore a broad white hat which waved and flopped about the brim, and a gown, which because of its folds, flounces, and frills, seemed to have neither beginning nor end. But this has nothing to do with the case, save that the American found occasion to refer to the "florid complexion of the English

women" and the "universally admitted 'style' of American gowns." He mentally resolved to advise Mary to drink tea and to wear flounces.

Putney is six miles from London by rail from Waterloo Station. At this point the "The Three Men in a Boat" go out to fish, the university "dons" scull, the unmarried ladies punt, and the "'Arries and 'Arriets" look on or stroll aimlessly along the foot-paths, finger-locked. At this point the Oxford-Cambridge boat race annually starts, and here the charming scenery begins, ambles along past Kew, Hampton, and Windsor, and does not lose itself until Henley or even Oxford is reached.

It was at that stage in the practice when even the English papers were wondering at the speed and endurance of the American crew, when the afternoon trains were crowded with bank clerks, embryo tailors and drapers—the "fans" of England—all rushing out to Putney to follow frantically (no, not frantically in England) along the banks as the crews took their practice spins. Great had been their scorn of the American style of rowing, the stroke, the method of drill, the oar-locks, training habits—anything that was not English; but on this particular day they had had reason to feel that their own vaunted crew would be humiliated. Even the *Chronicle* had hinted at a change of heart, and had urged the necessity of a change in coaching method, or that the Harvard way of getting off at the start, and that precision of

stroke at the finish would give them the race.

The American was explaining to her that the coxswain was a particular friend of the sister of his chum's cousin, and that the reason why he had such full, round tones when directing his men was because he sang in Appleton Chapel. And then No. 4, who roomed in Holworthy on the same floor with him, — in the other entry, — had broken an oar in every race he had entered. The American's manner of talk sounded like a steam radiator condensing, for, ever since they had left the slip, he had had his mind and eye on the oars, which persisted in reminding him that he was not in an American boat. The wide English oar-locks were a perpetual puzzle to him, despite his perspiring endeavor to conceal it. The oars slid in and out, twisting and turning, splashing water in huge waves, knocking his knees and skinning his knuckles. In the midst of this performance he was trying to talk, while the girl looked curiously on and said nothing.

He was sputtering out the fact that No. 4 owed his muscle development to Dr. Sargent's strength test, when some one shouted out, "Look away!" He did so, but it was only on more vituperative repetitions of the phrase that he discovered he had looked in the wrong direction, that his boat had run in between two others, joggling their oars and upsetting a bottle of pickles nicely standing on a cross board where their lunch had been spread. He looked at his companion, wondering why she had not pulled the rudder cords, but saw that she was busy tying her shoe strings.

The river was alive with boats of all kinds, and occupied with all kinds of queer mortals, the American thought —

all waiting for the crews to appear. The banks were lined with pipe-smoking individuals, some sitting on the low, tufted banks, others walking excitedly about, arguing and gesticulating. The American and his friend were lodged finally in between two boats, both incapable of moving because of their own interlocked condition with others, and the mood of their occupants, one containing a stout old lady reading John Oliver Hobbes beneath a pink and green parasol, while her rower, a little boy, idly dangled his fingers in the water; the other containing the most entrancing female he had ever seen — all pink and white complexion, more white flounces and frills, big, floundering hat, voice like a nightingale, with a big lumbering man, husky, ugly, and boorish. The American wished him in Guinea and wondered why on earth the Harvard crew did not come.

In time they appeared, while all necks craned. Immediately after, came the Cambridge crew with much rhythm of motion, glinting of sunlight from oar blades, and steadiness of velocity. The ladies in the boats waved napkins and parasols and emitted feminine noises; the pipe-smoking gentlemen on the bank promptly bit the ornaments in two, tossed up their hats (no, caps), and yelled. This exhibition seemed to puzzle the Harvard crew, for one after another the men lost their stroke; there was a great splashing of water, striking of oars, frantic calls from the coxswain, and amid much floundering, the Cambridge crew shot past, undisturbed by the commotion.

The American had just been on the point of calling the girl's attention to the superb motion of the stroke oar, when the performance began, and he changed his mind. It suddenly became warm; it seemed far preferable to move

on up the river in the shade and to eat lunch. The girl was not averse to this; she had come out to learn American ways, and no doubt moving further up the stream and eating lunch in the shade offered new data. It did.

The demonstration of catching crabs resumed work as they proceeded up stream, but in course of time they neared Twickenham, and the more shaded portions of the stream, inviting rest and refreshment. The American rested on his oars and ecstatically burst into a noisy vocalizing of "Oh ho, ye ho ho! And who's for the ferry?" At once, as if by design, a boat put out from the Twickenham side—a flat tub of a thing, with a tousled headed man in shirt sleeves at the wheezing oars, puffing away on a clay pipe. "Twickenham ferryman," observed the girl. This vision, so vastly inferior to the "quick and steady" gentleman of the ballad, was too much for the American, and he pulled hastily by. Even a glimpse of Pope's villa could not compensate him.

A shady spot under some drooping willows was found, and the two were soon sublimely eating lunch, the boat tied at both ends to the branches overhead. The lunch consisted of exceedingly slim slices of coarse bread lavishly buttered, sour pickles, slices of cold roast beef (of course), large chunks of unnamable cake, and the inevitable tea. This latter was made on a small spirit lamp which the girl's mother insisted must be brought along. Tea!—and hot, after an hour's rowing with oars made by stupid Englishmen!

While tea was progressing, the sound of splashing water grew nearer. Looking out between the willows, the American perceived his big, lumbering cousin

with the angel in flounces approaching in a punt. With tantalizing nonchalance he was walking back and forwards on the drive, following up each thrust of the pole. The girl was gazing up at him as he rattled away in frothy small talk, with an absorption obvious enough to drive the American mad. As their boat passed them, the boor gave an extra vicious thrust in the mud with his pole, and pushed the boat onward with his feet, as he walked backward following up the pole. He had evidently reached the point of his remark, with the end of the boat, for, oblivious of this fact, he unceremoniously walked off the end into the air. Frantically he yanked at the pole and dug his feet into the fast advancing boat. Like all true pilots, he hung to his wheel—in this case, pole, and the pole, firmly imbedded in the mud, proudly bore his weight. Just like some May pole on a windy day, there was an exhibition of legs and coat tails waving in the breeze, much swaying to and fro of the pole, and some smothered exclamations, until at last (like the ribbons), legs, arms, and coat tails were tightly wrapped round the quivering pole. In the meanwhile, the pink and white object, unmindful of flounces and frills, rapidly produced another pole from the boat's recesses, and with a few deft strokes reached the dangling man and released him.

During all this, several boats passed the spot, not one of the occupants of which seemed to manifest any amusement, even curiosity in the drama. The American noted this fact with amazement. The girl saw his expression and said:

"You seem to regard the matter as humorous. What is funny about it?"

"Why, the idea of a man getting into such a predicament!"

"Pooh! That is a common occurrence. No one minds it here."

And the two performers seemed to substantiate it, for the man was poling unconcernedly away, and the girl was again gazing rapturously into his eyes. The American turned away in disgust.

It was then that he noticed for the first time the peculiar sidewise position the boat had gotten into. Looking over the side he saw rocks projecting from the water and long strings of slimy grass.

"The tide!" exclaimed the girl. And such was the case. While they had been blissfully eating, the tide had gone down, and the boat was firmly imbedded in the mud. Try as he might, he could not budge it with the oars, by bracing his feet against the bank, or by pulling on the branches above. By dint of plethoric exertion he managed to twist one end of the boat round near the beginning of a stone wall diking a private estate, and the girl managed to clamber from the boat to this. With this relief, he managed to exert some influence on the obdurate boat, but as the tide was continuing to recede, his efforts became more and more useless.

"It's no use," he called to the girl. "I'll have to take off my shoes and get into this."

The girl agreed not to look, and he promptly divested himself of coat, shoes, and stockings, rolled his trousers up to his knees, and jumped in with the energy of a typical American. The mud straightway responded, and immersed him over his knees. In his endeavor to get one leg out, the other sunk in deeper, to the added despair of his trousers. Sousing round in the muck, he finally struck something solid, but which immediately sent a sharp, cutting pain through him.

In agony he jerked his foot from the water, to find that blood was issuing in a stream from a cut made by a broken bottle which he had stepped on. Grasping his foot with both hands, his other slipped from under him, and down he came against the boat, his head getting a "jolly" crack on the side. He had just presence of mind enough to grasp the oar-lock, or he would have been wet through.

The adventure had now lost all aspects of humor, and imagining that the girl, despite her English density, was tittering among the bushes, his ire rose in great waves, and he pulled and yanked at the boat like a madman. Sinking deeper with every exertion, stubbing his toes on the rocks, and splashing muddy water on his newly made English suit, which, like all suits of English cut, are loose where they ought to be tight, and tight where they ought to be loose, only aggravated his exertions. Suddenly, with one great wrench, the boat freed itself, and, nearly precipitating him headlong into the water, shot rapidly across the stream. He had just time enough to throw himself into the boat on his face, and, before he could recover and get at the oars, the boat was nearly to the other side, almost hitting a punt coming down stream with two more visions in flounces and frills. His own sense of humor was not great enough to analyze the expressions on their faces.

In due time he managed to dress his foot, and himself, while the boat continued to put the distance greater between him and the *sine qua non* on the bank. Of course she overflowed with sympathy when he finally arrived, and when he looked at his watch and discovered that it was five o'clock, the hour she had

agreed to be at home, of course he accepted her offer to row them back. Against the current, and against time, her quick, deft, steady strokes brought them to the landing in less time than it took him to leave it. Wearily, with averted eyes, and in silence, he lifted her from the boat, while the men who held the boat eyed his muddy shoes and wrinkled, stained clothing with knowing winks. He paid his bill, five shillings, for the afternoon's sport, and started up the walk. But all the men ran after him, held out their hands and shouted out something that sounded like "Bones!" He pushed them aside and walked on.

But they would not let it stand that way and followed him, repeating their cry with louder insistence.

"What on earth are they saying?" he asked the girl. "I thought I had put jabbering *facchini* behind me in Italy."

"They want a ha'penny or two for holding the boat."

Mechanically he paid the men their extra fee, muttering something about "Venice" and *rampini*, and trudged stolidly up the path to the railway station, the girl airily following along, looking as fresh and impervious as when she started. But then she had three cups of tea at 4 P.M.



JOSIAH QUINCY

BY O. G. MAYER

It is a genuine perversity of human character that suffers men to see and heed not; that leads professed Harvard youths to pass and repass in Philistine ignorance the memorials of their college's greatness. Hundreds, nay, thousands, of the dean's children have cursorily focused the huge statue at the right of the stage in Sanders Theater upon their respective retinas, and allowed the silent image, in its marble toga, to go free again. Beneath its scrutinizing gaze they have come forward in turn for the sheepskin whose petrified replica it holds; and they have gone forth, its look of severe benevolence still unnoticed.

And yet "Whose was that masterful countenance, stern as the marble itself?" is a question which every Harvard man may well ask himself. The figure is the work of the sculptor William F. Story, and was made in Rome. Through a subscription of some \$8,500 it was secured in 1878, and placed in the distinguished position which it now holds. It is Josiah Quincy, one of the very foremost of Harvard's presidents.

In inviting Mr. Quincy to the presidency in 1828, the Faculty brushed aside the tradition of two centuries, which ordained that Harvard's head must be a clergyman. The new president had not even spent his previous life in the service of his alma mater, but gained his appointment upon the sturdy worth he had shown as an incumbent of public office. The indomitable will power, the uprightness of character and strenuousness of action — Roman qualities which charac-

terized his procedure — seem infused into him by the very atmosphere into which he was born. It was the year 1772 of the heroic age; the "Athens of America," on the eve of the Battle of Marathon Hill.

The elder Quincy gave up his life during the Revolution, and the mother's efforts to nurture in her only son a love and reverence for his father are deeply and sweetly pathetic. Young Quincy went to Andover, then to Harvard, and graduated in 1790 at the head of his class. His natural fitness for public service, as evinced by his acumen and integrity as a lawyer, soon made him a member of Congress. He remained for eight years in the House, and is remembered for his frank eloquence and fervor. Later he became successively state Senator, speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, judge of the Boston Municipal Court, and mayor of Boston.

It was in the last-named capacity that he rendered memorable service to his townsmen. Boston was in 1823 just entering its second year as an incorporated city, and presented the dangerous possibilities of nearly every new corporation. It stood in need of an unflinching executive, and turned to Mr. Quincy. With one swoop of his stiff broom of reform, he cleansed a vice-infected district of West Boston. He caused an expanse of mud-flats to be filled up and founded Faneuil Hall Market upon the reclaimed municipal lands. They yield to-day a valuable revenue to the city. He was an unswerving enforcer of the law and a stern guardian of the public

morals. Though he might have evaded, he willingly paid in court a fine for over-speeding his buggy-horse, to demonstrate that "no citizen was above the law." From defence of a principle which seemed to him just, nothing could move him. It was on a matter of principle that he failed of reelection for his sixth successive term. The firemen's faction defeated him, because he had deemed unfit and refused to confirm their choice for chief.

Hardly had Mr. Quincy given up the government of the city when he was called to the presidency of the college. It is with this office that the warmest and most intimate recollections of him are associated. The kind and affable Dr. Kirkland had resigned his office, and an efficient faculty were dropping out by reason of infirmity and death. Harvard stood at a critical point in its career. The colonial régime was on its last legs, the college was coming to feel the growth of the country in the increasing size of its classes. Never before had there been urgent need for so much constructive innovation and reform.

President Quincy first used his mace against a pestering practice of the Boston townsmen. For a century they had annually sent their negroes out to Cambridge "for religious instruction and edification." For almost a century the sable pilgrims had chosen the outside of Holden Chapel as contributing more than all others to their satisfaction if not their salvation. They drank on the generosity of the parting Seniors, and they developed as a nuisance as the years and the day wore on. By evening bedlam reigned on the Common. In one season, with the use of summary military tactics, President Quincy cleared the Common of rowdyism.

But the serio-jolly Class Day of the 90's had also degenerated into a positively disgraceful affair. A dangerous concoction operated on that day under the alias of "claret punch"; it was "ladled out from buckets back of Hollis." Pan and his reigned supreme, the day was a hearty debauch. Here witness the resourceful penetration of the President. He graciously announced, in 1838, that if the class would desist from serving punch on the green, he should provide "a full band to entertain the gentlemen and their lady friends, who might then accompany them on the grounds." This happy innovation, growing in subtlety as the years have advanced, constitutes today the very *raison d'être* of our brilliant festival.

The College Yard was enlarged to almost its present area by an arrangement of President Quincy's. He persuaded a parish which worshiped near the site of Dane Hall to surrender its ancient edifice for a new one near by. Dane Hall was thereupon erected as the new home of the Law School.

The Astronomical Observatory was President Quincy's favorite enterprise and achievement. Previous to 1839 Harvard's contributions to the science of the ancients had been based on annual observations of Saturn's rings by the Seniors. The small telescope used belonged to the Physics Department and may still be seen in its cases. The new Observatory, for which President Quincy selected the site, was completed shortly after his resignation. It remained for the rest of his life his pet benefaction.

The suitable housing of the college library was another object of the president's early and successful endeavor. Harvard Hall, though adequate, was no longer a safe repository for the univer-

sity's increasingly valuable collection of books. Not only was the hall notorious for its inflammability, but the weight of the folios threatened its very foundations. After a contention covering several years against an unreasoning opposition, President Quincy, as usual, gained his point. In 1838 it was voted that some \$58,000 of the legacy of Governor Gore be applied to the erection of the nucleus of our present library. That structure he deemed large enough "to contain the probable accumulation of the century."

But the recollections of the man himself are far dearer than his achievements are great, and at the hands of such discerning biographers as James Russell Lowell and Andrew Preston Peabody his memory has received an added dignity. The young Quincy's keen perception wholesomely guided by the early teachings of his mother and his academic surroundings had endowed him as a young man with a clear insight into the meaning of life and the worth of things. "Once his mind was made up upon the righteousness of a principle," says the Rev. Peabody, in eloquent tribute, "the universe contained not the price to buy him off." As a judge he, on one occasion, threw out a statute which forbade the introduction of testimony on the truth of an alleged libel. The consciousness of his worth is said to have given him a tremendous dignity; but it was always the dignity of the man, not of the office. On all public occasions he maintained the severest grace and culture. His delivery with manuscript was weighty and impressive, especially in the language of Tully, which he used



Josiah Quincy Statue

on all meritorious occasions. Latin was selected as the appropriate vehicle of greeting President Jackson in 1834. The chronicles dwell fondly on his visit. Presidents Quincy and Jackson stood at loggerheads on the national issues, and the preparations for the Executive's reception, we are told, were decidedly funereal. Jackson's rough sincerity and personal magnetism completely annulled the prejudices of Quincy and his Faculty, and they remembered him only with unmingled respect.*

* The following story is doubtful: At a loss how to reply to President Quincy's flowing periods, Jackson turned to his friend, Charles Augustus Davis, for counsel. The President was evidently told to answer as best he could, for he proclaimed, "E pluribus unum, ne plus ultra, sine qua non."

Toward "ye studente bodye" President Quincy was very brusque and even harsh in manner. He was a stern disciplinarian, and worked unremittingly against hazing and toward the application of the criminal code to student offences. His stand brought great obloquy upon him until he carried his point with a change in the popular opinion.

By the sweeping reforms which he enacted in their favor, he showed more openly that he was heart and soul the undergraduate's friend. The Commons system, wretched at best, by which a contractor fed the students at \$1.75 a week, had been shamelessly abused. While the cost was reasonable and quantity not lacking, the quality of the food was "extremely disgusting." The manners in the dining-hall could not be other than corresponding. Besides bringing about immediate improvement in the "grub," the President imported porcelain and silverware from England, "stamped with the arms of the college." Like George Eliot, he believed in the influence of environment.

President Quincy's preciseness and sense of justice led him also to introduce a marking system which, though cumbersome, perhaps had the unique quality of measuring personal worth to tenths of a per cent. Before his advent no records had been kept, the Faculty conferred honors by vote. The older professors, to be sure, evinced a rare intuition in sizing up a candidate, but there were always the complaints of the disappointed. Mr. Quincy's device marked each student effort on the scale of eight; the cumulative score after four years of adding, with subtractions for personal delinquencies and cuts, was the basis of reward — and respect. He scrupulously audited every

account each week, and was only once obliged to cope with the dilemma of a tie for first place.

Besides his indomitable pluck, he possessed a quality that went straight to every youthful heart, — his *esprit de corps*. There might be internal differences, but when it came to Harvard versus the outside world, he absolutely refused to take up with the outside parties. He had many of those little oddities too which only endeared him to the undergraduates. Extremely forgetful and unable to remember faces, he often asked a student whom he had addressed five minutes before, who he was. Upon occasions he might even perpetrate, "Well, Schulz, what's your name?" upon the waiting miscreant. "His punctuality at prayers," writes James Russell Lowell, "and in dropping to sleep there, his singular inability to make even the shortest off-hand speech to the students, — all the more singular in a practiced orator, — his occasional absorption of mind, leading him to hand you his sand-box instead of the leave of absence he had just dried with it, — the old-fashioned courtesy of his 'Sir, your servant,' as he bowed you out of his study — all tended to make him popular. His little failings afforded infinite amusement without contempt and tended rather to heighten than to diminish the students' personal attachment to him."

How Quincy found time, between the multifarious duties which absorbed him, to devote to writing, is hard to see. Yet his indefatigable energy made this possible. An extensive research into the past history of the college, preparatory to an oration on Harvard's bicentennial celebration, prompted him to go to the bottom of his sources and write his ro-

bust "History of the University." It is a vigorous, interesting treatment of a subject not wanting in natural dryness. The quiet "Some events of the College still remain to be noticed," with which he dismisses his administration, are significant in their placid modesty.

In 1845, after seventeen years of headship, and at the age of seventy-three, Quincy retired into private life. The evening of his life was its most beautiful period. In the university he wielded a powerful paternal influence until his death. He was surrounded by "love,

honor, troops of friends." To the public also he remained to the last a strong yet passive force. For several years before his death, in 1864, at the grand age of ninety-two, he was the oldest living graduate.

In his scholarly attainment, superb dignity based upon unblemished character, and a life of untiring, unselfish activity in the service of his fellow-men, Josiah Quincy deserves to rank among the highest type of man which New England has produced. He is the typical modern Puritan.



AD ASTRA

BY R. ALTROCCHI

I feel thee, far away — my feeble eyes,
 At present dimmed by unseen fetters, strain
 To pierce through mists of darkness and to gain
 A secret inkling of thy thought, which lies
 Beyond our harassed life of toil and sighs.
 My hands stretch out to grasp — as yet in vain —
 Thy treasures hidden in that highest plane,
 And yearn to seize that truth that never dies.
 And though I am but one within a throng
 Of eager pilgrims striving for that goal,
 Though many of us fall and losing heart
 Sink further from the haven of the strong:
 Let me not pause, but ever press my soul,
 Still groping, toward thee, phantom-leader — Art.

EDITORIALS

THE COACHING SYSTEM

The present article on Football throws out a criticism of our coaching system, and an implied suggestion for its change, which has probably already occurred to most undergraduates. The benefits of a permanent, paid coach are not to be lightly dismissed. The very compensation that the coach receives is in itself an advantage; his reputation as a coach, and consequently his living, depends on the results he turns out. A paid coach must attend to business; he cannot have his mind on business in the morning and play golf in at least an appreciable number of the afternoons available for instruction in the game. A paid coach, too, is likely to have more *practical* football experience than is to be gained by playing on a class eleven. With a corps of sub-coaches, such as Mr. Crane has had, we do not doubt but that a good, paid coach would have made more of the material. Add to that the benefit of continuity, emphasized in the article, and the case for the paid coach or some organization of equal permanency is a strong one.

It is late to criticise the present coaching system—too late to do any good. In such a case it is our duty loyally to support the Eleven, forget what it *might* have been, take the team as it is, and show the spirit that made it play a virtual tie with Yale on Soldiers Field two years ago. Criticism is destructive; it cannot accomplish positive results. But it is also instructive; and the lessons that it

points out from this season should not be forgotten, if we wish next year's team to be an improvement over that of this season.



DORMITORY FOOTBALL

This fall has witnessed a remarkable activity of the dormitory in athletics. The crews were a great success. Now dormitory football comes to the fore. There are three teams in Thayer, two in Holyoke House, one in College House, and elevens are in process of organization in other buildings. There can be dispute about the beneficial results of dormitory athletics; they promote dormitory solidarity, give pleasure and valuable exercise to a large number of men, and furnish good recruiting grounds for 'Varsity teams.

No one will doubt that football is as valuable in an athletic way as rowing. It will be pertinent to ask, then, why the sport has relatively so few adherents in our dormitories. Unquestionably the chief reason is that this variety of scrub football is an innovation. In a few years we may reasonably expect to rival rowing in popularity. This may be hastened in several ways, chiefly by a scheme of organization analogous to that of dormitory rowing, which would promote the keen rivalry and interest that makes the crews such a success. The advantages of scrub football have already been referred to; it now remains for the Athletic Committee to act on suggestions tending to bring about a well-organized system of dormitory football.

PRESS COURTESIES

The task of him who would offer honest criticism upon any institution which is rooted within the confines of this University is made a hard one without any regard to the honesty of his intentions or how much the object of his remarks might be benefited thereby. A recent article in the *Harvard Bulletin* in a straightforward manner pointed out some patent facts in regard to the football coaching of the current season, and in so doing laid impious hands on matter that all hold sacred. For the *faux pas*, the editors of the *Bulletin* were duly lectured in etiquette by the *Crimson* authorities, upon November 15. The sentiments expressed are dubbed unsportsmanlike, and the assertion is made that it "hardly behooves" a graduate paper to dampen the ardor of the undergraduate support of the team by throwing cold water

upon it at the last minute. The further assumption which the editors of our daily make, that the anonymous article is an individual and not a representative opinion, seems by the best indications to be unfounded. That there has been much criticism of the methods employed in athletic administration this autumn is an incontestible fact, and it is hard to determine theoretically a more opportune time to discuss the merits of a system of coaching dispassionately than during the course of its progress, when it stands solely upon its merits, without the halo of success or the shadow of failure upon it. If a graduate organ feels called upon to express opinions upon any subject connected with the University activities, it is not clearly within the usual proprieties for an undergraduate publication to question the motive that actuates it or asperse its loyalty.



THE OPTIMISTIC LIFE. By Orison Sweet Marden, '82. New York. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.25 net.

Lately it has almost been a fad for writers to preach hard work. To make a success of life one must needs toil hard and long. Mr. Marden, well known as the editor of the *Success Magazine*, appears with another doctrine. This may be best summed up by the motto on the cover of the book, "Do not look at life through smoked glasses."

Optimism is the *desideratum* in life. For a long time modern business has been cutting down its hours, and at the same time increasing its product. This is because the great managers have seen that intense work over a short period accomplishes more than long drudgery. A man must like his work, and this is chiefly gained by having a happy temper, by avoiding worry, in short, by taking things mentally easy. This often leads

to great worldly success, but where it does not, as the author points out in the "Roll Call of the Great," it guides us to a higher success which is not judged by what we seem to be, or have achieved, but what we *are*, and what we have tried. Many laborers and servants will, in the white light of history, attain this success, while their employers and masters will not. Most of this sounds trite. But the crux of the book, the business and social power of optimism, "the cheering-up business," as the author calls it, is original. There are too many of us who take ourselves entirely too seriously, and would attain much greater success if we would only "brighten up a bit."

Of special interest to Harvard men is the chapter on the "Watched Boy," which, by way of illustration, describes at some length how President Eliot freed academic life of many trammeling restrictions, such as the "lights-out" hour,

compulsory chapel. Besides its discussion of optimism, the work is full of sound, practical business advice, embodied in such chapters as "The Habit of not Feeling Well," "Entangling Alliances," "Business Integrity," "Let your Decision be Final," and so on. The thought of the book is good; it is more to be regretted, therefore, that the author often descends to mere platitudes. Mr. Marden has written so much in *Success*, and so many books, that it is, perhaps, difficult for him to be original all the time. In view of the great underlying principle of the book which seems to be new with him, we may well pardon any such slips of style that he is perhaps guilty of. The spirit of the book cannot be adequately reproduced in a review; all those who wish to get new ideas on the "science of living" should not fail to read this really excellent work.

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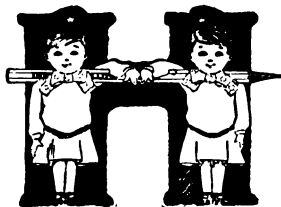
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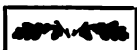
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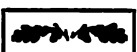
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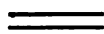


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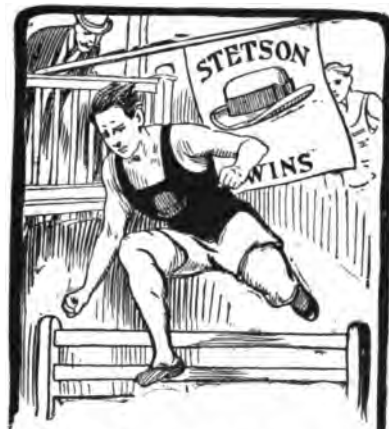
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THE HARVARD ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE



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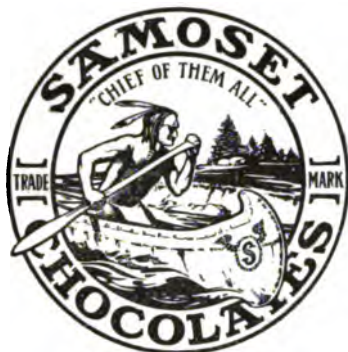


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JANUARY, 1908

NUMBER 4

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THE HARVARD ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

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JANUARY, 1908

No. 4

JOHN HARVARD IN ENGLAND

BY DR. JAMES KENDALL HOSMER, '55

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—Dr. Hosmer is well known as the author of the Vols. XX and XXI, "The Appeal to Arms," and "The Outcome of the Civil War," in the American Nation Series, of which Professor Hart is editor. Dr. Hosmer delivered a lecture on November 18 under the title of this article, but the present contribution was written especially for the ILLUSTRATED.]



WENTY-FIVE years ago John Harvard was a mere name. That he is at this day a clearer figure is due entirely to the researches of Mr. Henry FitzGilbert Waters of the class of 1855. Every important fact that has come to light in this matter is due either directly or indirectly to him.

Wise men tell us that heredity and environment are two factors which, working upon the personal element, are almost omnipotent in shaping a man. As to heredity, What can we say about John Harvard? We know certainly that his grandparents were Thomas and Alice Rogers of Stratford-on-Avon. Thomas Rogers was what we should call a marketman, a butcher, a grazier, a provision dealer in a general way. During the reign of Elizabeth he prospered in his private affairs, had the esteem of his townsmen, became alderman of the little borough of two thousand souls, and

at length bailiff or mayor. In that year, 1596, he built a handsome house in the High Street of Stratford. He had sons and daughters in good number, and among the younger of them Katherine, who, at the age of twenty-one, we have excellent reason for believing, was a beautiful and amiable girl. Side by side with Thomas and Alice Rogers in Stratford lived John Shakespeare and Mary Arden, his wife. John Shakespeare was a man in the same business, of the same age, of the same station in life, and married not far from the same time. Less prosperous in his private affairs than Thomas Rogers, John Shakespeare nevertheless became alderman, and in his turn, bailiff or mayor. He, too, had sons and daughters in good number. There is the best reason for supposing that the Rogers and Shakespeare families lived together on terms of intimacy. In the little town the fathers in business would naturally often be associates, and often competitors. As aldermen together they sustained the public responsibility.

The two mothers were close neighbors and went to the same church. The children, as they came forward, were paired William Shakespeare with Charles Rogers, Richard Shakespeare with Richard Rogers, Edmund Shakespeare with Edward Rogers, and so on. The boys went together to the famous grammar school, of which their fathers officially were trustees, and played together on the village green.

Meanwhile at Southwark, in London, a hundred miles away, a much longer distance in those days than it is now, was living Robert Harvard, a young market-man who had become a widower, and, at the age of twenty-nine, was ready for a new marriage. What brought Robert Harvard and Katherine Rogers together? Mr. Shelley, in his interesting book, thinks that it was William Shakespeare who introduced them to each other. Shakespeare was twenty years older than Katherine Rogers. About the time of her birth, after an irregular course in his youth, he had left Stratford and had gone to London, and there, in 1605, was at the zenith of his career as a play actor and writer. It may be that William Shakespeare was the introducer. But I prefer the surmise of Mr. Waters that it was Thomas Rogers himself, who, being a business man on rather a large scale, sometimes went to the distant London market and there may easily have fallen in with Robert Harvard and seen in him an eligible son-in-law. It is all a guess, but in some way Robert Harvard and Katherine Rogers came together, and in April, 1605, Katherine Rogers, going out from the old house in Stratford-on-Avon to Holy Trinity Church, standing upon the flags which eleven years later were to cover the ashes of Shakespeare,

was united in marriage to the Londoner. In Southwark, under the shadow of the great St. Saviour's Church, they set up their home, and there, in November, 1607, John Harvard was born. So much for the heredity of John Harvard; anybody would admit that it was quite clear and definite.

Now as to the environment; as the boy grew up, what were his surroundings, who were the visitors to the Harvard home? What more natural than that Shakespeare, taking a respite from magnificent imaginings, should sometimes have dropped in there, coming from the Bankside Theatre, only a short distance away? He would naturally visit his young townswoman with whose brother he had been a close chum and comrade. Did Shakespeare rock John Harvard's cradle? Very possibly. Did he hold the little boy on his knee and tell him stories? Very possibly. Did John Harvard grow up to *write* Shakespeare? That is a step that I am not quite ready to take, but dealing with this story is a gymnastic that inclines one to take bold ventures.

John Harvard must have attended the grammar school of Southwark, of which his father, as a vestryman of the church, was officially a trustee. We know narrowly who were his masters, and what was the course of study and discipline. We know the excitement that must have come into the life of a London boy during the reign of James I. We have maps and pictures that make plain the sights that must have struck his boyish eyes, the pleasant fields of Surrey to the South, the aspect of the houses, with their overhanging upper stories, the heads of the executed malefactors, each upon its pole above the entrance to Lon-



From Shelley's "John Harvard." Little, Brown & Co.

Emmanuel College, Cambridge

don Bridge a few rods up the street from his father's door, a gruesome spectacle always in view.

When John Harvard was eighteen years old came a crisis in the affairs of the prosperous and peaceful family; the plague struck London. His father, two brothers, and two sisters died of it within five weeks. Katherine Harvard was left a widow with her two boys, John and Thomas. It was only following the custom of the time that she married again within five months, this time John Elletson, a rich cooper, and he dying within a year, she soon married a third husband, Richard Yearwood, a substantial burgess, and four times member of Parliament from Southwark.

It is easy to see why John Harvard went to Emmanuel College at Cambridge. Documents show that an intimate friend of the family was Nicholas Morton, a chaplain of St. Savior's, who had been a fellow of Emmanuel. His advice would naturally have influence. John Harvard went to Cambridge in 1627, at the age of twenty. Here, too, we are in no doubt as to his environment. We know the names and reputations of his teachers, we know narrowly the curriculum, we know the special excitements that would come into a student's life of that time. The Duke of Buckingham, the French ambassador, the King and Queen, paid visits to the University and were entertained by pageants and cere-



Title Page of the Only Original Book of John Harvard's
Library Owned by Harvard University

From Shelley's "John Harvard," Little, Brown & Co.

Book Inscribed with Harvard's Name, in the Possession of
Emmanuel College, Cambridge

A RETECTION, OR DISCOVERIE OF A FALSE DE- TECTION:

Containing a true defence of two bookes,
intituled, *Synopsis Populorum*, and *Tetrastylon Pa-
pificum*, together with the author of them, against
divers pretended contrivants, contradictions, falsi-
fications of authors, corruptions of Scrip-
ture, objected against the said
bookes in a certaine Libell

lately published, *Libro Johannis Harvardi*.

Wherein the unjust accusations of the Libeller, his
sophistical cavils, and uncharitable slan-
ders are displayed.

1603.133.

Though mine aduersarie should write a booke against
me, would not I take it upon my shoulder, and binde it as a
crown vnto me?

*Augustine cont. Pelitian lib. 3. 2. Non ego vi officium hominis
constitudo superior, sed errorem conueniende salubrior: I go
not about to be superior vnto him in railing, but sounder us
refuting his error.*

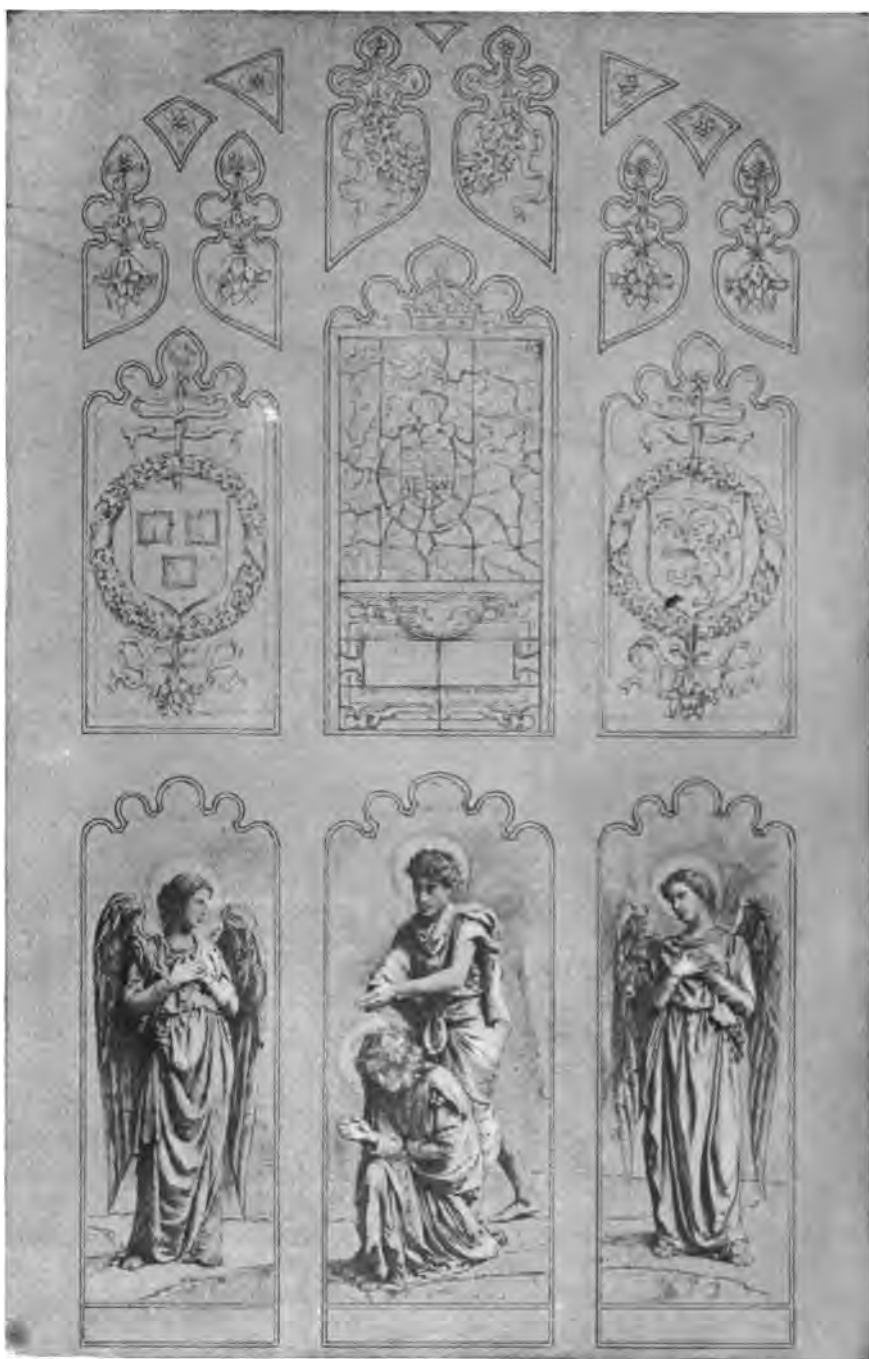
AT LONDON
Printed by FELIX KINGTON, for
Thomas Man. 1603.

monies, of which we have minute descriptions. These John Harvard saw, and in these he no doubt took part as a member of the student body. We know the great public events, news of which came in to stir his soul. Those were the days when Charles I was trying to reduce England to conformity. Cambridge, in the eastern country, was in the midst of Nonconformist world, and it was thence in great part that the twenty thousand Nonconformists went forth to settle in New England. John Cotton in those days was at St. Botolph's, in Boston close by, permeating all the region with his influence. The Earl of Lincoln, greatly interested in the New England emigration, was the great noble nearest at hand. John Winthrop, Thomas Dudley, and Sir Richard Saltonstall, leaders of the new colony, met at Cambridge, in John Harvard's time, to arrange for their enterprise.

We know who were John Harvard's fellow-students: Jeremy Taylor was at Caius College; Thomas Fuller of the "Worthies," was at Queens; William Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Ralph Cudworth, author of "The Intellectual System of the Universe," a marvel of erudition, were his fellow-students at Emmanuel. Most interesting of all, John Milton and John Harvard were together at Cambridge. Now, of course, it would be interesting to make it sure that there was contact between them; Milton was nineteen, Harvard was twenty when they came together. Both were youths of London Puritan families, living not far apart, of precisely the same station in life, and of about equal means. Though John Milton was not of Emmanuel, yet Christ's College was not far away, and the Puritan reputation

of Emmanuel would naturally draw him thither. We know that there is nothing like a common friend to constitute a bridge for friendship; had the two Johns a common friend? I think they had in Thomas Hobson, the old Cambridge carrier. Once a week Hobson's cart went back and forth the fifty miles between Cambridge and London; it was the only public conveyance. He was post man, expressman, general conveyor, and messenger. He had another function; Sir Richard Steele, who long after wrote a paper in the *Spectator*, says that he was the first man in England to keep a livery stable. He held forty horses for hire by the students, and when a customer applied he could by no means, says Steele, take his pick, but must content himself with the horse that stood nearest the stable door, where Hobson was always careful to have tethered the horse that it suited *him* to let out to that particular customer. Hence the phrase "Hobson's choice" throughout the English-speaking world to this day is practically a synonym for inevitability. It is the surmise of Mr. Waters that the prevalence of the phrase here in New England is due to the fact that the Cambridge men, John Harvard among them, were to such an extent the leaders of the early colony.

That Milton was interested in Hobson is very plain. After his death Milton wrote two epitaphs on him, very labored attempts at humor, but perhaps Milton's closest approach to the expression of that quality. One would suppose that through Hobson, if by no other way, the two Johns must have come together, the London road was unsafe through highwayman; students going back and forth would naturally be entrusted to the



From Shelley's "John Harvard." Little, Brown & Co.

HARVARD MEMORIAL WINDOW, ST. SAVIOUR'S

sturdy guardianship of the carrier. What more natural than that the two Johns should have touched elbows riding in Hobson's cart, or should have shouldered one another, perhaps uncomfortably, while experiencing "Hobson's choice" at the stable door in getting a horse for an excursion into the country?

John Harvard left Cambridge at the age of twenty-eight, a mature man. We have seen how definitely we can know what heredity did for him, how definitely we can know his environment. The man still eludes us. He never said a word or wrote a line or did a deed except his one ever-memorable deed of gift, that his contemporaries have thought it worth while to transmit. There is good indirect evidence that he was correct in life, for his name is absent from the list of admonitions in college. We can tell something about a man from the friends that he chooses; we know that an intimate friend of John Harvard was John Sadler, his college mate who became a worthy and famous man. His sister, Ann Sadler, John Harvard married in 1636. We can judge something of a man by the books that he chooses for his library; in the selection of his collection there are suggestions of candor, of good literary taste, and of refined scholarship. He was rigidly Puritan; in going to New England he only swam with the current; he went when the emigration was at its height, when Laud and Strafford were pushing their policy of "Thorough" most earnestly. In the spring of 1637 it is on record that he parted with property to a ship captain, presumably as passage money for himself, his wife, library, and belongings, to the New World, which he reached early in August of that year. Before

leaving England his mother had died, leaving him property, the principal item in which was the Queen's Head Inn in Southwark. His brother died soon after, and, leaving him a substantial amount, swelled the total of the two bequests to something like £1,600, which, according to the changed value of money, would be worth at present eight times as much.

A personality correct, scholarly, refined, colorless, but in a marvelous way absorbing and reflecting color; a man of low vitality, his vigor both in mind and body sapped by the presence of an insidious disease; a personality, vapory but how strangely prehensible, taking hold of great associations, what more probable than that he was in contact with Shakespeare and Milton? As a young man at home during the long college vacations he would naturally hear his step-father, Richard Yearwood, talk, and what could Richard Yearwood say? Coming home from his seat at St. Stephens, a short row down-stream of fifteen minutes or so, he could say how he just looked into the face of Hampton, had just heard the eloquence of Pym, had perhaps himself taken part in the debates on the Petition of Right, and heard Sir John Eliot exclaim, "None have gone about to break Parliaments but have in the end been broken by them." As the proprietor of the Queen's Head Inn, he reaches back almost uncannily the three hundred years to Chaucer, for next door stood the Tabard whence the Canterbury pilgrims departed; forward also two centuries to Dickens, for closely adjacent on the other side stood the White Hart, where Mr. Pickwick met Sam Weller. Does the basis of fact seem narrow for such a biographical superstructure as Mr. Shelley, for instance, has reared? I find



Harvard-Rogers House, Stratford-on-Avon

a figure to suit the case in an Elizabethan mansion in the street of an old English town, the ancient house; say, in the High Street of Stratford-on-Avon. A friend of mine who paced the front a short time since, thinks that the foundation is not more than sixteen feet wide. As you look at it rising high from this narrow base, you feel that it needs the support of the masses of masonry to the right and left. The front, too, where each story overhangs the one beneath it, all culminating in the bettling gable which fairly threatens the roadway, you feel ought to be propped and buttressed, and yet that old house has stood now into its fourth century, and cherished

as it henceforth will be as the "Harvard House" will stand for centuries more. In like manner in this story of John Harvard, we have something authentic and permanent.

In speaking of an early New England worthy, only a Biblical parallel seems appropriate. Let us say then that John Harvard was our New England Apollus. Apollus is no significant figure in the apostolic story, but moved among epoch-making events and associated with illustrious men. And Apollus watered, and what Apollus watered was the perishing seed which the great Pauls of the New England church had too feebly planted. "And God gave thee increase."

JOHN HARVARD IN AMERICA

BY A. F. DAVIS, '54

John Harvard lived only a trifle over a year in America. The date of Harvard's sailing from England is unknown, the exact time of his arrival here is uncertain, and the date of his death having been preserved to us only through a casual entry in an almanac.

Very shortly after his arrival here there was a synod at Cambridge, or Newtown, as it was then called. It is known that there were many present who had recently arrived from Europe, some of whom had not been called to any church. The occasion was one of great interest to all clergymen in the colony, and especially to newcomers. No person of the profession who could have gone to the Synod would have failed to do so. Sickness alone would have prevented Harvard from being present, and if he were there, he went probably either on foot or on horseback, by way of what was called "the Charlestown Road." Now if President Wadsworth is correct in locating the town grant to the College, within the College Yard, the Charlestown Road must have led directly through the middle of the present Yard, the Johnston Gate being, if that theory is correct, the old opening into the Common. If by any chance he were not present at the Synod, we know that he must have been in Cambridge a few days later, for the record states not only that he was elected a freeman, but that he took the freeman's oath, thus making it sure that he saw the scene with which his name has become so closely associated.

He was admitted a townsman August 1, 1637; November 2 he was admitted a freeman; four days later a churchman. Townsman, freeman, churchman, he was now prepared to be one of the elect of Massachusetts. There is no doubt that he was very shortly after his arrival here settled as a colleague of Zachariah Symmes, the pastor of the Charlestown church, although there is no mention of the fact in the church records. A reference in Sewall's diary makes it sure that he had a house in Charlestown, which he probably built himself. The leaf in the book of possessions of Charlestown, which contained the records of his holdings, is missing, but from the mention of his name as an abutter, in the description of the holdings of others, it is evident that he was the owner of a good deal of real estate.

In the spring of 1638 he was appointed on a committee, the purpose of which was to secure the adoption of a code of laws. The affairs of the colony were then administered under the general court of the company, aided by church discipline and by officers appointed by the several towns, to whom were delegated such authority as the several towns chose. This brought Harvard in direct opposition to Winthrop, and the importance of this touch with the politics of the country is likely to be underestimated unless we know something of the stormy year of Vane's governorship. In that occurred the trial of Mrs. Hutchinson for heresy; her banishment; Wheelwright's banishment;



From Shelley's "John Harvard." Little, Brown & Co.

**Monument in the Phipps Street Burying-ground, Charlestown,
on the Supposed Site of Harvard's Grave**

John Cotton's satisfactory explanation of his conduct in the matter; the exciting gubernational election at which Vane was not only defeated, but humiliated, by being dropped from the magistracy; the quaint description of the turbulent election which so closely resembles the recent nominating convention at Springfield, "for those of that side grew into fierce speeches, and some laid hands on others, but seeing themselves too weak, they grew quiet"; the petty insults to

which Winthrop was subjected by Vane's followers; the strong support that Vane received in Boston where he was immediately elected a deputy, and when refused admission to the general court, with equal promptness reelected.

Then followed the passage of the law forbidding the harboring of strangers for over three weeks without proper endorsement, and another law, aimed at Vane, requiring residence of one year to make a person eligible to the office of gov-

error, and the disarmament of all those who had participated in the Hutchinson controversy on her side.

Harvard arrived when this contest was practically over. The heresy trial of Mrs. Hutchinson before the church did not take place till the next spring, but her fate and that of Wheelwright were practically settled. Vane took passage for England a few days after the landing of Harvard. He was escorted to the wharf by great numbers of his followers and was saluted with volleys of musketry and the thunder of ordinance. All this Harvard may have seen and must have heard. He could not have escaped touch with the controversy which agitated every mind in the colony.

Winthrop had triumphed, and Winthrop was opposed to the adoption of a code of laws. He wanted the laws to ripen out of customs. The people, as Winthrop admits, were not willing to submit to the caprice of the magistrates. They wanted their rights formulated. Certain cases taken from the records were then cited, and some of the legislators of the general court were then briefly reminded to show why the people clamored for a code of laws, and also to prove that in thus placing himself in opposition to the great leader of the colony, Harvard was identifying himself

with the party of progress and was writing himself down as a public-spirited man.

There are many things that can be studied which throw light on the life of John Harvard here: the population; the houses; the food and the manners of the people; the difficulties encountered in the winter in trying to make one's self comfortable; the statutory regulations as to smoking; the sumptuary laws; the militia and their training; the fellow-graduates from Cambridge, whose society was open to Harvard. From these and other considerations of the same sort some idea can be formed of the life which he must have led.

Turning now to John Wilson's Elegy, we may well quote (from a supposed address of Harvard to Harvard graduates):

"The common weal; the glory of my
God;
The love of man; these lured me where
I trod."

This is the picture of the quiet, unobtrusive scholar which has been handed down to us by a contemporary.

Public spirited, pious, philanthropic, and this ends the personal touch with Harvard.

For a review of Mr. Shelley's "John Harvard and His Times," readers are referred to our November issue.



MINTON WARREN

MINTON WARREN

BY PROFESSOR JOHN HENRY WRIGHT

Dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences

In the death, on November 26, 1907, of Professor Minton Warren, there went forth from among us a great scholar, a great teacher, and, I may add, a great friend, a man with an unusual genius for friendship. He gained his high distinction and reputation, international in their range, as scholar and teacher, in part by his natural gifts, but chiefly by a lifelong habit of incessant labor carried on ever with a wise and clear-sighted steadiness of purpose.

A descendant of Richard Warren, one of the *Mayflower* company, he was an American to the core. He was born at Pawtucket, R. I., on January 29, 1850, the son of Samuel Sprague Warren (who survives him), and Ann Elizabeth (Casswell) Warren. His earliest education was received in his native town and in the neighboring city of Providence, from the high school of which he entered Tufts College, graduating there in 1870. Yale College had very recently established a graduate department, where such men as W. D. Whitney, James Hadley, and Thomas A. Thacher gave advanced instruction in Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin respectively. Thither came young Warren and studied with these scholars throughout the academic year, 1871-72, winning their admiration for his unusual scholarly qualities. In the autumn of 1872 he became classical master in the high school at Medford, Mass., and a year later was called to the principalship of the large and important high school of Waltham,

in the same state, where for three years he showed remarkable gifts as scholar and teacher, as well as exceptional skill as administrator. His earnings in these three years of teaching enabled him in 1876 to go to Germany—where ambitious students used to go in those years, before the establishment of graduate schools in the United States—for advanced work in comparative philology, in Greek, and especially in the Latin language and literature, the part of the field of classical studies that had long attracted him. His purpose in those days, when the writer was a fellow-student at Leipsic, was ultimately to return to America as the teaching head of some important secondary school. He spent about a year at the University of Leipsic, and a longer time at the University of Bonn and the newly established University of Strassburg, a favorite pupil of such masters in classical philology as Bücheler, Usener, Michaelis, and Studemund. He obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Strassburg in 1879; his dissertation on a difficult and puzzling Latin particle, "The Enclitic *ne* in Early Latin," was recognized as an important contribution to our knowledge of the history of the Latin language and to the interpretation of early Latin poetry; it was reprinted in English in the *American Journal of Philology* in 1881.

Johns Hopkins University had recently been founded, chiefly for the purpose of

providing the most advanced instruction in languages, literature, history, and science, and in the person of Professor Gildersleeve, who had already been professor of Latin and Greek at the University of Virginia, had a distinguished and brilliant scholar to give the advanced instruction in Greek, as well as to supervise all the work in Classics. On the recommendation chiefly of Warren's German masters, the young Strassburg Doctor of Philosophy was invited to take charge of the advanced work in Latin, at first under the title of Associate; in 1882 he received the title of Associate Professor; in 1892 that of Professor. It was a difficult post for a young man — not yet thirty — to take, but the remarkable success with which he filled it is attested by the course of Latin studies in the United States since 1880, and in particular by the record of the achievements of Warren's numerous Johns Hopkins pupils, not only for the twenty years of his service at that University, but ever since he left it.

In 1897 Harvard lost by death two of her most famous and valued teachers of Classics, Professors G. M. Lane and F. D. Allen, the former of whom had retired from active service three years earlier, though he had continued to give some instruction. After an interval of two years, which was partly filled by the presence here for a time, as lecturer in Latin, of Mr. W. M. Lindsay, then of Oxford, but now professor of humanity at St. Andrews, in Scotland, Warren, as the most eminent Latinist in reach, was in 1899 called to this University as professor of Latin, and here he worked until the day of his death, receiving the title of Pope Professor of Latin after the retirement of Professor

Smith. He brought a great reputation with him, which he more than maintained both by his writing and by his teaching while one of us. He took up his life in Cambridge with the expectation of many more years of fruitful and happy service, an expectation which his colleagues shared. He had married (December 29, 1885) Miss Salomé A. Machado of Salem, Mass., who, with a son and a daughter, survives him.

Many were the evidences that he received of the esteem in which he was held by the American community. He was chosen president of the American Philological Association in 1897, and received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from three institutions, his *alma mater* (1899), Columbia University (1900), and the University of Wisconsin (1902). In 1896-97 he was director of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome and was chosen director in 1899; indeed, from the founding of this school until his death had been an influential member of its managing committee (in 1899-1900, the chairman). At the time of his death a movement was on foot to secure the establishment, in the Carnegie Institute, of a department of research in classical philology and archæology, the managing direction of which was to be offered to him.

Though he was master in more than one part of the great field of Latin studies, there were three subjects in particular in that field in which he signally distinguished himself: the early history of the language, particularly as this was disclosed by inscriptions; the tradition of Latin lexicography and learned comment, and the comic poets, Plautus and Terence. Indeed he was recognized as the first Latin epigraphist in America, and

one of the two leading Terentian scholars now living. And in his writings on these and kindred subjects he showed himself not only a marvel of erudition, but also a master in his power of logical combination, orderly development, and lucid presentation. His written contributions to classical scholarship have been published for the most part in philological journals: in the *American Journal of Philology*, very few volumes of which, from its beginning, in 1880, do not contain something important from his pen, — from his Dissertation, in 1881, to his last remarkable and epoch-marking memoir on the Forum inscription, in the very last numbers of this periodical; in the *Transactions and Proceedings of the American Philological Association*; in the *Harvard Studies in Classical Philology*; in the *American Journal of Archaeology*, and in *Classical Philology*.

A great scholar impresses the world, and exalts and advances learning, in one or more of three ways: by the mere phenomenon of his great erudition; by

his literary productiveness, and, when he is also a teacher, by the character, number, and performance of his pupils, — though often a teacher merely sows seeds broadcast and does not also plant them. Warren impressed the community, advanced learning, and enriched classical scholarship in all these ways. No American Latinist can point to a larger number than could he of able and productive scholars in his own field, who, if not members of his "school," at least owed to him their inspiration and their method. He was primarily, as another has said of him, "the scholars' scholar." To his pupils — as to all who came near him — he was much more than the great scholar and successful teacher: he was the beloved friend, charming in the play of his wit and in his unwavering serenity of humor, unselfish in his devotion to others, an unfailing source of comfort and courage. In the face of the calamity that takes from us such men as he and F. D. Allen, both in the prime of their powers, reason is struck dumb.

Oh, leave me not. Since love you must refuse
 Take not yourself as well. Rest yet a friend.
 With naught of passion you need not confuse
 This tie with any other. Put not an end
 To every sentiment that our hearts share;
 Nor every recollection spoil. I need
 Each memory to arm me 'gainst despair;
 To gloat upon and failing courage feed.
 I grant you freedom. Make me some return
 For this great boon. Let not the present pain
 Obliterate past joys. You cannot spurn
 What once you loved. You will hark back, I know,
 When this new love has paled of its first glow.

S. T. M.

TO JOHN HARVARD

By JOHN HALL WHELOCK

Father and founder of a world within

Not moulded by the help of human hands,

Thy thousand children in a thousand lands

Lift up their voices to thee and begin :

“O thou who art the light whereby we win

Truth that shall guide us when the hour demands ;

Knowledge that knows and wisdom that understands

We have confused — O heal us of our sin !

“Teach us the great truth, deeper than the sea,

Holier than God and common as the earth !

O father, hear us — let us not be dumb,

Not in pale cloisters pondering inwardly,

But scanning the large West for the new birth,

For the new Christendom that is to come !”

SONG COMPETITIONS AT HARVARD

BY J. W. JOHNSTON

The present system of song competitions was inaugurated in the fall of 1904. Previous to that time it was customary for the captain of the University football team to appoint a song leader who, in turn, selected the music to be used at the games. Just after the football season of 1903, dissatisfaction was expressed by members of the University regarding one of the songs used at the Yale game. It was suggested that a song competition be held the next fall, open to all men in the University, and that the manuscripts submitted be passed upon by some sort of a committee—the best songs to be given to the University to sing.

In the fall of 1900 *The Widow*,* the well-known humorous publication of Cornell, printed some verses entitled "Percy Field Song." Percy Field is the old athletic grounds of the University. Incidentally the editors announced that original music would be accepted to be used with the words. A committee from the Savage Club judged the contributions, and the winning composition was introduced to the University by the musical clubs in a concert at the Lyceum.

The successful contestant in the Percy Field competition joined Harvard in the fall of 1903 and was elected to the directorship of the University Orchestra the following spring. R. H. Oveson, '05, was shortly afterwards interested with the idea of holding competitions here. There were no records of precedents to be found at Harvard, so the conditions relating to the isolated song competition held at Cornell in 1900 were reviewed as offering possible suggestions.

After college reopened in the fall of 1904, President Oveson further considered the advisability of holding the competitions. S. N. Hinckley, '05, was the cheer leader that year, W. P. Sanger, '05, leader of songs. Both thought the idea good. Accordingly, the senior president set about to formulate the first song committee. The membership of the committee was to consist, and has since consisted, of the president of the senior class as chairman, a faculty representative from the Department of Music, the University cheer leader, the University song leader, a graduate of the University interested in music, and the director of the University Orchestra. These places on the first committee were filled respectively by R. H. Oveson, '05, Prof. W. R. Spalding, '87, S. N. Hinckley, '05, W. P. Sanger, '05, J. L. Densmore, '04, and J. W. Johnston, '05. The last named was made secretary.

The fourth season of song competitions has just ended. From the outset the aims of the founders of the system have been realized, yet great improvements have been made over methods thought fair and impartial at first. In many of the most essential conditions governing our methods of song selection, it is to be remembered that we started out on strictly original lines; but Harvard gladly acknowledges Cornell—a brother University, hale and well-met—as affording the initial idea of University song competitions based solely on the principle of a fair field and no favor. There are many who sincerely regret that Harvard

* Vol. VII, Oct.

has not yet seen fit to pick up an idea or two from another University in a different and perhaps more essential particular. It is indeed a narrow conservatism which, in the face of repeated defeats, stubbornly refuses to adopt and to improve upon an athletic system which has brought such merited honor and fame to a rival University.

From all reports and information to be gained on the subject, Harvard has to-day the most successful competitive procedure for the selection of University songs to be found at any college or University. Contests in song on the basis of the Percy Field competition have not been regularly held at Cornell since 1900; whereas at Harvard the idea transplanted has steadily grown and flourished, promising harvests of songs for the future.

It may not be amiss to give an outline of our present system and to say something of what has been accomplished.

The competitions which have been held so far have been limited to athletic songs. The aim of the committees has always been to select those compositions for trial which possess the essentials to be looked for in a Harvard song of lasting merit; or, to quote *The Crimson**: "A song with entirely new words and music would be most desirable. . . . If it is to last, it must be appropriate to contests in all sports and with all opponents."

With the object in view of selecting such a song, the committee announces a competition in the early fall. The music is to be sent before a certain day to the secretary and must be signed by a *nom de plume*. A sealed letter containing the real name and address of the

composer is to accompany the manuscript. While the competition is on, the University daily and other publications review the work of the musical committees and contestants of the past and urge the musicians of the University to enter. From time to time the number of manuscripts handed in is reported; and as the day set for closing the competition advances, announcement is made of the first mass meeting for the rehearsal of the songs.

A day or so after the competition closes, the members of the committee assemble and go over the manuscripts very carefully. First the hopeless contributions are grouped, then the next best, and so on, until about a dozen are laid aside as possessing higher merit than the others. These are studied with minute care, and six of them chosen for trial. The secretary of the committee then opens the sealed envelopes which accompanied the chosen manuscripts and communicates with the authors. The six lucky men are requested to secure band arrangements for their songs without delay. If the contestant desires, he is given an opportunity to strengthen his words or music at this time; and the criticisms of the committee are offered in order that every fair opportunity may be given the aspirant to "make good."

In the meantime the director of the University Orchestra has been reorganizing the University Band using the brass and reed sections of the orchestra as a nucleus. Frequent band rehearsals are held on the old songs, and, as the new arrangements appear, they are also practiced. The composers often confer with the song and band leaders in order that the best possible interpretation may be given at the first rendition in the Union.

* Oct. 19, 1905.

That first rendition — what a momentous occasion for the embryo composer who perhaps has spent days and weeks of his summer vacation courting the muse! Harvard friends at the mountains or at the shore thought the words of his song great, the music fetching. They whistled the tune about the hotel all summer. It was bound to "become popular in time." But what would the fellows in the Union think? That was a different matter. Fifteen hundred critics sharp to condemn, equally quick to applaud. *The Crimson* announces the committee's selection. The titles and *nom de plumes* are given, and a time set for the first mass meeting. Placards in the store windows about the Square, also in the hallways of dormitories, further proclaim the event.

An hour before the time set, the men begin to stroll toward the Union building. They come in groups of a half dozen or so from the Gold Coast, then there is "Bill" and his room-mate from the Yard plus dozens of fellows alone — representatives of that scattered Harvard we so frequently lament. But once in the living-room of the Union, the individual is lost. There, if anywhere, is to be found *the* Harvard man. The best of feeling with ready wit prevails. "We want the band!" "We want more room!" "We want air!" And so they troop in, filling every available inch of floor space, window space, and even mantel space. A regiment whistling, smoking, singing, and yelling for half an hour — all in the best of spirit. Gradually the racket dies down, the clouds of tobacco smoke about the chandeliers become less dense — the fellows are "sizing up" the words of the new songs on the printed slips. They turn to each other

as if club-mates. Men who have seen each other for years without speaking are now as if they had always known each other. The scion of wealth gladly compares notes with the fellow who happens to be sitting next to him, and who, incidentally, is "working his way through." But it makes no difference now! "We're Harvard men, we're Harvard men, and we love to bear the name." The likeness of Colonel Higginson seems to smile as it looks down on the enthusiasm below. "Yea, this is the house of fellowship . . . one class, one creed, one common cry — HARVARD!"

The song leader announces that one of the new songs will be tried. "The band will play it through first, follow the music from the words on the slips." The band starts. At the same instant the hands of the guilty composer begin to perspire. He glances about. In spite of much good red blood he notices that his judges are tanned from the suns of yesterday, but the expression on their faces promises nothing. It is only the concentrated mien of the student matching words and music. The band emphasizes the last note of the new tune. Here and there a shout of approval is heard, but in general the cigarettes and pipes are calmly resumed while eyes speak of indecision. The band plays it through again. It goes better this time. Suddenly heads begin to nod, and before the song is half through the heads begin to sing. Every second brings vocal recruits by the hundred. The song ends in a roar of applause. Away they go again this time under the leader's direction. The swing and fascination of the melody carries them like a flood tide going out to sea, the final bar with its crash of cymbals and drum acting as a signal to begin

all over again. The leaders confer in regard to the next song, but their shouts at close range are not heard in the impromptu singing or whistling of the latest melody. It is in their ears and will not let up. The now innocent composer is packing his handkerchief in his hands as if it were a snowball. He is evidently happy, but must keep his secret.

The other songs are tried in the same way, but perhaps with a different result. Three or four of the more promising melodies are retained for trial at the following mass meetings. As the Yale game approaches, preparations are made for the final rehearsal. It takes place a night or so before the game and finds the University in a state of intense excitement. The song competition is now narrowed down to three songs. Unless one of the compositions is much superior to rival work, the final tests are very severe. The songs are tried over and over again, for the committee will decide directly after the meeting which of the new ones are to be honored with the old masterpieces at the Yale game. The least little thing may put one of the songs out of the running. Two years ago a song worked its way past especially stiff opposition, living in moderate health to the night of the final rehearsal. It was being carefully weighed in the balance. After one rendition it would appear good, after another doubtful. Finally it was to be tried. "Once more, everybody into it." The leader's tempo was much too slow. The melody dragged so that just as the last notes died away, a group of merry Andrews near the clock bunched their heads together meekly and bemoaned a most expressive and prophetic "Amen." The sentiment was decidedly opportune, bringing an instant-

aneous laugh from every one present. But it "queered" the song, and to make the case more pathetic, the bashful composer was in the far corner of the balcony at the time accompanied by an unusually attractive "friend." There being an understanding that if the song were successful it was to be appropriately dedicated. As the "Amen" from the fiends below reached the balcony, the smuggler and the smuggled instinctively laughed. Then each turned and looked solemnly into the elongated visage of the other. When the death of a mutual hope was realized, the couple became, unquestionably, downhearted.

Two songs being selected after the final rehearsal, the one which goes best at the big game wins the competition. As a result of the first competition, "In Harvard," by A. L. Chaffee, 3L., and "Scotty," by J. W. Johnston, '05, were the songs used at New Haven. No formal decision was announced by the committee in 1904, but one of the songs was probably better known than the other. The following year was signalized by the introduction of the *nom de plume* method in the submission of the music. The year before the committee had experienced some difficulty in putting down prearranged applause at the trials. In order to eliminate this distressing feature, the graduate member of the 1905 committee suggested the method now in use. Professor Spalding suggested other improvements, as he has done at nearly every meeting of the committee for the past four years. Surely a generous meed of praise is due any member of the faculty taking such a continuous and self-sacrificing interest in student activities outside the regular curriculum. "On Soldier's Field," by R.

K. Fletcher, '08, won the 1905 competition. This is undoubtedly the best Harvard song which has appeared since "Veritas." In the following year R. K. Fletcher, '08, won again, this time with a march entitled "The Gridiron King." "Harvard Spirit," by D. M. Payson, '08, won the recent competition. From eighteen songs handed in the first year the number has jumped by bounds to the record mark of forty-two. It is probably true that the quality of the output this year is below the standard. And it is undoubtedly true that the best work of the last four years is inferior to several masterpieces of college song produced by Harvard men of the past.

In the majority of the songs submitted for the past four years there seems to be a tendency to sacrifice melody for percussion. If a song has plenty of snap and dash, it is commonly thought to possess the *prima facie* requisite for success, but this is not so. To be sure, ginger may be effectively used to stir up interior football teams; but it is the common error of nearly every competitor to forget that the true aim should be to turn out a song "appropriate to contests in all sports and with all opponents" — not for the Yale football game alone. The authors of "On Soldier's Field" and "Harvard Spirit" are to be congratulated in that they have combined melodies and words which may well be used at any contest in any sport.

Aside from all strictly technical considerations, the following measures may illustrate the two general kinds of songs which are in fashion at Harvard. The first few bars are intended to represent the "snappy" type of song, which is the more popular, but which requires vocal exertion of the sort most fatiguing to a

singer. Incessant gusto in a song is all right while it lasts, but it doesn't last long, and the same applies to the singer.



On the other hand, the really more desirable form has easy time, affording greater opportunity for melody. "Our Director" is the only song we have which illustrates the class in mind. However, a well-known song heard every other year in the Stadium is a classic example. But the music of "Our Director" is by an outsider. It was hastily adopted in the fall of 1901, when we had a football team. Ye gods, what a golden epoch in which to write songs! However, the figure below may show something of what a few think desirable

in a song, to be sung many times in an afternoon or for long periods at a stretch without the annoyances of coughing and watering eyes.



Compositions of the above nature—much superior in melodic worth—have been thought worthy of trial by the song committees; but the fever and restlessness of the undergraduates at the mass meetings in the Union, especially on the eve of the Yale Game, has been out of all harmony with the idea of singing complacent melody. The steady, comfortable rhythm of tunes expressing endearment naturally gives way under the stress of circumstances to those which go “lickety cut.” But songs that live have melody.

Many other reasons might be given

by those who are not actively engaged in the service for the comparative failure of so many songs. But to those who know something of the difficulty of writing a good song; and who try year after year to do so, one main reason is apparent. The University football team and the song competitions are closely related. One may be said to depend upon the other. The famous battle songs in the world at large or in more restricted fields have almost invariably been written during times of inspiration and well-grounded hope. Victory was not a far-distant dream to the men who wrote those songs; it was something of an approaching certainty. It is just before or just after times of rejoicing that composers—young and old—find the work of song-writing easy. When the encouragement of inspiration is present, musical thoughts need only to be recorded. Dogged determination will not of itself produce music of melodic worth. Melodies that live come in times of free-hearted interest, happiness, and satisfaction. Our greatest marching song, “Up the Street,” by R. G. Morse, '96, is associated with a certain 17-0 score. “Veritas,” by J. L. Densmore, '04, came out not long after a never-to-be-forgotten 22-0 victory, and “Soldier’s Field,” by R. K. Fletcher, '08, reasonably anticipated the hope that “Bill” Reid would break a plagued monotony. But no. And what is the outlook?

If the graduates and undergraduates of this University will rise immediately in effective protest against the most apparent weaknesses of the present coaching system, demanding the establishment here of methods which have proven so successful elsewhere, good songs will be about as plentiful at Harvard as flowers in spring.

FROM A TUTOR'S DIARY

BY S. B. FINKEL



It was five o'clock in the afternoon of a cold and dreary day; I had just entered Sheffley's rooms in Claverley, in company with two other fellows, — Nichols and Turner. I was supposed to be there at six o'clock to tutor these three fellows, and a fourth one — King — for an economic conference, but having just met Nichols and Turner in the Yard, I accepted their invitations to come up at once.

"Sit down, fellows," said Sheffley. "King will be here promptly at six — I suppose you don't mind waiting, Mr. T—?"

I answered that I did not, and, seating myself in one of the comfortable arm-chairs, I began to turn the pages of a magazine. Sheffley was rocking to and fro on his desk; Turner was coiled up on the window-seat, while Nichols had thrown himself on the couch.

"Say," said Sheffley, "just got a check for two hundred — it'll come in pretty handy for to-night, and I'm beginning to think my father is not half bad. You know it's the second one since that spree a month ago."

"Hope in thunder it doesn't keep up snowing and blowing this way," said Turner as he looked through the window from where he sat. "Still it isn't a lecture we're going to to-night, so I suppose we'll have to stand it." Then he began to sing, beating time with his feet,

and swinging his arms in the manner of a musical director, "I am happy, happy, happy, and could sing all day: Nothing troubles me, so please go 'way—."

"Something troubled you this morning," broke in Sheffley, "after you saw the Dean — you forget things damn easy — but what's the odds — we're in for a ripping good time to-night — Eight of us you know, we three and King, and, of course, the girls after they get through with the show," and, lowering his voice, he added, "My turn with Tressie, she's mine to-night." Then turning to me, he politely added, knowing well that the answer would be, — "Of course, we should be glad to have you with us, but I suppose —"

"That I am busy — yes — I teach to-night."

"I hear, Jim," said Nichols, "your father has made another donation of fifty thousand to the Church — don't care, old boy, he's buying you a place in Heaven — you'll have a front seat in the orchestra."

"And I see here in *Town Topics*," retorted Turner, "that your father has donated forty thousand to the *Consolidated Charitable Association*. I'd just like to know what the devil the poor are kicking about anyway."

"Rot," broke in Nichols, "the poor will always kick — isn't my father giving to hospitals and such things? All this talk about the *terrible* conditions of the poor is nonsense. They're getting along well — Lord knows they're probably better



"I see here in *Town Topics*"

off than I am now. Reform bills are being passed every week and still they are kicking. I wish instead the legislature would pass bills abolishing the examination system in Colleges. The professors know what they are talking about when they say that the conditions of the poor are being rapidly ameliorated."

"At any rate," said Sheffley, "our fathers can't be blamed. What's your opinion about this, Mr. T——?"

I was anxious to give my opinion, but I heard the six o'clock bells and King had already arrived. I told them I would sometime in the near future speak to them about this, but that for the present I merely wished to ask a question of each. "If you don't mind, tell me what is the business of each of your fathers."

"Mine," said Sheffley, "among other things, is President of the *Massachusetts Accident Insurance Company*."

"My father," said Nichols, "is a real-estate man—he owns all the slum districts in the city."

"And mine," said Turner, "is President of the *United Cigar Company*."

"Do I come in on this?" said King boisterously, "My father is a lawyer by profession, but a politician by trade—Surely you have heard of United States Senator King—the right hand man of the President, the pet of all large corporations, and the butt of all reformers—especially of those damn Socialists—They would have it that he kills thousands of people a day, women and children included. Why, my father almost weeps when one of his dogs are hurt."

"Thank you very much," I said. "It was merely curiosity. Now to our work."

The following forty-five minutes I spent explaining to and questioning them

on their Economics. I left them, wishing them a pleasant evening, and went to the city to have my supper and to teach my evening class, composed of about twenty-five foreigners. After two hours' hard but interesting work, I dismissed them and prepared to leave the building. As I was about to open the outside door, a young fellow—he was twenty-four, but he looked more than thirty—stepped out from a dark, small corner, and with an "Hello, teacher" came over to me with his right hand stretched forth, and his head dropped.

"Let's see," I mumbled to myself, "I know you—you are—why, Joe Stuernberg—hello, old friend, I'm very glad to see you. Where have you been?—and—oh yes, your sick mother—is she better?"

"It's about her I have come to see you. I don't like to ask too many favors—God knows you have done enough, but mother is very sick and we are very poor and I'm afraid if she doesn't get a doctor quick, she may—"

"Brace up, Joe," I interrupted, "I'll go with you to your house and see what I can do."

On the way, Joe did not say a word until, as we reached the house he said, "In here, down these stairs." We crawled down the stairs and then Joe opened a door leading into a room on the right. A cold, damp wind struck me in the face. A candle on a chair at the foot of a bed was the only source of light. From the direction of the bed could be heard repeated dry coughs, intermingled with heartrending groans. On a chair near the table sat a man with

his head dropped on his chest, and his feet crossed underneath the chair.

"Oh, doctor, save me," the poor woman cried, mistaking me for the doctor, "save me, I am choking."

The man arose with a start and, after looking about him, he turned to his son and said, "Tell the doctor what's the matter with your mother."

I explained that I was not the doctor, and immediately turned to Joe, and told him to go to 8 Leverett Street, and there ask Dr C—— to come with him. "If he asks any questions," I said, "give him this card of mine."

After Joe had left, his father suddenly turned toward me and cried out, "For God's sake, what can I do,— I'll go crazy as sure as —." He stopped and started to pace back and forth in the little space that was vacant. Again could be heard the coughing of the sick woman, and added to it the wailings of a young child. "If my wife dies, it will be my fault, but what can I do? I can't coin myself into money—I wish I could."

He continued pacing back and forth, thus giving me an opportunity to study him more closely. He was a tall, lean man, his eyes were sunken into his face beneath two bushy eyebrows, and his hair was combed straight up in the fashion of a pompadour. His large forehead was well furrowed with deep wrinkles. He spoke quickly and with a distinct foreign accent.

"Since when have things been this way, my man?" I asked, "you used to get along fairly well?"

"Oh, that was a while ago. Everything went on smoothly then—that is I was working at buildings and making

enough to pay the rent, while my wife took in pants from a clothing factory to finish them and so made enough to feed us. Joe, after three years' work had already saved up almost a hundred dollars and had bought a little cigar store. He was doing fine and was going



"He started to walk back and forth"

to enlarge his store, and we were going to move to a better house. Tressie, my only daughter, got a job as a singer, first in a nickelodeon and then in an up-town theatre. Tressie has a fine voice and is very good looking. And when Little Willie," here his voice faltered, "began to sell papers, nothing could have been better — everybody was making his own living. Ah, friend, but our happi-

ness, — it wasn't much, but — well, it couldn't last too long. Just two years ago, things took a sudden turn. I fell off from a ladder and was laid up in the hospital. While there, a man come to me, told me I would be *all well*, in a couple of weeks, and that my bosses decided to give me fifty dollars to meet my expenses. I was never so happy in my life, — fifty dollars meant something. This man who gave me the fifty, also, gave me a paper to sign — he said it was a receipt, but, as I found out later, it was a paper saying that I had received fifty dollars in full payment of any claims I might have on the *Massachusetts Accident Insurance Company*. Well, it was only after six months that I was able to leave that hospital, and at that, I left," and here he looked at his right side, "less one arm. You see, it was bought from me for fifty dollars."

As he spoke, his eyes bulged forth from beneath his eyebrows, his thin lips became thinner and the wrinkles on his forehead stood out like so many cords. His face was an incarnation of misery.

"In the meantime," the man continued, "my wife had to go out to make a living for both of us. She got a job in a rag shop. My wife was never a strong woman and always had weak lungs. Her lungs began to go back on her more and more, and the doctors in the hospital told her that she must quit work. She didn't till six months ago when her lngs quit her, and then she quit her work. Since then she has been very sick. Then I began again to look for work, but couldn't get any, — you see nobody wanted me, I had only one arm. Then Tressie stopped coming home, — she said it was too much bother, and if she would come to sleep in these small rooms,

— not this one, we didn't live here yet — she would loose her voice and wouldn't be able to earn any more money. Out of that money, at first, she only gave us two dollars a week, for she said she needed dresses. For the last few months we neither see her nor her money."

The man now put his one hand to his head, pressed it against his forehead tight, shut his eyes, and heaved a sigh which shook his whole body. After a pause, he continued, "Joe's business got better and better, but as he was about to get a new store, he was forced out of business by the *United Cigar Company*." The effect upon me of the last three words was terrific. The President of the *United Cigar Company* was Mr Turner, while the President of the *Accident Insurance Company* was Mr Sheffley. The outrage of both of these men, though committed each independent of the other, fell to the lot of one family. Nothing, however, can be said against these upright men, for each donated generously to Church and Charity. My heart almost burst within me, and not being otherwise able to relieve my feelings, I cried, "Go on, go on, let me hear the rest."

"Well," Joe's father continued, "when Joe lost his business, Willie was our only supporter. We couldn't pay our rent, so we were forced to move. We moved into here — we pay four dollars a month, but if we don't hurry and pay the last two months' rent, we will be made to move from here too. In this little room, my wife, me, Little Willie, Joe, and the baby, which came eight months ago, had to live. But soon more room was made, six months ago, — it took less than a week, — Little Willie died of Typhoid Fever."

Here the man broke out into loud sobs and burying his head in his arm, he cried like a child and repeated, "Little Willie, Little Willie — and you're gone too."

I sat as if petrified. After a while I stood up, looked at my watch — it was almost twelve — and began to walk back and forth. Near one of the legs of the table lay a piece of paper which I picked up and read. On top was printed, "Office of Nichols Real Estate Co." Then I read, "We find by our books that your rent is two months in arrears. Mr. Nichols, our President, has ordered that we clear out all dead-heads, so that if you do not send your rent immediately, it will become our painful duty to ask you to move. Hoping, etc." So, I thought, Nichols' father, also, is having a hand in the misery of this one family.

Again the woman began to cough — first one cough — then a few — and then a rapid succession of sharp pointed ones which shook her whole body with convulsions and almost threw her out of her bed. I began to wonder where Joe was — it was an hour and a half since he had gone, and the doctor's house was only five minutes walk from where we were. Where could he be?

"Some air, oh, some air, I'm choking — why doesn't Tressie come home to see her mother die, — Tressie, Tressie, I'm dying and you not here to listen to my last words — I won't scold you Tressie. No, my child, it's not your fault, it's — who knows? Husband, the baby — does it sleep — then let it sleep."

I become more and more worried about Joe and was about to go and call the doctor myself, at the same time inquiring for Joe, when the door opened and Joe appeared, — but without the doctor. His face was haggard and pale, and on

his lips was a forced smile. "Everything is all right," he said, "Mother, soon you will be well, we will all be well,—no more sorrow, no more poverty, no more starvation. Ha, ha,—oh, I could crush the whole world—what do I say—father, it was by the greatest accident, it just occurred to me. I tell you, let's dance and sing—to-night is our last night of torture."

"Yes," I said, "but where is the doctor I sent you for."

"Oh, the doctor—I—you here?—oh yes, the doctor—the doctor said he cannot call here till he sees you,—he's waiting for you now in front of L—Hotel." He had no sooner spoken the last few words, when I had grabbed my hat and was outside the door. I was about to close it when I heard Joe's voice calling, "Oh, Mr. T——." He came over to me and said, "You have done a good deal for us, and I thank you heartily—God bless you for it." His voice quivered and tightening his grasp and looking me in the eyes, he said, "Go and—meet the doctor."

I hurried through the snow covered streets and soon reached the hotel. I waited five minutes but no doctor appeared—ten minutes and still nobody. Every once in a while a carriage would drive up, either take or leave somebody and would depart. Ladies in opera cloaks and gentlemen in high silk hats and not all of them altogether sober. Then I saw two carriages coming up the street and from within could be heard laughing, and singing, and cheering. The carriages stopped in front of the hotel, and from the inside of each, two boys and two girls came out, making eight in all. I said "came out—" I should have said, "crawled or fell out." All were pretty drunk,—not excepting the girls. It did not take long before I

recognized my four college pupils,—only a little while ago I was brought face to face with the work of their fathers, now I was confronted with their own.

"Now, Nick," said Sheffley, "Be a man, stand up on your feet—well, Jim—ooh! look at the doggie." The only "doggie" I could see was a big Newfoundland. "Come, doggie,—No? Ah, Tommy?—pretty little doggie, yes, nice little doggie—say, close the windows, it's too beastly cold here—that's right, Tressie, stand there gauging at me—go kiss little doggie—I'm not drunk,—Come along Venus,—I'd carry you in, but I'm carrying too much already."

At this time everybody cheered and laughed while the girl who Sheffley addressed as his Venus, straightened out as well as she could and said—"You leave the other girls alone—everybody—forward—up the stairs, march," and they all disappeared behind the swinging doors of the hotel to the tune of Turner's favorite, sung by himself,— "I'm happy, happy, happy, I could *drink* all day," etc.

One o'clock and the doctor had not yet arrived. I regretted the lost time, and so ran as fast as I possibly could to the home of Joe Stuernberg to find out again where I was to meet the doctor. I opened the door hastily and was not quite yet in the room, when I cried out, "Joe, where did you say I—" Nobody moved. All was quiet. The father, the mother, the little baby and Joe were on the bed, side by side, motionless.

The candle still flickered on the chair and near it stood a bottle marked "Poison." A cold shudder passed over me as I stood there alone. "It is better," I thought, "as it is; Joe did a wise thing."

EDITORIALS

THE COLLEGE OFFICE

An innovation has come in the College Office during the past fall that is so different from the usual red tape about that institution that it is in the line of retrogression. It is the vote of the president and fellows passed October 14 (printed in the *Gazette* of October 18), and reading as follows: "*Voted*, That every student of Harvard College and the Lawrence Scientific School who, at the end of the Christmas or spring recess, fails to register at the time set for that purpose, be required to pay to the bursar a fee of \$5.00 before being permitted to register; but that the dean be authorized to remit the fee whenever he considers the failure to have been unavoidable."

It matters not that the intention be concealed under the name of fee; it is evident to any thinking person that the "fee" really is a fine. It would be strange indeed if it were worth \$5.00 to register a man late. If it is worth it, the office must have been losing money heavily in the past, when no such "fee" was exacted. It will be remembered by those historically inclined that in the pre-Revolutionary era, and for some years after that time, fining was the approved method of punishment for almost every breach of college discipline. In what were supposed to be more enlightened days this method of enforcing rules has been seldom, if ever, invoked. Now, however, the office has seen fit to resuscitate an antiquated and obsolete punishment. Can it be possible that they are harkening back to the days of John Harvard? What will happen by the tercen-

tennary of the University in 1937? Will they then fine us 50 cents for every cut, and 25 cents for every lateness, as a "fee" towards "defraying the expense" of taking the attendance? It is lamentable indeed if the wits of the office, usually so sharp, cannot invent a better method than that of days long gone by, or of the police courts.

CHRISTMAS

It will doubtless be noticed that, although the present number of the *ILLUSTRATED* appears just before Christmas, there is nothing relating to that festivity contained within its covers. This is intentional; the nature of the *ILLUSTRATED* does not lend itself readily to the treatment of that day. The traditional "Christmas story" it eschews as trite and, by this time, practically meaningless. We are not going to preach against Christmas, but we do wish to protest against the excessive notice of it, because such notices are, in the nature of things, bound to be in the great majority of cases insincere. In this, as in many other things, the public finds its literary taste made for it by the great magazine managers, and the penalty inflicted for the printing of a story poorer than the standard of the publication is seldom anything but temporary grumbling. The truth is, Christmas is, or should be, entirely a matter of the individual heart. Capital should not be made of such an occasion. It is enough to have Christmas books and Christmas gifts of every description without having the "Christmas magazine" full of affected, insincere stories.

BOOK REVIEW

MORNINGS IN THE COLLEGE CHAPEL. By Francis Greenwood Peabody. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. \$1.25 net.

"Mornings in the College Chapel," by Professor Peabody, is a series of short addresses to the young men of Harvard College. They are brief and to the point, helpful and uplifting. They are designed to aid a man in his daily life, to help him overcome temptation, and to aid him in making better those whom he associates with. They have the atmosphere of the Chapel about them, — outspoken, honest in their efforts to help, advise, and guide. They are just what the title says, "short addresses to young men on personal religion." It is truly a remarkable series of talks and shows what an influence Dr. Peabody must have in moulding the character of those he comes in contact with. Unlike most "five-minute sermons," these are in no

sense trite or commonplace, although they deal with commonplace, everyday matters. Each day a topic is selected and spoken on which in some way bears on the life of the college, as "The Sanctification of Life," or "On Having an Influence," and in this talk the author always strives, and with remarkable success, to say something — it may be only a few words — which will impress itself on his hearers; something which they can carry away with them; something which will make them stronger and better men; something which will give them a new view of some little corner of life, and which in time of sorrow or temptation will uplift and strengthen them. It is a work which can be highly recommended, as it shows, in a great measure, the religious ideals of Harvard College, and in a small way the great work which Dr. Peabody has accomplished.

E. K. A.



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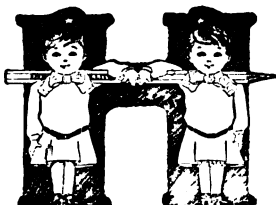
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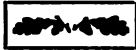
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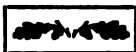
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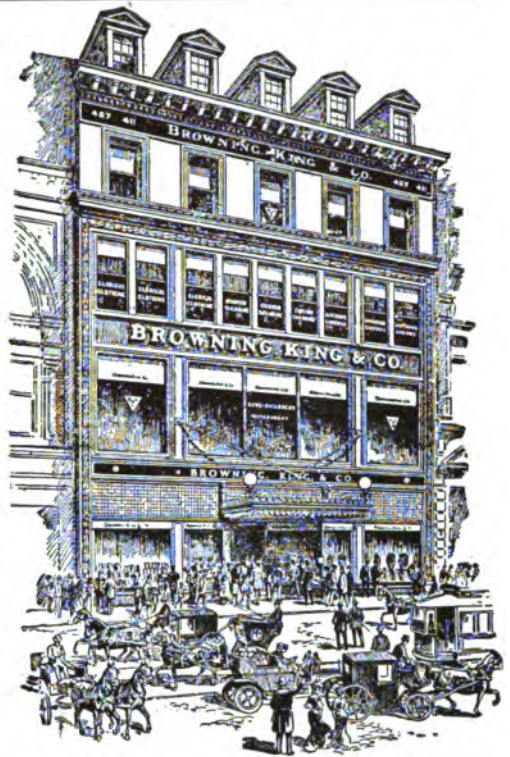
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VOLUME IX

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NUMBER 5

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'VARSITY HOCKEY TEAM

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THE HARVARD ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Vol. IX

FEBRUARY, 1908

No. 5

THE GAME OF HOCKEY

BY C. W. BURTON

The word "hockey" comes from the noun "hook." Following out this derivation, Webster defines the sport as "a game in which two parties of players, armed with sticks or clubs, curved or hooked at the end, attempt to drive any small object (as a ball or a bit of wood) towards opposite goals."

But the origin of hockey is lost in the darkness of the Middle Ages. The Romans had a game which consisted of knocking a ball, stuffed with feathers, to a certain boundary line by means of a wooden bat. The Scotch had their "Shinty" and the Irish, their "Hurley," both similar and both probable forerunners of the modern contest. With them, the play was on a hard sand-beach, the participants numbered two to three hundred, the weapons used were sticks of any kind, often tree roots, and the puck was a hard wooden knob. There were no rules, casualties were probably frequent, and the art of team play was unknown and impossible. In England hockey was and is still played with a hooked stick and a ball. Their style of the game has been adopted somewhat in this country, especially among the girls' colleges. The players are divided into two teams, each of which has its goal

and each of which, by team play and "dribbling the ball," strives to shoot the ball into their opponent's goal. Owing to climatic conditions, however, ice hockey has never gained a secure foothold in our mother country.

In the United States and Canada the game took the form of "shinny" on the ice, so-called, since a person's shins were so exposed to the sticks of his antagonist. At first the play was crude and unorganized, a crowd of fellows pushing a square block of wood or a milk-stopple over the ice. Then goals were made, and the rule was established that a man must "shinny" on his own side; that is, he could not make forward passes to his friends, or linger around the opponent's goal until the puck was shot to him so that he could score.

This was the game until 1880 or 1881. In that year the McGill College and Victoria hockey teams of Montreal were formed. They were the first hockey clubs in the world, and they invented the modern sport. Three years later a code of rules was drawn up and a series of games took place; and in 1887 the Amateur Hockey Association of Canada was organized. Hockey was introduced into the United States in the early nineties

(1892-1894) by Mr. C. Shearer, a Montreal boy, who was a student at Johns Hopkins University. He induced a Quebec team to visit Baltimore, the first Canadian team to cross the border, and in 1895 the Montrealers and Shamrocks of Montreal visited New York City. Shortly after, the game was instituted in the colleges.

Harvard was among the first to learn the game and has always ranked well, having won the intercollegiate championship four times. The first few years practice was held mostly on nearby ponds, then a rink was built on Holmes Field, and now two rinks are erected annually in the Stadium. I will mention some of our illustrious players, who have contributed so much to our standard and eminence in the hockey world.

One of the pioneers was Dr. F. J. Goodridge, '98. He had remarkable quickness and was especially clever in pushing the puck into the goal, as it rebounded from the wall of the rink. He coached the 1906 team, which defeated Yale 7 to 1. Rumsey, a brother of the right centre on this year's university team, and Winsor, now coaching our men, were formidable players and "crack-shots" for the goal. The former was a pony-polo player of considerable note, which exercise, I am inclined to think, gave him the eye for the corners of the net. In practice, he generally wore riding-breeches. Of the cover-points, Clothier was, and is still, king. He developed caroming the puck on the sides of the rink to a degree never before, and never since attained. He would skate along about five or six feet from the boards, with an opponent between him and them, then lift the puck just so high and so hard that it would go over

his opponent's stick and come back to him a few feet further along. He did this repeatedly and often would have an angry crowd slugging at his shins. Behind him was the redoubtable point, "Shorty" Carr. He was built ideally for body-checking the oncoming forwards and became a connoisseur in the art. Many were the men who bit the ice as a result of his interference. He also won



Captain Pell

a great reputation for breaking the sticks of his opponents. I remember, when the forwards rushed down against the defence in practice, he used to anger the former frequently because he smashed their pet sticks.

Before entering into an estimate of this year's prospects, I wish to say a few words about the game as a whole. The central idea is to score. And this can be accomplished most effectively by team play, which means the giving of the puck to the forward, who is in the best position to shoot for the goal. The individual or selfish man, who endeavors to rush alone by the cover-point and the point, does not succeed any better in hockey than he does in the world at large. The science of hockey consists in each member of the team helping the other so that one of the forwards will finally be able to score for his side.

Such close association and team work cannot be advanced without long and persevering practice. The weather must be cold and unchangeable for several weeks, as in Canada; the men must be cool, strong, and plucky, for no game is more exciting than this, no sport requires more wind and more endurance, and no contest demands such incessant work and stick-to-it-iveness as falls to the forward of a hockey team. When seven men have developed speed, the art of passing, and a systematic attack, no sight on the ice is more beautiful than the steady movement of four forwards abreast, surging down past the cover-point and the point by means of accurate passes.

This year our team should again win the championship. The only circumstance which will prevent it, and which did prevent Captain Townsend's team

from gaining it, is lack of ice. Our forwards all know the game. Pell won the reputation last year of being the best forward in the intercollegiate league. Hicks is playing on the team for the first time, but he has long been the king of hockey players in the inter-scholastic circles of this vicinity. While Pell is the fastest man, Rumsey is the quickest, and Newhall is the most conscientious. Of the defence, Willets plays the "open game" better than any point Harvard has ever had. I believe he was selected by Mr. Walter Camp for the all intercollegiate team of 1907.

The class hockey games have likewise suffered from the delicious variety of New England weather. The adherents have had to resort to ponds, where team play is impossible, on account of the unlimited space and the tendency of people to skate across the path of the players. The result has been a severe disappointment to all those who have not the ability to make the 'Varsity, yet love the game.

The only remedy for this fate, which seems to be shaking Harvard's supremacy on the ice, is the erection of an artificial rink in Boston. Such an institution would give us a large squad of admirable hockey enthusiasts and would enable us to clinch the championship for all time. Then, too, Canadian teams could be persuaded to visit us often, and the sport could be developed to a higher degree than is possible at the present time. Cleverness in stick handling could be made to take the place of the football body-check, and, with the aid of strong, impartial referees, all unnecessary roughness could be abolished. By this means the public could be educated to enjoy a game, which possesses all the qualities that make a healthy, normal man.



PROFESSOR ALBERT BUSHNEIL HART

THE AMERICAN NATION: A HISTORY

(*Edited by A. B. Hart*)

BY JOHN ADAMS, JR.

The last "reading volume" of "The American Nation" was issued in December. A general index is to be published, but as each volume has its own index this book can be omitted in a consideration of the series, though it contains other matter than a mere compilation of indices. As the series was planned by a Harvard man, done under his direction, and at least one-third of it the actual writing of Harvard men, a short examination of the idea and scope of the work and the way in which these have materialized is of interest.

At an annual meeting of the American Historical Association, a plan for a coöperative history of the United States had been proposed. A committee was appointed to consider the matter and, in 1901, reported unfavorably, whereupon the association declined to take part in the forming or carrying out of a plan for the coöperative publication of such a history, "on account of the difficulties involved." Professor A. B. Hart, however, not daunted by such a formidable decree, laid plans for a work of this nature. Publishers — Harpers — were secured, and the task was begun of apportioning the various fields of history to different volumes, of getting men of reputation to write them, as well as advisory bodies to help in planning and executing the great undertaking.

This was evidently the most important stage in the history of the series. A poor allotment of the historical periods between volumes, or a poor selection of

the number of volumes, or of the average number of pages — for of course all this had to be predetermined, approximately — would have militated more against the success of the work than a poor choice of authors for individual volumes. A second-rate writer would only affect one book; a poor plan, the whole series. As it is, Professor Hart's foresight and hard work have triumphed, and the work stands complete, not only admirably planned, but also, on the whole, admirably executed. To get an idea of this important history, let us glance very briefly at its contents.

There are twenty-six volumes, not counting the general index. The first two of these take up the "European Background" of American history and the geographical and other conditions of North America that have influenced the course of our history. Then in three books the parts of Spain, France, and England in our early history are examined. In two volumes, "Colonial Self-government" and "Provincial America," we are brought down to the beginning of the Revolutionary era, which the "Preliminaries" and the "Revolution" complete. A consideration of the "Confederation and Constitution" brings us to Volume 11 and the opening of United States history proper. From here on volumes take up periods of about ten years each.

The "Federalist System" and the "Jeffersonian System" take our history down to about 1812. Then two volumes

consider the "Rise of American Nationality" (War of 1812, etc.) and the influence of the growing West, while the following book finishes up the Jacksonian era. The current of events here pauses while Professor Hart surveys the institution of slavery and topics connected with it, notably abolition. Then comes the period of our "Extension" in Texas, California, and Oregon, after which "Parties and Slavery." The Civil War period is adequately treated in three volumes, — the "Causes," the "Appeal to Arms," and the "Outcome." We have now reached Volume 22 and 1865.

"Reconstruction" now occupies the field, closely followed by two volumes on "National Development" and "National Problems" (1897). With "America as a World Power" we come down to 1907. In the last book of the series Professor Hart discusses historically "National Ideals" and prophesies optimistically.

The above is only the briefest possible outline. But it is hoped that it is sufficient to give a general idea of the scope of the series. Now let us consider how the idea of the work has been materialized. To this end we will endeavor to consider as dispassionately as possible, for it is hard for a former pupil of Professor Hart to criticise harshly—both the defects and the merits of the work. There are defects in the history; we know that every book has them, and they must be much more likely to occur in a series. But it seems that in the large these are due rather to the method than to the actual execution; the defects that appear are the inevitable concomitants of the coöperative method of writing. Each man is, in a way, working for himself, writing a study of a special field. The

editor can avoid, and here generally has avoided, conflicts in opinion between the various authors. But he cannot entirely escape repetition, treatment of the same subjects from different points of view, omissions, intrusion of matter in volumes where it does not naturally belong. "Jacksonian Democracy," for example, if the work were from the pen of a single man, would have some extended discussion of the slavery question. But the arrangement of the volumes placed this in "Slavery and Abolition." In the latter, too, the Panic of 1837 is taken up, though it can have little connection with slavery. When Professor Smith, in "Parties and Slavery," comes to consider certain phases of the slavery controversy, he repeats much that is in Professor Hart's book in getting into his subject. It is safe to say that all this was perceived, but there is no effective way of remedying it under the coöperative method. The editor's introduction to each volume is a help in breaching over such difficulties, but is inadequate to the problem. The above is not meant to be harsh; it simply points out facts, most of which have already been pointed out by reviewers, that must be patent to every reader of the series. We repeat that such defects are of the coöperative method, not of the editor or of authors. It is impossible, under whatever scheme of volumes a series is written, to make the work bear the impress of one man. Different men — especially when they are men of prominence — must have different viewpoints, and must differ as to the inclusion or exclusion of facts, emphasis, and so on. No editor can perfectly reconcile twenty-four men and give the series the uniform stamp of homogeneity.

One of the merits of the work is the speed with which the volumes have appeared. Some will question whether this can properly be termed a merit, but if the volumes are issued at long intervals, to disregard the publisher's point of view, the continuity is, in a way, lost, while new facts may be discovered which will invalidate the conclusions of earlier parts of the series, and additional volumes may be needed to bring the work down to date. "The American Nation" occupied just three years; this speaks more than anything else for the industry and faithfulness of the editor.

The individual standard of each volume is, with possibly one or two exceptions, high. Several, as "Slavery and Abolition" or the two on the Civil War, are the best studies of their length.

The series is the best product of the so-called "new school" of historians that has thus far appeared. The "old school," led by such immortals as Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, and Parkman, laid great stress on form. The new school, which had its origins in the universities, by laying emphasis on minute and accurate investigation in the sources, impartiality in feeling—though it is partial to institutions rather than to men and events—iconoclasm towards such generally accepted stories, as the Washington Elm, Plymouth Rock, Penn Treaty Tree, and so on, became almost completely divorced from form. Many books became mere bundles of notes—some of them mostly footnotes. History was written for the scholar, not the layman. "The American Nation" has made a wished-for departure from such standards, though it is not the first to do so. It is written for both the professor and the general reader; it can be

used by one, it can be both understood and enjoyed by the other. The books are written in a good narrative style, and the instinct for the dramatic is not often missed. Taking up as it does every phase of the life of the people, for it is the *American Nation*, it discusses the social, economic, religious, educational life of the people as well as great events and institutions. All this is interesting, while the scholar can get his facts not a whit impaired by their being readably told. The footnotes and the "Critical Essay on the Authorities," which closes every volume, are helpful. Everything is ac-



A Few Volumes of the "American Nation"

curate; the writer was told that nearly every volume had all statements of fact verified from the sources by assistants. The work then represents a compromise between the two schools, a compromise that has long been desired.

It is true, as a preface stated, that this is the first work on a large scale that brings the history of the United States down to date. Bryant and Bancroft are now largely obsolete, and the recent general histories, some of them as McMaster's or Avery's of merit, really do not bring the course of events down to the present, nor are they on as large a scale as "The American Nation." We must

note one important exception, "A History of North America," edited by Guy Carleton Lee and later by Mr. Thorpe. It is in about twenty large volumes, is coöperative, and attains distinction by being the first large history of North America. It is the product of the so-called Johns Hopkins School, though few of the writers have had any connection with that university. The name of one Harvard man—W. B. Munro—stands out prominently with the volume "The History of Canada." With but few exceptions the series is the work of young men—men who have their reputation to make, not of those who already have it. The series contains no footnotes or bibliographies. In contrast to "The American Nation," which has generally been well received by the press, "The History of North America" has in many instances been severely criticised.

One is interested to make a comparison between "The American Nation" and the work of Professor Channing, the author of the "Jeffersonian System" in the series, who is now engaged in a monumental history of the United States. Volume I, entitled "The Planting of a Nation" (1000-1660), was published in 1905, and was well received. The second volume, bringing the narrative down to about 1760, is announced. Professor Channing is doing all the work of his history himself, and so is marked contrast to "The American Nation" with its twenty-four authors. Of course he escapes the disadvantages of the coöperative system, and he can keep all the merits of the series, with the exception of its speed in publication. At present eight or ten volumes are planned,

but by the time the work is finished doubtless an extra volume will be needed to cover the period between the inception of the work and its completion.

Distinctive from the "North America" the list of authors of the various volumes of "The American Nation" is a distinguished one. Cheney, Bourne, Andrews, Thwaites, Channing, Hart, Hosmer, Dunning, and Dewey, to mention only a few, are names known throughout America, many of them in Europe. Professor Hart certainly succeeded in getting together an aggregation of prominent historians. Not only that, but he held them together; only one name which appeared in the list of authors for the series in the initial volume had to be changed. It is almost as the prospectus says, "to be written by experts for laymen."

The publishers, too, have had their part in making the series a success. The books are beautifully printed and finely bound, and the excellent maps deserve commendation. The paper is thick and the print large, and on this account there is an impression that the books contain more than they really do. Thus it is said that certain volumes have less on their particular fields than Bancroft, or later, Rhodes. This is not a defect, for mere length, *per se*, is no desideratum. The expert commonly prefers to go to the sources, and the average man to read a not too long account. "The American Nation" is not too long.

Professor Hart is certainly to be congratulated, at the end of his long labor, on the success that he has accomplished. The faults of the work are due more to the method than the men; it has real merits that no doubt will long cause it

to stand as a landmark in American historical writing.

The following table shows the num-

ber of the volume, its title, author, the year he took his degree, and where he is teaching or otherwise engaged:

6, "Provincial America,"	E. B. Greene,	'90,	University of Illinois
12, "The Jeffersonian System,"	E. Channing,	'78,	Harvard University
13, "Rise of American Nationality,"	K. C. Babcock,	'95,	University of Arizona
16, "Slavery and Abolition,"	A. B. Hart,	'80,	Harvard University
18, "Parties and Slavery,"	T. C. Smith,	'92,	Williams
20, "Appeal to Arms,"	James K. Hosmer,	'55,	Recent Librarian
21, "Outcome of Civil War,"	James K. Hosmer,	'55,	Minneapolis Public Library
26, "National Ideals,"	A. B. Hart,	'80,	Harvard University
27, "General Index to Series,"	D. M. Matteson,	'96,	Harvard University Library



After the Storm

PROFESSOR KUHNEMANN ON HARVARD

BY HANS VON KALTENBORN

Those who heard and understood Professor Kuhnemann when he lectured to us at Harvard would rejoice to hear him again, whatever his topic. For a Harvard man in Berlin it was a particular pleasure to read his announcement of a lecture on "The American Impressions of a German Exchange Professor." We rarely see ourselves through another's eyes. When that other is keenly sensitive to what goes on about him, fully competent to analyze and sum up his impressions, and well able to delight his hearers by the manner of their narration, the opportunity is doubly welcome. The lecture was given under the auspices of a German educational society with a very long name, and was addressed to an audience of university graduates that included representatives of the Kultus Ministerium and other governmental departments.

Professor Kuhnemann announced at once that this was to be a "causerie," not a formal address. It may be presumed that when he puts his American impressions into type, — for no German of facile pen visits America without printing something, — there will be less flowing enthusiasm and more critical analysis. But of that later.

Referring first to the history of the exchange between Berlin and Harvard, Professor Kuhnemann recalled the impression made in Germany by Harvard's selection of Professor Ostwald, the Leipzig chemist, as the first German representative. Many regarded his appointment as proof that Harvard sought a

utilitarian advantage in the exchange; that Professor Ostwald was selected because chemistry was the study most closely allied to industry and direct financial profit. The average German has little or no conception of the idealistic character of some American universities. He believes that all American institutions are permeated by the commercial spirit. Therefore all German friends of the exchange were glad when Harvard selected a teacher of literature to succeed the chemist.

The Berlin-Harvard exchange differs from the Berlin-Columbia foundation, in that its conditions require each exchange professor to use in his lectures the language of his own university. Professor Kuhnemann emphasized the obvious advantage of such an arrangement. "It is impossible," he said, "to transfer in a foreign tongue thoughts related to the inmost self, that are born of profound feeling. If the exchange is to be carried on *im grossen Stil* each representative must use his native language."

The much warmer welcome which the idea of an exchange received in our country he finds explained by the American's *Internationalismus*. Whereas the European nations miss many advantages because of their self-sufficiency, America profits by eagerly welcoming every form of Old World culture. The opposition to the exchange in Germany—which has now almost entirely disappeared—was due to a belief that Harvard alone would profit, that no American professor could say anything a German student would

want to hear. To prove the contrary was the task of Harvard's first representatives abroad. According to the universal verdict in Berlin it has been most successfully accomplished.

Before coming to America, Professor Kuhnemann read some of the many recent German books on *das Land der unbegrenzten Moeglichkeiten*. He praised Professor Munsterberg's contribution but believes that the author over-emphasized the idealistic aspects of American life — *ein Buch, das die idealistische Seite des Amerikanischen Lebens ein wenig allzu einseitig und aussdruecklich betont*. Yet, despite his reading, he knew little of Cambridge or Harvard, so that the beauties of the old elm-shadowed university were both a surprise and a delight. He described them with the same enthusiasm and remarkable flow of spontaneous rhetoric that distinguished his lectures on German literature. Cambridge *diese poetische Idyll*, of ninety thousand inhabitants, without hotels, and — here the audience gasped — without saloons! And such lovely tame squirrels! Emerson Hall he described in some detail. He finds Harvard far in advance of the German universities in its emphasis upon the distinctions between philosophy and psychology, and in the development of research work in the psychological laboratory.

Generally compared, American universities are more complex, more progressive, and inspired with a greater enthusiasm than those of Germany. The administration of our universities is much more autocratic. Happening to hit upon the same phrase as a Berlin journalist who interviewed Professor Schofield, he characterized Harvard as a monarchy in a Republic. At Berlin the

university is a republic in a Monarchy. The Rektor is newly elected each year, and in important administrative matters his influence counts for little more than that of his colleagues. The competition between American universities — something almost unknown in Germany — makes them more alert and progressive. They are eager to provide facilities for students of every class, with the result that farming, mining, and music are taught under the auspices of the same institution that directs studies in law, medicine, theology, and philosophy, the four heads under which the German university still groups its teachers. The ruler of such a complex must be a capable executive, a financial minister, *ein Menschenkenner*, and at the same time a man of vision, who can anticipate the trend of educational development. Here the speaker paid a graceful tribute to Harvard's president, "the youngest and most elastic among the five hundred Harvard teachers." Analyzing the sources of his power and influence he ascribed it in part to a thorough scientific training and natural ability, but chiefly to moral strength. "This, above all, makes him the respected leader of education in America."

There were pleasant references to Professors Munsterberg and Peabody. The work of Professor Francke and his associates in familiarizing Americans with German ideals and German culture was enthusiastically praised. With much feeling Professor Kuhnemann referred to a Christmas evening at the home of Professor James, where a small party of friends had listened eagerly to almost the whole of the first part of Faust. He spoke of the great regret felt in Ger-

many when it became known that Professor James could not come to Berlin.

The comparison between German and American students resulted altogether—perhaps unfairly—to our advantage. But it should be said that there was no reference either to manners or scholarship. He finds that we welcome discussions on the broadest lines and respond more readily to general ideas. We abhor, the Germans adore, details. Whereas the German student is reserved and shrinks from any show of feeling, the young American, naturally endowed with a greater capacity for enthusiasm, is not afraid to give it play. Temperamental differences are emphasized by the fact that American students enter college less mature than the Germans. The work of the Freshman and Sophomore years in an American college belong to the German gymnasium. In these preparatory schools the control over the students is very rigid, but their entrance to the university means their release from almost all restrictions. The German undergraduate knows no compulsory attendance at lectures, no periodic examinations, no paternal dean, no proctors. Naturally enough, his unbridged transition from thralldom to liberty often brings on evil. Professor Kuhnemann believes that more effective supervision of German university students would profit them.

The most striking trait of Harvard students is what he calls their *anspruch-slosigkeit*, a word that can be translated no easier than it can be pronounced. In general, it means readily satisfied. Professor Kuhnemann referred particularly to matters of bodily comfort, food, and drink. As an in-

stance he cited the annual Freshman reception. His audience smiled when he asked it to picture the situation of German students listening patiently to two hours of moral teaching without compensating refreshment. He mentioned an evening spent as the guest of a Harvard organization, where many students heard him speak while crouching in uncomfortable positions on the floor of an overcrowded room. When he had done speaking the committee passed about paper sacks filled with red-cheeked apples, but there was nothing to drink. This same audience astounded him by its capacity for intellectual nourishment, volleying him with questions for over an hour. He recalled his visit to the home of the Deutscher Verein, and expressed delight with the work of this organization in perpetuating the language and traditions of the Fatherland in the Old World. "The corps bands which the members wear are wider than those of our students," he said, "but by way of recompense, their steins are smaller."

It is apparent that our eloquent visitor had no desire to point out defects. If he knows our faults he chooses to leave their discussion to the riper phrasing of composition. To a Harvard man who suggested to him at the close of the lecture that he had perhaps been too lenient he replied: "Then you must complement my lecture with another. I do not pretend my observations to have been close or extended, but I have given a fair picture of my impressions."

This enthusiastic appreciation of a competent foreigner is a welcome contrast to recent home-made criticism.

Kuhnemann soll leben!

BERLIN, December, 1907.

THE BASKET-BALL SEASON

In the short space available it is impossible to give any extended view of the game of basket ball. Its history at Harvard was well treated in an article by Captain Broun in the January number of the ILLUSTRATED of a year ago. We will confine ourselves to this year and its prospects.

When Amberg and Burnham graduated from last year's team two of the best men who ever played basket ball for Harvard were lost. But with Broun and Brooks as a nucleus it was hoped to develop a strong aggregation. After Broun had wrenched his knee in December and again in January, when he was



Captain Brooks g.



Browne c., g.



Fish c.

forced to retire from the game for good, the team was left captainless, and the outlook was gloomy indeed. Brooks filled the vacancy, and a search was begun for an available fifth man. This seems to have been found in Currie, who, with Allen, is playing a fast game. Both are accurate at shooting, and though Currie is rather light, his work is good. Browne played center in the early season, then was shifted to guard. Fish, of the football squad, and O. A. Wyman, of the Senior basket-ball team, are the present candidates for the jump-

ing position, with the honors in favor of Fish, as he has participated in many more games. Brooks is fixed at guard, with Brown a good substitute. Besides those mentioned above there are two able men in Almy and Scribner, who may give some of the present players a hard run for their places. Amberg, the former All-American centre, is coaching the team.

Thus far the season has not been very encouraging. Wesleyan, Holy Cross, Brown, Yale, have all bested us, while we have defeated Princeton, Tufts, and Technology. To lose to some of the



Brown g.

above teams is hardly creditable, yet we must remember that many of the smaller colleges make much of basket ball, and hence turn out better teams in this sport than in others which are better known. Besides, a squad that has suffered heavily by graduation and the loss of its captain should not be criticised too severely. The men seem to be playing the best game they know how, and with the excellent coaching they are receiving should round into first-class shape.

The spirit displayed in the Yale game was excellent; the men fought hard and against a heavier and more experienced team. The showing of a 10-9 score is distinctly good. We scored the same number of field goals, but lost on fouls; but still, we had many more fouls called on us than Yale (10-7). As the season advances no doubt the work will become less rough. There can be no doubt that the season will finish better than it began.



Currie f.



Allen f.

THE RIVAL GHOSTS

BY HENRY B. SHEAHAN

I

Philip Tyer, the last of the Tyer family, was a tall, broad-shouldered youth, with kindly brown eyes and pleasant features. He was very rich, for he had inherited the worldly goods of all the Tyers, a family whose last earthly representative it was his fate to be. Philip lived alone, save for an old, colored manservant, who attended to his simple wants, in the old family house, Oakdale. Oakdale was an ancient, ramshackle dwelling, which had been the pride of some forgotten ancestor of Revolutionary times, but was now too old to endure much repairing. Like all thoroughly respectable colonial houses, it had a bed in which Washington had slept, a chair in which Lafayette had sat, and last, but not least, a highly esteemed family ghost.

This ghost had been Philip's wonder all his life. Great-aunt Jerubabella Tyer, who was the final authority on all family matters, had once told him that the ghost was that of Master Timothy Tyer, gentleman, who had founded the Tyer family in America. Master Timothy was a charmingly-mannered ghost: he was not one of that horrible fraternity of spirits who are always popping out when deaths, misfortunes, and boiler explosions are about to occur, but a well-behaved specter, who appeared from time to time to see if his descendants were happy. Philip had once seen the ghost; he remembered how, when his baby sister was born, an old gentleman, in black knee breeches, a Puritan cape, and a high-crowned hat, had suddenly

appeared out of nowhere, gazed with dignity and content at the smiling child in the cradle, and vanished away. That was long ago. Now everybody was dead, and he was all alone.

A little farther down the maple-lined street, on the opposite side, was another ancient house, Langshaw's Greyfields, a mansion well worthy to rank beside that of Philip's ancestors. It stood far back from the road, amidst an old English garden, where poppies and hollyhocks nodded their heads all day long. A winding lane, hiding here and there behind great scented clumps of elder bushes, led to the mansion.

Greyfields was the home of Helen Langshaw, the only person left alive to bear the name of that particular branch of the family. Helen was tall and willowy, with great gray eyes and long lashes, and a rosy face crowned with a glowing whirlwind of yellow hair. She lived alone in silent Greyfields, with only her mother's old servant, Auntie Julia, to keep her company.

But Auntie Julia, Greyfields, and plenty of money was not the only inheritance of the fair Helen. She, too, was the exclusive owner of a family ghost. There was a tradition among the Langshaws that the ghost was that of Sir Richard Langshaw, the greatest member of the family to die on American soil.

Sir Richard, however, was not such a pleasant specter as Master Timothy of Oakdale, for he had the unpleasant habit of appearing at midnight in guest cham-

bers, and terrifying the occupants of the ancient four-post bed with a cold look from his baronial eye. On the whole, however, Sir Richard made an estimable family ghost, with none of the vices of peeping, moaning, and tapping, so characteristic of less aristocratic spirits.

II

When the spring came Philip Tyer and Helen Langshaw, like all silly young things, fell in love and decided to marry. The old town, where they both lived, was all agog with excitement. Everybody was gossiping and telling stories about the two famous old families, and a great deal about the ghosts. The match was a romance, and, as everybody dearly loves a real romance, there was not a soul in the town who had not the kindest thoughts for the young lovers.

The wedding day came; the bells rang from St. Pancras's weatherbeaten steeple, and all the folk came rejoicing. Philip never looked more manly and handsome, nor Helen sweeter and fairer. Old gray-haired Mr. Pratt, the minister, performed the ceremony, and the entire congregation seemed to pray with him as he implored a blessing on the bridegroom and the bride. Standing at the side of the church, however, were two guests, invisible to all save each other, Sir Richard and Master Timothy.

When Philip and Helen came back from their honeymoon, they found Oakdale too ancient for their needs, so all the furnishings of the mansion were taken to the better-preserved Greyfields. About three weeks later, one windy spring night, a disaster occurred, for Oakdale burnt to the ground. Stories were circulated that an old gentleman, dressed like a Puritan, had been seen

amidst the flames, wandering from room to room, wringing his hands. But no one could be found to verify this tale.

"Hark!" said Philip.

The young couple were sitting in the quiet library at Greyfields. It lacked a few minutes to midnight; the house was very still.

"I thought I heard a voice," said Philip. "I thought so, too," answered his wife. "Who can it be?"

The young man jumped from his seat and took a little revolver from a nearby desk.

"I'll soon see if any one is here," he answered, and rushed out into the hall, followed by Mrs. Tyer. There was no one in sight. All over the house they went, she clinging to his arm, but never



"I thought I heard a voice"

a sign did they discover of any one's presence. Philip was worried and puzzled, and Helen was trying not to seem anxious. Suddenly, with twelve dull booms, the grandfather's clock announced that the hour of midnight had come. As the last stroke died into eerie silence, a voice in the entry said in an irate and protesting tone:

the floor, were two transparent diaphanous figures. He who had but spoken seemed some old colonial dandy, with his red knee breeches and lace-trimmed waistcoat. The other, a shorter person, who seemed to be expostulating with the ghostly dandy before him, wore a great wide-brimmed, high-crowned hat and a Puritan cape.



The Rival Ghosts

"How dare you, sir, invade these premises, which have been mine for so many centuries? I tell you, sir, that you are an intruder, and I must request you to withdraw immediately."

The master and mistress of Greyfields crept silently to the library door, which opened upon the corridor. There, standing in heated argument in the center of

"The ghosts!" said Philip and Helen simultaneously.

"That gay fellow; he is ours," said Helen. "The Puritan is mine," said Philip. "Let us hear what they are talking about." Strange to say, neither Philip or Helen felt afraid.

"I won't go back," answered the Puritan ghost, Master Timothy. "I won't!

Gadzooks, how dare you, sir, address me in that fashion?" He shook his ghostly fist in the other's face, while his high-crowned hat trembled with excitement. "Philip Tyer is the last of the Tyers and where he goes, I go, even though I may have to endure your company. If you continue to raise objections to my presence, I will bring the case before the Specters' Union."

"You know well enough," answered the beau, Sir Richard, trying to show lofty contempt, "that you belong at Oakdale. Your contract with his Satanic Majesty, which you have broken by coming here, allows you to haunt Oakdale, and that alone."

"Pooh!" answered Sir Timothy. "Pooh for you, and your contracts! Oakdale house is burnt down, and that releases me. Do you intimate that I should go wailing and moaning round the ruins, frightening old ladies and children like a low, under-bred spirit? Take care, sir, what you say."

"Nevertheless, this is my house," answered Sir Richard, "and, moreover, Mrs. Tyer is the last of the Langshaws — my family. Go back to your ruin."

The beau's effort to keep a cool, aristocratic face to his rival was fast weakening. The Tyers stood by waiting for the moment when the ghostly rivals would fly at each other. The Puritan's hat bobbed wilder than ever as he danced with rage. Finally he threw all manners to the winds.

"Tory! Tory!" he shrieked. "King George! King George! Whose descendant stole six silver spoons?"

"Dissenter!" sneered the other. "Whose descendant passed a bad coin? Whose —"

"How horribly undignified," mur-

mured Mrs. Tyer. "Who could have thought it of them?"

The modern electric lamp in the hall, which had been trying to burn green, and be *in regle*, at last succeeded. There was a sputter or two, and ghostly, emerald rays shot down the corridor. A sulphureous smell pervaded everything. Then, appearing out of nowhere, there came a little fat imp, with the usual forked tail, wearing a blue messenger boy's trousers and a blue cap. He handed each ghost a telegram.

"Recalled," said Master Timothy, after he read the contents. The angry look left his face.

"So am I," said Sir Richard, assuming a more friendly air.

"Yep," said the boy. "The boss thought that you both had been long enough at the hauntin' business. There's a lady now on the job."

The ghosts seemed crushed for a moment. Each sought sympathy in the other's eyes and found it. "Well, never mind," said Master Timothy, "Hades is remarkably cooler, you know, since our descendants lost faith in it."

"That's good," said Sir Richard. "Let us be friends, since we both must go. By the way, come and live with me at my lodgings, 33 Good Intention Avenue."

"With pleasure," returned the Puritan. They fell into each other's arms and slowly faded away. The messenger boy disappeared last, his red chest and blue trousers being visible for a long time against the white woodwork. All was silent again. Suddenly a sunbonnet appeared in the air, and soon a fat, smiling old lady beamed round contentedly and slowly faded away again.

Philip bent over his wife. "I fear our ghosts have gone, dear," said he.

ZARA

Zara awaits the music.

Close to each side the snowy fingers clutch
Her lifted skirts, that near but do not touch
The ribbon high about each ankle laced.
Upon the floor with guile small feet are placed,
My heart to set fluttering.

I hear the strain commencing.

The prelude's chords die languorously away,
And Zara floats off with the gentle sway
Of lilies tall when by a zephyr bent.
Her azure eyes on mine with look intent,
Sparkle sweetest wickedness.

Tripping she comes toward me.

Beneath the arch of crimson lingerie,
Revealing just a trifle o'er her knee,
Appears alternatively each dainty limb,
In movement graceful and in outline slim,
On which my glance I rivet.

Now a dizzy pirouette.

Her flounces, like the startled birds in flight,
Rise circling in a whirl of tinsel light.
Quickly I feel the blood rush to my head;
For lo, I view, encased in silk of red,
Each dazzling charm seducing.

The dancer's motions quicken.

A sudden climax and a daring pose,
Like clouds of falling petals from a rose,
The lingerie about her form entwines,
Betraying subtly, by its spiral lines,
Her figure's melting curves.

The music now is presto.

Her pendant fan, — by gesture quick outspread,
A fleeting instant is balanced overhead;
A swish of skirts, and then a lightning kick,
Leaps to the fan; and at the sudden trick
My pulse jumps ten beats faster.

Begins the melody to fail.

The maiden retreats far off down the hall.

O'er Zara's eyes the lids alluring fall.

In courtesy she sinks, a pyramid

Of silk. Demurely droops her head. Half hid

Her blush alone speaks passion.

S. T. M.

THE "OUTSIDE" PAPERS OF HARVARD

BY EDWIN K. ADAMS

It is queer that such a name as "outside" was ever applied to them; in many ways they represent Harvard better than the five student papers. But "outside" has come to be applied to all the periodical publications except the five undergraduate *college* papers. They are "outside" the pale so far as the student body is concerned, and mayhap the term originated that way. In any case there are three groups of them, roughly speaking. The first comprises the two that represent Harvard as a whole from the graduates' viewpoint,—the *Bulletin* and the *Graduates'*. The second are the products of particular departments and are managed by committees of professors,—*The Quarterly Journal of Economics* and *The Harvard Theological Review*. The third are student papers, run in the interests of professional schools,—*The Law Review* and the *Engineering Journal*. There are papers on the border line between these and the publications of outsiders, as *Annals of Mathematics* (quarterly), managed by a committee of six, of whom three are professors here. It is published "under the auspices of Harvard University." The *Journal of Medical Research*, a Medical School publication, is largely managed by Harvard men, and receives a small annual subsidy from the Corporation. But, altogether, the three groups named above, comprising six papers, are the "outside" papers of Harvard. Few of us know them, and so a brief account of them will doubtless prove readable.

The Harvard Bulletin, the graduate weekly, was founded in 1898, and was

at first devoted to the interests of a graduate body corresponding in a rough way to the present Athletic Committee. In 1903 it was taken over as the official publication of the Alumni Association. It was stated that "it will be conducted as a newspaper representing all Harvard interests, and as a medium for the expression of graduate opinion." It has carried out these ideals. It is the organ of the alumni just the same way as the *Crimson* is that of the undergraduates, for it is a newspaper, not a magazine. In some ways it closely resembles the *Crimson*, for naturally the graduates are interested in nearly everything that happens in connection with the University. Among the features of the *Bulletin* may be mentioned communications from prominent graduates on all sorts of university topics, the printing in full of important speeches, such as those of President Eliot on various occasions, and of other prominent speakers on timely topics. The "Observations" column is important and interesting; in this are notes of various university activities, anecdotes of graduates, reminiscences, discussions in an informal way of proposed changes, in short, notes on the thousand and one things that concern the University. A very interesting department is the lists of Harvard men in various walks of life, as Harvard men in Washington, in the consular service, teaching in other colleges, etc. There are numerous articles on university institutions, discussion of athletics, and so on, many written by professors or well-known graduates, but few are signed,



Photograph by W. Ordway, '10

The Five Undergraduates' Papers

as in newspapers. In a word, the *Bulletin* represents the graduates and their opinions. E. H. Wells, '97, and John D. Merrill, '89, are the editors. They may well be praised on running what is probably the most interesting and cleverly conducted of the graduate papers. Certainly one gets a better impression of the University from it that from any other.

Representing Harvard interests in the same general way as the *Bulletin* is *The Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, founded in 1892, and published by the Harvard Graduates' Magazine Association. Among other things it prints the Phi Beta Kappa orations, that are delivered

here by famous men, speeches by prominent Harvard men. Its special articles on Harvard men or conditions are of great interest. Among those who have written these at various times are Theodore Roosevelt, President Eliot, C. F. Adams, Dean Shaler, T. W. Higginson, E. E. Hale. There are also special articles on athletics by such men as W. T. Reid, Jr., C. F. Adams, 2d, Dr. E. A. Darling, Professor I. N. Hollis, Professor J. W. White; poems by men of the prominence of Higginson, Briggs, Shaler, Charles Warren, and Robert Grant. There are also memoirs of various great Harvard men of bygone times.

The most valuable, but to the outsider the least interesting part, of the *Graduates*, is its records. Here is found news from the classes, Harvard clubs, the official records of the Corporation and the overseers, lists of marriages, necrology, lists of books by Harvard men, together with reviews of some of them. There is also an interesting department on student life, which sums up the University affairs so far as students are concerned in them, giving all the important events of the past quarter. It is, in short, a quarterly review of the life and growth of the University. It is said to be a valuable medium for extending the influence and making known the resources of the University. It is in size the largest of any of the papers connected with Harvard. It is very good, but it seems that, with its prestige, its resources, and the amount of space available, a better selection could sometimes be made of the material. The editor is William Roscoe Thayer, '81.

The *Bulletin* and *Graduates* represent the alumni as a whole and the whole University. We now come to the group of papers that stand for certain definite departments.

The Quarterly Journal of Economics was founded in 1886 by the late Professor Dunbar. Under him the character of the magazine was fixed as scientific, not popular; for the scholar, not the layman. This decision was of importance, for the policy of the *Journal*, as determined by him, has been adhered to ever since. There are other college papers in the country that treat on economic subjects, but as they do it either in conjunction with historical or political matter, or in a popular way, the *Quarterly Journal* may claim to be the only publication of its kind in America.

Almost every economist of note, native or foreign, has contributed to its

pages. Hadley, Marshall, Wagner, Seigman, Cannan, J. B. Clark, and the editors have appeared in its pages. The latter are Professors Taussig, Ripley, and Andrew. Since 1896 Professor Taussig has been in general charge. The subscription list is modest, but it is safe to say that there are few papers in the world that can boast of such a line of distinguished names on their mailing lists.

Another department publication is *The Harvard Theological Review*, the latest member of the family of Harvard papers. It was first issued in January, 1908, and if it can keep all its late numbers up to the standard of this one, it will make some of the other papers look to their laurels. The initial issue contained articles by Professors Peabody, Lyon, and Carver, and Chas. F. Dole, Arthur C. McGriffert, W. A. Brown, and Benj. W. Bacon. The contributions occupied one hundred and twenty-five pages of reading matter, and the articles were on such a diversity of subjects as "The Call to Theology," "Recent Excavations in Palestine," "Modern Ideas of God," "Economic Basis of the Problem of Evil," "Is our Protestantism still Protestant?" The mere titles of most of these articles appeal to every educated man and kindle a desire to read further. If the editors can give as good substance in as simple and readable a form as they did in this initial number, the purpose of the magazine will be fulfilled. The publication is in the hands of a committee of the Faculty of Divinity, composed of Professors G. F. Moore, W. W. Fenn, and J. H. Ropes.

The paper is partly endowed by the bequest of the late Miss Mildred Everett, to carry out a plan suggested by her father, the late Charles Carroll Everett, who was a member of the Faculty of Divinity from 1869 to 1900 (dean

1878 to 1900), for an undenominational theological review. The paper appears to be well carrying out that purpose. Laymen interested in general topics, as well as ministers, will find something both to interest and to instruct them between its covers.

The third group of papers comprises the publications of students in the professional schools. Among these two are

every month and is made up almost exclusively of contributions from prominent lawyers, judges, or professors; scarcely a month passes that professors do not have some printed articles. There are usually three or four every month on strictly legal topics, and their method of treatment is highly technical. Most of them cannot be read intelligibly by the average layman, but still they are not



Photograph by W. Ordway, '10

The "Outside" Papers

worthy of mention, — *The Law Review* and *The Engineering Journal*.

The Harvard Law Review itself was founded in 1887. It is published by students of the Law School, and to make the *Law Review* is considered to be one of the greatest honors in the Law School. A grade of *A* in the work of at least one year is the usual requirement for election. The paper appears

intended for him. Such men of international reputation as J. B. Ames, O. W. Holmes, Jr., T. M. Cooley, Sir Fred Pollock, F. W. Maitland, and C. C. Langdell, have thought it worth while to have their names appear in its pages. In being technical, and in having a host of distinguished contributors, it is like the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*; but it is unlike it in being managed by a board

of student editors, not by a committee of professors. In addition to the articles there are always notes on recent cases and reviews of new books bearing more or less directly on the legal profession. An outsider might suggest that the general appearance of the magazine could be strengthened by portraits of contributors, and by the addition of a department somewhat like the "Lighter Side of the Green Bag." J. S. Stone is president.

Together with the *Quarterly Journal* the *Law Review* has helped greatly in spreading the name of Harvard, for when people see publications of such merit, they are likely to respect the university that produces them.

The *Harvard Engineering Journal*, a quarterly, was founded in 1902, and is devoted to the interests of engineering and architecture at Harvard. The average size of the magazine approaches ninety pages. There are generally three or four articles by prominent engineers or architects, mostly graduates, and a department of notes, which contains news from the various scientific or technical clubs, as well as items about graduates engaged in the professions. Outside of the purely technical articles, most of which are undoubtedly not only of interest, but of value to the professions, and upon which the *raison d'être* of the paper rest, there are a large number of contributions which can readily be appreciated by an outsider. To name only a few: "The Harvard Telephone System," "The Panama Canal," "Architecture as a Business," "The Weight of a Crowd of People," "Smoke Prevention," "The New York Subway," "The Harvard Stadium," and so on. Nearly

all these articles are well illustrated by half-tones and by charts. The names of most of the authors of articles are not familiar to a layman, with the exception of teachers in the departments here. Many of the professors seem to have contributed liberally; it is safe to say that there is hardly a number that does not contain one or more articles from their pens. During the present year Mason T. Rogers, '08, is editor-in-chief, Chester C. Pope, '08, secretary, and Ernest B. Allen, '08, business manager.

We thus have six "outside" papers. One is a weekly, one a monthly, four are quarterlies. The chief point of difference between these and undergraduate papers is, first, their greater seriousness of tone; second, their specialized character, for all of them are devoted to some particular purpose, and, lastly, their greater size. A glance at the illustrations will show that as a rule they exceed some *college* papers many times in bulk. The *Monthly* is the only one that can approach them in this respect, and even it is left hopelessly in the rear by the *Graduates'* and the *Quarterly Journal*.

To a thinking person there can be no doubt but that these papers extend the name and influence of Harvard further than those of the undergraduates. In places where the *college* publications have never been heard of, the *Law Review*, *Quarterly Journal*, and *Engineering Journal* are well known. As educated men, then, it behooves us to make at least a fleeting acquaintance with these papers. They will well repay attention.

A CASE FOR THE ADMINISTRATIVE BOARD

I was coming home from tennis, walking noiselessly along the hall, when the sound of voices from 27 stopped me. I paused in front of my door and listened.

"All very well, Mr. Barlow, but the remains of that wash pitcher of yours were found lying at the bottom of the air shaft below your windows. The goody has identified the pieces as yours."

"Yes; but I didn't put them there," replied Barlow, with some heat.

"How did they get there, then?" interrupted the voice, which I now recognized as the proctor's.

"That's what I don't know, Mr. Dick. I know I didn't put them there. But I don't see why I'm responsible for the old pitcher, anyhow."

"But you are. Don't you remember 'every student is responsible for the preservation of good order in his room'?"

"You can't call that pitcher 'good order.' And the bottom of the air shaft isn't my room. That's as bad as calling a sailboat a musical instrument, like they did once way back when they wanted to keep the fellows off Fresh Pond after dark."

"Never mind the jokes, Mr. Barlow. The evidence is against you, and you would be convicted in any court of law. Unless you can prove that some one else did it, you must suffer." The proctor was plainly getting angry.

So was Barlow. As a matter of fact

he hadn't done it at all. Many times he had threatened to make away with his old pitcher that had suffered a grievous crack, during the strike — in ice — the winter before. He had executed his threats at last, and heaved the doomed pitcher over my transom; I had expeditiously transferred the fragments to the bottom of the air shaft, directly under his windows. Now I, in my mean nature, rejoiced to see him trapped. I chuckled; yes, laughed out loud, as I heard him protesting. He heard my laugh; in an instant was at the door, before I could turn, and caught me with the grin frozen on my face. I had to say something —

"I beg your pardon," I began, "but could I borrow —"

"No, you can't," snapped Barlow.

"Mr. Dick, this is the sneak that did it. I'm going to tell you everything. I threw the pitcher over his transom for a joke, and he picks it all up and chucks it down the air shaft, right under my windows, so's to look as if I did it."

"There's been entirely too much of this business," said the proctor wrathfully. "The people at the bottom have been annoyed long enough by your foolishness — both of you — and so have I. Now we've got you, and it's a case for the Administrative Board for both of you. You will see the Dean to-morrow."

Both stung!

A.

EDITORIALS

ANNOUNCEMENT

The ILLUSTRATED announces the resignation, owing to overwork, of John Adams, Jr., as editor, to take effect Feb. 10. Mr. Adams will, however, act as associate, and Hans von Kaltenborn, '09, will assume the duties of editor.



MEMORIAL HALL

In the April number the ILLUSTRATED will publish an authoritative article on Memorial Hall and the conditions obtaining there. As most of us know, some of us too well, affairs at the hall have not been prosperous during the past half year. The price of general board up to Jan. 1 was \$3.58, an enormous figure, when one considers how little he really gets for it in a material way. Of course you have the satisfaction of quick service, pleasant surroundings, and undoubtedly the most sanitary preparation of food that can be obtained. All this is very good, but the question arises in every man's mind who peruses the monthly statements of the expenditures of the hall, why should we pay upwards of fifty cents per week for interest and debt? Interest is charged on the advances made to the hall by the Corporation to settle its regular bills for provisions, wages, etc. There can be no complaint on this score. The debt of over \$150,000 is being reduced at the rate of about \$8,000 or so a year. Interest is also paid the Corporation on the principal of over \$150,000. All the

time the plant that we are paying for is the property of the Corporation. The hall has the use of it, to be sure, but it has to keep it in repair. Thus arises the anomalous situation of a thousand fellows borrowing money from the University, buying an immense plant with it, paying back the money borrowed in installments, and also paying interest on the capital borrowed; in other words, the Corporation gets plant, money, and interest. The writer sincerely wishes that he could get into a little business on these principles. With a judicious use of his capital in a very few years he could outstrip Rockefeller, and in a few more he would be in the position of the "sleepers" in H. G. Wells' "When the Sleeper Awakes," who, rising from a slumber of two or three centuries, found himself owner of the world through the operation of the principles of compound interest. Too bad the Corporation cannot invest its capital in a few more enterprises analogous to Memorial Hall. It might then be in a position where it would not be necessary for it to seem to fleece the student body of almost fifty cents a week. But in these days of fines for lateness in registration, or in paying term bills, such a consummation doubtless will not be realized. If, however, the Corporation would be so good as at least not to exact interest on gifts to itself, it would not be necessary for them to offer "guarantees" of \$3.00 per week in order to keep the hall running. If students would only reflect on

what, to every thinking man, is patent injustice, and take the remedy of a "strike" until a promise from the Corporation for the perpetual remission of interest charges on gifts to itself were exacted, the hall would be on a firmer basis. Leaving the question of the justice of the case aside, the Corporation can stand the loss of the interest better than we can pay it; most of us would rather have what seems right given us of right, than the charity of a \$3.00 a week "guarantee."



THE LITERARY OUTPUT OF HARVARD

The present article on Harvard papers suggests at once the general literary productivity of Harvard men. The magazines are full of stories or articles by graduates, and books of more or less length are constantly being published. The undergraduates generally have their stories preserved in the *Advocate*, the *Monthly*, and the *ILLUSTRATED*, and it is to these that one looks for a sample of undergraduate literature. At present there seems to be no way of keeping track of the shorter distinctly literary contributions of graduates. If it could be arranged it would be an excellent idea for a quarterly magazine of the size, say, of the *Graduates'*, to be pub-

lished, reprinting the best stories and articles of Harvard men that have appeared in the past three months or so, together with biographical sketches, notes, etc. Books, of course, would be omitted, but with the host of graduates of real ability now writing for the outside magazines there should be no difficulty in getting up a highly interesting and instructive paper. The chief objections to such a proposition must be that it would be hard to get the privilege of reprinting, and that it would leave much in the hands of the editors. It seems that if such a magazine were established, authors would doubtless be only too glad to have their stories reprinted, and could easily be persuaded to reserve that right when they disposed of their writings. The examples of the *Review of Reviews*, *Literary Digest*, and similar publications should be instructive. The same examples also dispose of the second objection, for writers and publishers cheerfully trust the editors of those papers to print or omit whatever they see fit. The idea of a "literary digest" of graduates' work is a good one, for it confers some university distinction on the author happy enough to get his article between its covers, and it also acts in the nature of a repository of what is best among the current writings of Harvard men.





NATIONAL IDEALS HISTORICALLY TRACED. By A. B. Hart, '80. ("The American Nation," Vol. XXVI). New York. Harper's. \$2.00 net.

"National Ideals" is the concluding volume of the great series which Professor Hart has edited. It is the kind of writing for which he has shown predilection—institutional rather than narrative. His previous contribution to the present series—"Slavery and Abolition"—was of this nature. This volume, however, is in the nature of a compromise, for though it deals with institutions more than anything else, it treats them "historically," in order to trace the progress of the institution or ideal under consideration and bring it down to date; then it is analyzed and its significance and probable future shown.

The volume covers a wide range of topics, as a glance at the chapter headings will show,— "The New Comer," "Self-government," "Local Government," "Unofficial Government," "The Art of Living," "I Want to Know," "The Business Man and the Government," "War and Order," and, finally, "The Assurance of American Democracy." This last chapter is the most forceful of the book and in a way sums up both it and the series, for it shows, in general what the chapters show in particular, how intimately our nation is built upon the past. Democracy does

not endure "simply because people think it is a good thing. It lives and will live because no rival system can take its place. . . . Hence the United States is likely not only to endure, but to endure free." It will be so because of certain great national ideals, as that of public interest, which force people to make sacrifices for the country by paying heavy taxes, working for reform, and so on.

There are two ideals that weld together to form a third, and that third is the moving force of America. The first is common sense, which manifests itself in a wholesome conservatism, as respect to the laws. The second is imagination, which "means that public sentiment is emotional, idealistic, sometimes heroic." These two united form public opinion, which is a glacier, within granite walls, crushing all those who attempt to hem it in. The whole essence of the work is that there are national ideals stronger than any destructive forces. "The ideal of American democracy is to make things better."

The book impresses a reader favorably. Notwithstanding some who cry that it was only written to fill out a "chimerical scheme that called for a complete bringing down to date of all the lines of American history," the work seems to us a strong piece of writing, and to be necessary to the series. The author carefully weighs both sides of

a question, shows up interesting tendencies, and to any thinking man his analysis must seem keen and his opinions sane and reasonable. It seems also that the scheme the book was written to fill was not "chimerical" at all, for a complete knowledge of United States history demands a study of our ideals, and they cannot be better treated than historically. The man who in the Union, a little less than a year ago, was hailed by our chief executive, to whom, by the way, the book is fitly dedicated, as "a practitioner of American ideals," as one of the few students of the country who has done original productive scholarship, is not likely to be misled in his judgments or led astray by a "chimerical scheme," particularly when he has consulted several of the foremost historical societies of the country in reference to it.

J. A., JR.

NATIONAL PROBLEMS. By Davis R. Dewey. ("The American Nation," Vol. XXIV). New York. Harper's. AMERICA AS A WORLD POWER. By J. H. Latané. ("The American Nation," Vol. XXV). New York. Harper's. Both \$2.00 net.

These two volumes of "The American Nation" cover our history in the periods 1885-1897 and 1897-1907. If for nothing else, they would be valuable simply as a course in current events. The first treats of the great economic problems of the country, trusts, railroads. The second volume is more concerned with foreign affairs, — Cuba, the Orient, the Alaskan Boundary, the Philippines, etc. Both are well written, and though composed under the great difficulty of being close in time to the object they are describing, are well up to the standard of the series.

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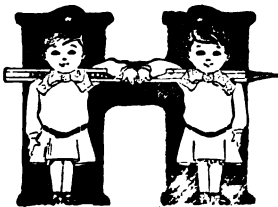
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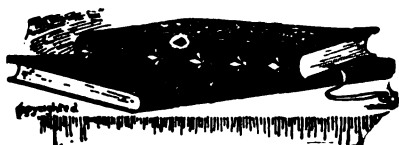
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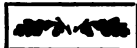
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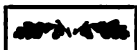
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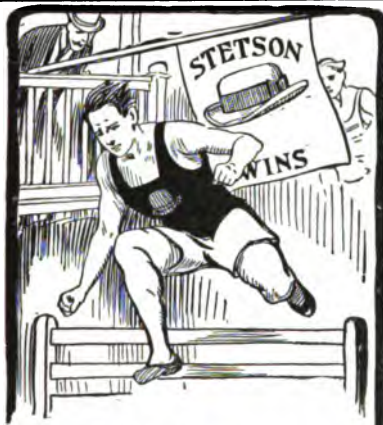
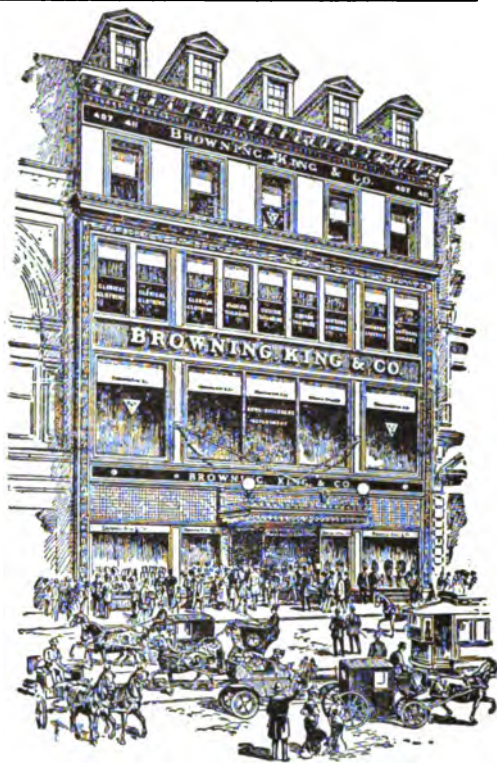
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PROFESSOR PAUL CLEMEN

THE HARVARD ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Vol. IX

MARCH, 1908

No. 6

PROFESSOR CLEMEN AT HARVARD

BY PROFESSOR KUNO FRANCKE

It is with great pleasure that I accept the suggestion of the editor of THE HARVARD ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE to say a few words about the activity of this year's Visiting Professor from Germany, which, unfortunately for us, is now a matter of the past.

From the first day of his stay among us to the last Professor Clemen gave to us his very best. There was never a lecture—whether addressed to the small circle of his closer students or to the large number of cultivated persons interested in German art—which was not equally well thought out, equally weighty in substance, and equally instinct with that fiery, passionate conviction which is the essence of true eloquence. In none of his lectures did Professor Clemen speak from notes. Yet never was there anything of that verboseness or vagueness which so often is the fatal accompaniment of the gift of speech. Every one of his sentences was clean cut, straight to the point, often enlivened by humor, always going to the root of the matter.

In subject-matter as well as in treatment, all of his courses have given to Harvard audiences—professors as well as students—something entirely fresh

and never to be forgotten. In the course on mediæval art he traced the development and the interrelation of the German and the French artistic genius in so comprehensive, searching, and objective a manner as no one before him has done or probably will do in the future. In his seminary on mediæval German sculpture he put the collections of our Germanic Museum to such a practical use as they have never received before. In his Saturday morning course on German art of the nineteenth century, he brought out—probably for the first time not only at Harvard, but in America—the great forces which have helped to shape the artistic life of contemporary Germany, in such a manner as to hold an academic audience of from two hundred to three hundred thoughtful, eager, and most attentive listeners throughout the semester. And in his masterly lectures on Michelangelo, he showed himself an artist of psychological and æsthetic analysis such as has rarely appeared on a Cambridge lecture platform.

But it is not through his lectures alone, perhaps not principally through them, that Professor Clemen has done a great work among us. The whole man

bespoke — by every gesture, word, glance, or act — what makes the essence of the scholar and the glory of his vocation: the absorbing desire for unbiased research and for objective inquiry. Though German to the core and passionately devoted to German ideals of conduct and belief, he was as far removed as possible from national prejudice or arrogance, and he never made the slightest attempt to exalt German achievements or ideas at the expense of other nationalities. Perhaps it may be said that in this very respect he proved himself the worthiest representative of German scholarship. For I doubt whether the critical and historical literature of any other country has been as hospitable

to the productions of other nations than German literary and artistic criticism has been from the days of Winckelmann's "History of Greek Art" down to Karl Justi's "Velasquez."

Goethe somewhere says, "For how many years must we not simply be doing, in order to find out what and how it is to be done." If I may be permitted to apply this word of Goethe's to the work committed to those who here in New England labor for the spreading of German university ideals, I would say that the presence of such a man as Clemen helps them in getting beyond the sphere of mere doing. Such men as he are eye-openers, leaders toward a definite goal, pathfinders and discoverers of new fields.

THE MOON OF MEMORY

BY JOHN HALL WHEELLOCK

Sweet — lest I ever forget,
 Look on me now with thine eyes;
 When the sun of my love is set,
 The moon of my songs shall arise.

Love that loves thee alone,
 How should he sing of thee yet!
 Song that is wild with regret
 Shall sing of thee when thou art gone.

Song that is wild with regret
 Remember the look of the eyes,
 When the sun of my love is set,
 The moon of my songs shall arise.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE PROCTOR

BY OSCAR G. MAYER

In the basement of Gore, among the peaceful archives of the University, twelve manuscript volumes, faded and stiff, have languished these many years. The ILLUSTRATED has looked into them — behold, the minutes of the Parietal Board. They concern a fascinating period of Harvard's social history, a period which marks the height of unruliness in the college, and the subsequent transition to present-day tranquillity. The records embrace a total of twenty-two years, covering broken periods of three and four consecutive years each between 1828 and 1880. Unfortunately the minutes under the system of money fines which prevailed up to 1825 are missing, and the records of the famous student rebellions of 1819 and 1834 are also lost.

As police records are a criterion of the public conscience, so these minutes afford a good idea of the deportment of the early century Harvard man. What is more, we get an insight into the personnel of a body which has thus far kept pretty well out of the historic limelight.

During the early eighteenth century the Parietal Committee comprised the President and Tutors, which meant the entire Faculty apart from the Hollis Professors of Mathematics and Divinity. The tutors were generally four in number. Up to 1766 each of them instructed one class in all branches of study, but in that year the more efficient system of assigning a special field, or at the most several fields of knowledge to one tutor was adopted. By the end of the century the

four tutors seem to have become unequal to the needs of the growing college, and an assistant corps of teachers was organized. The full possibility of this accretion to the Faculty was not fully realized until 1805, when, according to Josiah Quincy, the office of proctor was first established. "It shall be the proctor's duty," according to this author, "to reside constantly and preserve order within the walls, and to exercise the same inspection and authority in their particular district and throughout college which it is the duty of a Parietal Tutor to exercise therein." What these duties were we learn from the minutes.

The first extant records of the board — those of 1828-30 — are the work of a secretary of whom parietal tradition may well be proud. He and the chairman, Dr. Popkin, were the head and heart of the committee. Clearly and succinctly Mr. Cushing records: "*Voted*, Oct. 5, 1829, That Taylor, 2d, be spoken to for embellishing his daily conversation with profane language." "*Voted*, 2d, to admonish Sumner for riding his Hobby in his room." "*Voted*, That Odin and Patterson be animadverted upon for whispering in prayers in the following way, to wit: viz., by speaking to them." But malfeasances of this character were less frequent than offenses against the legal code of dress. Violations of this stripe were particularly numerous during the beginning of the college term, when the acclimatization of the Freshman was still in progress; but through-

out the whole year 1829-30 their number is appalling. "*Voted*, Sept. 29, 1829, That Wilder be spoken to for wearing a yellow vest." "Sept. 2, *Voted*, That Seth, Soph. be directed to discontinue his nankin pantaloons." Yellow and red ties seem to have been the vogue. It was a red cravat that provoked the longest single parietal record of the century. "Wed., Oct. 28, 1828. *Voted*, 1st, That Hancock, Fresh., be spoken to for wearing a claret cravat. On this subject there was considerable discussion. Mr. Putnam A.B., delivered an eloquent and spirited argument in favor of noting Hancock. After stating at length why we should note Hancock rather than speak to him he ended with the following eloquent and spirited peroration, 'So long as you continue to speak to them, so long will they continue to transgress and apply all the principles of permutation and combination to see how many times they may offend without being punished.'—Mr. Stearns, Tutor of Mathematics, then arose and opposed Mr. Putnam's argument on the ground that there was no danger of the students' applying the mathematical principles mentioned, no students being supposed to know them existent, but that if they could be induced to study the science of mathematics it would be a very advantageous thing for the institution, some motives being wanting to induce them to attend to it. On this ground the vote was passed."

On Oct. 7, 1829, according to the minutes, "the Parietal Board met under an elm on the Common," and on Friday, Oct. 8, 1830, they voted unanimously, "That the Parietal Committee do recognize and acknowledge Louis Phillipe King of the French."

During these years infractions of the rules were infrequent. President Quincy's disciplinary methods probably contributed to the general good order. Sometimes the record of a whole series of the parietal meetings reads as follows: "Nov. 19, 1829. Met in Mr. Allen Putnam's rooms. Meeting came to order. Mr. Putnam, A.M., in the chair. *Voted*, 1st, to adjourn. Adjourned." To one of these records the secretary adds: "Mr. Geo. Putnam was disappointed, having determined to make 'a speech' on any subject, having prepared himself for the strong and pathetic by a proper admixture of tough and tender loins at dinner." The following record bears testimony to the almost uncanny jurisdiction which this board exercised: "*Voted*, That Mr. Brown be instructed to speak to two dogs, to wit, one Black Dog, and one piebald Dog for intruding within the College Yard last Friday." On Dec. 18, 1830, "the committee being presented with no recital of divers strange tales and curious jokes, after the retirement of the President [Dr. Popkin] raised so merry a shout that the members were separated by Mr. Sales for disturbing his recitation."

Mr. Cushing finally records a peculiar bit of legislation which requires explanation. "*Voted*, That Mr. Lothrop be requested to assign to his Freshman the wood-hole in his entry." One of the perquisites of proctorhood seems to have been the services of a "meritorious Freshman." This student—"parietal Freshman," as he was called—was lodged directly beneath the proctor's quarters. He was trained to react promptly to a stamp on the floor, and generally served parietal summons upon delinquents. But keeping the proctorial

wood-bunker filled was evidently another of the Freshman's chores. The wood was stored in the cellar, and the cellars of Hollis, Stoughton, and Massachusetts, Thayer says, contained two or three inches of water.

This kind of Freshman servitude last until the 70's and is a survival of the previous century, during which Freshmen record having "cut the President's grass" and "made the President's hay." The office of "parietal Freshman," was, however, much sought after, owing to the system of room allotment prevailing. Under a scheme by which a student who had a bad room one year received a better one the next year, the proctor's Freshman always looked forward to pleasant lodgings.

The folios which follow Mr. Cushing's for 1828-30 are those for the years 1843-49. The main characteristic of this period is the growing spirit of impiety, which took the form of "tardiness at prayers," "turning back to the officiating clergyman," "indecorous hurrying out after service," "toilet at prayers (nails)," etc., and against which the board militates vigorously. On Nov. 12, 1848, it was voted "that Howard, sen., be spoken to for frequently sitting down and remaining seated during prayer." Howard's excuse: "Does it only when unwell," follows thereafter in pencil. On Oct. 15, 1847, Shattuck Hartwell, chairman, secretary of the board, notes "That Everett, jun., be spoken to for habitually sleeping during the service at the Episcopal Church. Denied it." [Underlined.]

Chapel service in those years was held twice daily, at six or seven in the morning, according to season, and at five in the evening. The Parietal Board as-

sisted at these services in the following order, which is noted each year in the minutes. "*Voted*, That during the current term [1848] the proctors occupy the following positions at prayers:

"Proctor Hooper at the head of the Seniors.

"Proctor Johnson between the Seniors and Juniors.

"Proctor Wheaton at the foot of the Juniors.

"Proctor Tower at the head of the Sophs.

"Proctor Felton between the Sophs. and Freshmen.

"Tutor Child at the foot of the Freshmen."

The closest supervision is, as the record shows, over the Juniors and Sophomores.

The proctors were entrusted not only with the maintenance of order, but they also kept records of absences and tardiness. During the period under consideration written excuses in Latin were exacted from the students and read every Saturday in chapel. Thayer records the following as common: "*semel ægrotavi*," "*bis invalui*," "*detentus ab amicis*," "*ex oppido*," "*tintinnabulum non audiui*."

Other offenses which came under the cognizance of the board in the 40's are grouping in the Yard, "illegal" dress, sitting out of order in chapel, snow-balling, speaking or shouting from the dormitory windows, and smoking in the precincts. And on Sept. 25, 1846, the dutiful secretary records: "That Glazier, sen., be 'seriously' spoken to for music and noise generally in his room during study hours;" in 1847, "that Glover and Brown, Sophs., and Carter, Fresh., be spoken to for promoting ill-will between a dog and a cat in the first entry of

Hollis during study hours on Thurs., Oct. 1, to the great disturbance of the good order of the College."

In 1842 the most famous member of last century's Parietal Board first took his seat in the meetings—a man remarkably regular in attendance, and of great influence in its deliberations. He was its faithful member for forty-one years, until his death in 1883, and is generally noted at the head of those present as Tutor Sophocles. His full name was Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles, and he lived alone in Holworthy. He was a Greek and taught his native tongue. He had a deep-rooted aversion to "goodies," always keeping his own room in order. For a number of years he kept chickens in a yard near the present site of Radcliffe. Those who remember him to-day, describe him as a man who was difficult to approach, but capable of forming deep and lasting friendships.

His death, in 1883, marks approximately the end of the old method of discipline. The relaxation of parietal control is, however, a gradual process, distinctly noticeable as early as the sixties and seventies, and it is brought about to a great extent by the members of the board themselves. Restrictions upon dress disappeared in the sixties, and soon thereafter smoking was permitted in the precincts,—halls and dormitories excepted. Chapel offenses, such as tardiness, absences, "newspaper at prayers," up to the abolition of compulsory attendance in 1886, take more of the board's time than all other offenses put together. The following record indicates what seems to have been a favorite amusement of the Harvard man of this period: "Jan. 17, 1870, Bartlett, jun., casting reflection across the Yard with a mirror. Up to Faculty." Noise also increases during

this period as the following minutes will witness: "June 12, 1871, Lawton, jun., making noise with a 'devil's fiddle.' Up to Faculty." "Barker, Soph., shouting 'fire' and 'heads out.' Up to Faculty." "Dyer, Fresh., howling from his window, G. 35, May 24, 10.30 P.M." "Phelps, shouting 'Hi-hi' in the College Yard. Up to Faculty," and, lastly, "May, 1872, Brainard, Soph., making a very oppressive noise with a blade of grass and persisting in same. Up to Faculty."

The many restrictions under which previous generations of Harvard men labored—not always without rebellion—and which former Parietal Boards were in duty bound to enforce, have almost entirely disappeared. The present-day Harvard man seems more composed and less enthusiastic than his predecessors. He is no longer treated as a potential culprit, but as a gentleman. And since the responsibility for their conduct has been placed upon the students, Harvard men have steadily improved until they are to-day the staidest collegians in America. In the words of the present Dean: "Harvard College demands only that you be a gentleman and attend your courses." The days of paternalism and puritanism have given way to an era of liberal individualism.

Under such a condition of things it was inevitable that the position of the proctor should also undergo a radical change. Nowadays weeks may go by in which he does not take a thought of the men in his entry. The almost forgotten ten o'clock rule, which Freshmen violate "just to see what the proctor looks like," is a last relic of the old régime. It, too, will doubtless soon disappear, and unless the proctor makes a place for himself in the new order, he, too, may soon drop out of sight.

A CHANCE FOR HARVARD EXPLORERS

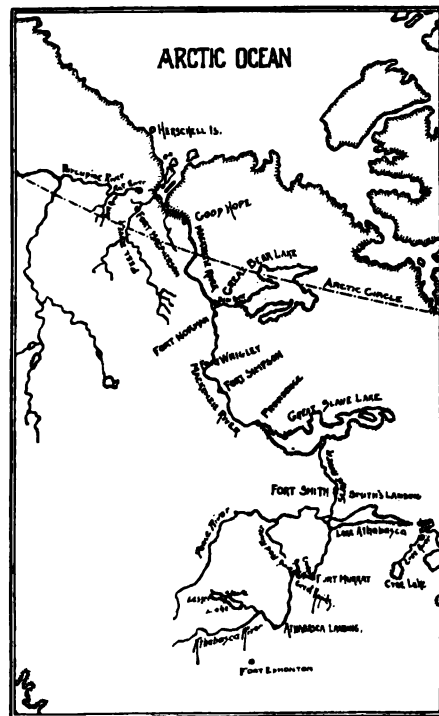
BY V. STEFÁNSSON

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Stefánsson was for some time connected with the Peabody Museum. He was a member of the Harvard expedition to Iceland in 1905, and was ethnologist in a recent expedition along the MacKenzie. This expedition he describes in a series of articles now running in *Harper's Monthly*.

To say that within a week's journey of Harvard University is to be found a tribe of men, scientifically unknown, should suffice to stir the interest of every budding ethnologist. To add that the habitation of these men can readily be reached, and that they are about to become extinct, should force the conviction that from this state of facts arises an opportunity for an achievement in the cause of science. It is the purpose of this article to call that opportunity to the attention of Harvard men, and to give some slight initial aid towards its realization.

In a recent general review of our ethnological knowledge of the tribes of Canada, Professor Franz Boas omits from discussion the lower Mackenzie Valley, because its people are up to the present, scientifically, practically unknown. And this in spite of the fact that the peoples from Athabasca Lake northward have been in pretty continuous contact with whites since the last quarter of the eighteenth century; some of them had dealt with the representatives of the Hudson's Bay and of the Northwest fur companies even before Alexander Mackenzie first navigated the river which since bears his name. Some subdivisions of these northern Indians are now almost faded to nothingness

under the influence of the white man and his imported diseases, while most of them are not only losing their purity of blood and physical type, but also, and more especially, forgetting the customs, lore, and legends of their forefathers. It is already late, it will soon be too late, to study these people. Canada, as a government, has so far done nothing; no institution in America or Europe has concerned itself with the people, though



zoölogists and geologists have made their furtive incursions into the region. So far as the writer knows, two Harvard men have penetrated to the Arctic Sea by following the Mackenzie's northward current, but neither of them contributes to our knowledge more than a few notes by the way.

If it be the purpose of an article to encourage Harvard men of scientific tastes to turn their thoughts and steps

summer or next summer one must take either the Canadian Pacific or Canadian Northern Railway to Edmonton, the present northwestward railway terminus. Thence a ninety-mile stage drive takes one to the southward curve of the Athabasca River, the initial point of the only practicable northward route.

In years of high water a steamer, pushing freight-scows before it, covers the one hundred and sixty miles between



ON THE UPPER ATHABASCA

Cree Indian crew of fur transport fleet at dinner

northward, it is more important to deal with the means of access to this little known country than to dwell upon the passing and immediate scientific need, for a self-evident thing needs neither argument nor proof.

At present there is no choice of routes to the arctic basin, though the projected Canadian transcontinental railways will, in a few years, open an alternate gateway through the Peace River. This

Athabasca Landing and the Grand Rapids, but in many years one must take to the flat-bottomed row-boats right from the start, and in any case they must be utilized from the Grand Rapids, a hundred miles further down, to Fort McMurray. These boats are preferably manned by crews of the river Crees, an intrusive people of Algonquin blood, who have in recent times occupied the whole of the Athabasca and have even



FORT RESOLUTION, GREAT SLAVE LAKE

Indian tents and Catholic Mission

pushed down along the banks of the Slave. These Indians are excellent boatmen, but need all their resource and river craft to get in safety through the Burnt, Boiler and Crooked Rapids, in each of which (and some of the others) one or more boats out of each fleet of ten or twelve is almost certain to strike a rock, and likely to go down in consequence.

From Fort McMurray the current is placid, and the excellent steamer *Grahame* takes you rapidly down the river to its mouth and thence across Athabasca Lake into the Slave River and down it to the beginning of the Slave Rapids at Smith's Landing. At this point one makes a sixteen-mile portage by horse wagons to Fort Smith. These are the most northerly horses in the interior of Canada; former and farm horses we left behind near Edmonton before commencing the river journey. At this point also—in the woods to the westward—are the only wild buffalo still left on our continent. They are a herd of about three hundred, and are usually found from fifteen to forty miles west from the river.

From Fort Smith, at the lower end of the portage, the steamer *Wrigley* takes us as far northward as we can go within the Indian country, for her final port is Fort Macpherson, far within the arctic circle and on the frontier of the Eskimos' domain. The *Wrigley* is of deep-water build, with a screw propeller and seven-foot draught, for she must cross the stormy Greater Slave Lake—a sheet larger than either Lake Erie or Lake Ontario and one of the roughest lakes in the world.

If one has only the summer at his disposal for the doing of the scientific work in hand, it would seem wiser not to go beyond Slave Lake, if indeed one should go quite that far. Here, or sooner, one should allow the steamer to proceed ahead, and follow it in a boat or canoe, staying the desired length of time at each Hudson's Bay post, or other place where conditions are favorable for one's inquiry, be it ethnological, ornithological, or what not. If one goes with the fur transports all the way, one gets merely passing glimpses of the life and conditions on the banks as one passes. However interesting the impressions thus

gained may be, they are not suited to scientific uses. The steamer does not ordinarily stay over six hours at each post, and these are some two hundred miles apart.

The fur transports leave "civilization" at Athabasca Landing the latter half of May, and should reach Slave Lake early in July, returning from the arctic to the lake about the middle of August and completing the round trip of some four thousand miles at Athabasca Landing before the 10th of September, or in a trifle

crossed Slave Lake and proceed in one's own boat down past the posts of Providence, Simpson, Wrigley, Norman, Good Hope, and Arctic Red River, to Macpherson, on the Peel River.

From this point there are three ways of getting out, if one does not want to spend the winter in the north. The least advisable method is to go in a row-boat down the remaining two hundred miles to the Arctic Ocean and proceed thence sixty or eighty miles west along the coast to Herschell Island. From there,



FORT WRIGLEY, MACKENZIE RIVER

A typical fur-trader's post

less than four months. From Fort Smith on the Slave River the *Wrigley*, late in the summer, usually makes a second northward trip as far as Fort Norman, at the mouth of Bear River, so that it is possible to return to Athabasca Landing in October instead of September.

If one should wish to study rather the peoples between Slave Lake and the arctic than those immediately around the lake and just north and south of it, the proper procedure would be to leave the fur transports just after they have

in most years, a whaling ship would take one out *via* Bering Straits, leaving Herschell the last days of August and landing one in San Francisco not before November. This is a long and rough voyage, with some chances of becoming ice-bound in the Arctic, and of other mishaps; besides, the whaling captains are none too eager to take passengers and may insist on the traveler helping man the boats if whales are sighted in the Wrangell Land fall cruise.

A second method of getting home from Fort Macpherson is to walk (car-

A Chance for Harvard Explorers

rying one's baggage) over the hundred-mile divide separating the Peel from the Bell River, then building a raft of green spruce trees on the Bell, floating down it to the Porcupine and down that stream to the Yukon, where one can take excellent river steamers, either up-stream to Dawson, or down-stream to St. Michaels and Nome, from either of which getting south to Seattle is simple.

A third, and the best, way of egress from Macpherson is to drop in a boat a hundred miles down the Mackenzie to where the Rat River enters from the west. Ten days of towing the boat up the Rat bring one to the headwaters of the Bell, down which one goes as indicated above, having, however, the advantage of a boat instead of a raft.

Of course, this brief account is only intended to give a few general hints as to ways and means. It shows what it is possible to do rather than explains how it can be done. Nor must it be forgotten that the route into northern Canada and Alaska, which has here been traced, follows, for the most part, the ill-reputed Edmonton trail, along which hundreds of lives were lost during the Klondike rush. But, properly equipped, the man of science has little to fear in these regions, much less than in many other fields that are now being scoured to enlarge our scientific knowledge. The opportunity for a material contribution to the sum of human knowledge is here. Will some Harvard man be found to take it?





PIERIAN SODALITY ORCHESTRA, 1908

THE CENTENNIAL OF THE PIERIAN SODALITY

BY PHILIP GREELEY CLAPP

On March 6, 1808, Alpheus Bigelow, Benjamin D. Bartlett, Joseph Eaton, John Gardner, and Frederic Kinloch, all of the class of 1810, met to form what we now know to be the oldest college musical club of which any record exists, — the Pierian Sodality. As the name would indicate, the Pierian Sodality was designed to be a brotherhood of the devotees of the Muse; but at first there was nothing which we to-day could call an orchestra.

It must be remembered that music was regarded at that time as a rather desirable accomplishment, but as a very disreputable pursuit; a young man was thought to add to his polish by playing the flute, but "fiddling" was looked at askance. It is very probable, therefore, that the Pierian's early days were more conspicuous for dilettantism than for artistic work; but the good-fellowship and body-spirit were there, and a strong social interest in the Pierian held it together. The social side remains to-day; an organization within the whole organization controls the affairs of the orchestra, the membership of the inner organization being made up of those men who have proved their caliber in the outer.

Even within the memory of living graduates, there have been times when the proportion of instruments in the orchestra was something like the following: ten flutes, three violins, bass, and piano. That the Pierian has been justified in calling itself an orchestra for some

time, however, seems safe enough; a picture of the organization in my father's time (1870 and thereabouts) shows three or four violins, two flutes, two clarinets, two cornets, trombone, bass, piano, and drums, — not by any means an unmusical combination. And it must always be remembered that the members of these strange groupings were sincerely fond of music; it was largely Pierian graduates who started the Harvard Musical Association, whose long struggles, under great discouragement, to maintain an orchestra in Boston, prepared the field for Major Higginson and his Boston Symphony Orchestra. It was a group of Pierian graduates who started the Washington Symphony Orchestra; and it is still known that all the musical organizations in Harvard, with the exception of the Musical Club of the Department of Music, are either children or grandchildren of the Pierian.

But sailing has not always been smooth for the Pierian. In 1832 there was for a while only one member, who held all the offices, paid his dues, regularly rehearsed, and in the end induced enough more men to join the organization to secure its continuance. For many years the question of sufficient membership has not arisen; but other questions have bothered the Pierian. Of course a college organization cannot count on a steady rate of membership, either in quantity or in quality; and where the membership is constantly shifting, the

executive must be of a higher degree of efficiency than would be required of an organization of mature, experienced men. Faithful and earnest officers have never been lacking; but it has not always been possible to secure wise ones. And, of course, the mistakes of a couple of unfortunate administrations have sometimes spoiled the improvement of years; so the excellence of the Pierian has fluctuated from most successful work to horribly inadequate attempts.

Just what the province of a Harvard orchestra should be has been a vexed question. Many leaders have been ambitious and lofty in their aims, while, on the other hand, there have been still more who were unwilling to expect much, and consequently to try for much. The opinion has finally been reached that such a college organization should confine itself to light music, which is within its powers of comprehension, — a belief which presupposes that the collegiate mind cannot fathom the "true inwardness" of classical music. Just why a mind capable of collegiate training should be unable to grasp what a much lower form of mind — namely, that of the average "poor-devil" instrumentalist — is perfectly able to handle, is hard to point out; but in view of the fact that light music is obviously easier to grasp than serious music, we can forgive our friends who think so poorly of our brain-power, and stick to our light music, which is usually all that is demanded.

But in this centennial year there has been a sudden call from the faculty, the graduates, and even many of the undergraduates for a higher standard of work. It is all very fine to hail several hundred graduates from different quarters

of the globe to celebrate the anniversary of a student orchestra; but the orchestra must at least be able to play pieces of a festival character. There is no talk now of being content with doing what we can easily do well; the question asked us is, "Can you play classical music well at the end of the year?" And the answer I gave the graduate committee this fall was "Yes."

The exact difficulties are these: Light music is usually written with a theater orchestra in view, and such an orchestra may consist only of stringed instruments, a flute, a cornet, a trombone, and the drums, or it may have every kind of instrument represented; accordingly all light music is written in a very stereotyped manner, so as to secure its performance by any possible combination, from the smallest to the greatest. The method of accomplishing this is to give all the melodies to the first violin, the flute, or the cornet, and confine the other instruments to accompaniment; any more instruments that are added do not have independent parts, but "double" some instrument of about their compass. The effect of this system on orchestral players is twofold: each player has exactly the same general character of work to do at all times, so that he does not have to pay constant attention to the particular character of what he is playing; also, all the accompanying players feel perfectly certain that if they miss a note or two the other instruments that have the same notes can carry the part. It will be seen that this sort of music "plays itself," a quality which endears it to amateur performers.

Serious (or, as it is popularly called, "classical") music is written on a dif-

ferent plan. In the first place, it presupposes a pretty large orchestra; in the second place, it makes the most of each and every instrument. The true composer, as opposed to the "hack," writes this melody for the clarinet, not because he happens to have a clarinetist who wishes to do something, but because this melody suits the tone of the clarinet better than it suits the tone of the flute; and the next melody may be allotted to the 'cello, the bassoon, the horn, or any other instrument. The results with reference to earlier considerations are these: each instrument has sometimes to play melody, sometimes to accompany, sometimes even to be silent, — and after these silences to enter "on time," — and so each player must be constantly on the alert; each part is, furthermore, indispensable, and no player can feel sure that another man will carry his part if he drops out.

An orchestra capable of performing the great run of classical music would contain three flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, four horns, two or three trumpets (or cornets), three trombones, various instruments of percussion, and string in certain fixed proportions, — violins, violas, 'cellos, and basses. Violins, cornets, and drums are not hard to find; flutes and 'cellos are less often found, but can usually be had after some searching; but the other instruments are uncertainties in a college orchestra, probably because professional musicians do not attend college in so great numbers as they should, while men who play for amusement choose the more popular instruments; the Gordian knot might be cut by filling the gaps with professionals, but this we did not care to do except when no student could by price or stratagem be induced to fill a position, for we

felt that an orchestra of forty, with fifteen or more professionals would be no college organization. Fortunately we were able to start the year with two good clarinets; and a pianist of versatile nature learned a bassoon — not a difficult task for one who already knew a great deal about music. An oboe we were long in finding, but eventually a student was found who applied his knowledge of other instruments to learning this one, and who has since become very proficient; with one oboe and one bassoon we felt that we could hire for one large concert the other players on each instrument, and thus our "woodwind" of three flutes (which we had already), two oboes, two clarinets, and two bassoons, would be complete. Horns were a terrible question; the instrument requires such a hard, and at the same time delicate lip that many men who are capable of becoming excellent cornet or trombone players can never master the horn, simply through the natural condition of their lip-muscles; one might say that a horn-player is born, not made. We were so fortunate, however, as to find, one by one, three men who were evidently *born* with the right kind of lip; practice and supervision then *made* them born players of sufficient skill to play second, third, and fourth horns. — once again we trust to a more experienced man for "first" player. Three trombones were secured, one an undergraduate, one a very loyal graduate, and one a friend of our President who has had great experience as a soloist but wanted full orchestra practice. Violas, again, gave us trouble; we needed five, and for a time we could by no powers muster more than three; finally we filled one section. Basses

caused less trouble; we began with one excellent player, and he thus transformed two pianists into very capable basses; for what is largely needed in order to play the bass is thorough general musical knowledge and willingness to practice a rather thankless instrument. Thus our orchestra, which began the season with about twenty players, poorly balanced as regards proportionate size of the divisions, grew by January to the dimensions seen in the picture, with pretty good balance, and now numbers fifty-five, absolutely balanced in accordance with auristic and æsthetic laws.

We began work this year with the lighter varieties of music, partly on account of demand for that kind, partly so that the less experienced players might accustom themselves to orchestral routine with the least possible friction; but from the very start the half-asleep manner of playing prevalent in the theaters was not tolerated. Every effort was made to prepare the music on which we worked with just as much care in expression and shading as later we were going to require in the more serious work. The result was that before our December series of concerts the men had learned to watch and follow the movement of the baton,—and that is the whole secret of the difference between playing that is stimulating and playing that is dull. When we began work after mid-years, however, taking up classical music, the men found the work hard and perplexing; instruments that had formerly been confined to a rhythmic accompaniment suddenly found themselves playing little melodic snatches from time to time, which had to be brought out with the same degree of perfection as

that demanded of the accustomedly melodic instruments.

This difficulty, together with the impossibility of the director's coaching each man individually (as he could do in a professional orchestra, where no university took up his time or theirs), was obviated by the adoption of a plan which should give the director a chance to devote his time to mastering every detail of the music considered as a whole, and then being sure of being able to give up every rehearsal to the actual production of the effects as opposed to the creation of the elements. Heads were appointed over each natural division of the orchestra. Before taking up a work the leader tells these section-heads what points are to be brought out, what the *tempo* and phrasing are; the section-heads then make the inexperienced practice, so that no men come to rehearsal without knowing their individual parts. In rehearsal only the ensemble need be considered.

The Pierian has been much helped by friends at times when the Faculty and undergraduates looked upon it pretty coldly. Chief among those who have been of real assistance to the organization is Professor Spalding of the Department of Music, who has urged men to join the orchestra both by personal solicitation and through the columns of the *Crimson*, and whose interest and confidence in the work of the orchestra is so great that he was willing to make the Pierian's petition for a spring trip an affair of his department, taking thereby full official responsibility for the adequacy of the performances planned,—an action which probably persuaded the Faculty that the Pierian was fit to represent the university in remote cities.

But the Pierian is not all hard work. There has been a good deal of fun at the rehearsals, often merely general, more often good-naturedly personal fun — and from this last the leader has not always escaped! Then there are occasional "feeds," to which the whole orchestra is invited; then the beers flow, and the traditional jokes go round,—the newer generations laughing honestly at them, the older members laughing to see the younger so enthusiastic. An investigation, too, of the old records shows that in its first half-century the Pierian did a good deal of serenading; there is no telling what this discovery may lead to. And just before this article goes to press, the Pierian will have become just one hundred years old. The date will be marked with festivities, of which the members will know much, and the outside world very little.

The work for the rest of this year is a series of centennial demonstrations, all working up gradually to the celebration in May. On April 10 the Pierian will present, in Sanders Theater, a program partly of classical music, partly of compositions by recent Harvard graduates; after the concert a ball will be given in Memorial Hall. In the week following Easter, a tour will be made through New York State with some excursions to more distant points; concerts will be given at Harvard Clubs and at various colleges.

Finally, toward the last of May, a whole evening's concert will be devoted to the compositions of Harvard men, beginning with Professor Paine (without whom Harvard would not have to-day the musical life that it has), and continuing through the older graduates to the younger graduates and the undergraduates.

A word in closing. Any one familiar with European life knows that America has not given to music that prominence which it deservedly obtains in other countries. It is therefore most significant that so long ago as 1808 Harvard men took the lead in establishing a college musical organization. Almost every college of any importance now has student musical organizations, and many of them do excellent work. In Harvard, where there are the most men to choose from, the best material should be available; in Harvard, where breadth of ideals is characteristic, an organization for artistic purposes should be regarded as worth while, and as a source of serious competition with other universities. At the present time the natural interest which gathers around the centenary of such an organization, the help of friends, and the fortunate combination of adequate and promising material with energetic officers, all cooperate for a far greater success than the Pierian has yet known.

THE KNIGHT OF THE CORN-FIELD FOREST

BY DAVID MACGREGOR CHENEY

It was early in the September afternoon, when I sat down on the stone steps of the grain-house, to lament the defeat of the Vandals. I had played every game I knew that is possible for a little boy to play by himself, and had invented several others, more or less exciting. My last adventure, indeed, had been of as wild and dangerous a type as the most desperate knight could desire. I had transformed the barnyard, through the magic of "make believe," into the Mediterranean Sea. The narrow entrance, between the barn and the woodshed, became the Strait by the Pillars of Hercules; the barn was the great continent of Europe, with a door on one side for Spain, and a door on the other for Italy; and the old fence had marked the shores of Africa. As the woodshed seemed out of place, having no reason for existence in my geography, I had calmly obliterated it from the earth, and called the vacancy "the unknown waters of the west." That sounded like the books father read, and pleased my odd little mind.

I had a shield, if you please, of wood, carved somewhat rudely, and painted blue, yellow, and red. My brother, whose cunning had wrought the marvel, had also fitted a butterbox to my head in so wondrous a fashion as to leave no doubt in any one's mind that it was intended for a helmet. The plume of horse-hair (cut in a moment of daring from the tail of old Bob, the plow-horse) served, no doubt, to heighten this effect, particularly as it had been dipped in bluing. As for weapons, I bore, with all the pride of the experienced warrior, a long lance (one-time useful as a bean pole)

and a real, tin sword. A *real* tin sword, I say, and a scabbard to hold it, ornamented with a silver dragon, and a hilt of its own, with a scarlet tassel.

The Mediterranean abounded with enemies, as you may know from your history; and, after sacking Rome, as an Alaric, I had swept down on Africa with the awful fury of the Vandals. The few hens and turkeys that were enjoying themselves in the warm dust had fled, squawking, at my first charge, through the fence to the pasture beyond,—and I had shouted myself hoarse over my triumph.. Then came the hour of defeat. In the midst of glorious victory, just as I was about to invade Italy again, at the head of my conquering host, something struck me with the force of a thousand charging armies and hurled me far over the dusty Mediterranean. When I had recovered myself sufficiently to lead my now thoroughly dismayed forces to the protection of the fence around Africa, I paused upon the top bar to view the scene of my disaster through dusty, tear-dimmed eyes. With a proud and victorious look in his eyes, Billy the goat stood in the midst of the Mediterranean. Just what sort of sea monster I could turn this creature into, I gave up trying to imagine. The only thing for a vanquished Vandal to do was to go to the steps of the grain-house and moodily dream of his defeat.

So I sat in the sun, my plumed helmet at my side, digging parallel lines, with the blunt end of my sword, through the thick-growing roots of the mayweed. It was a pity, I thought, that the greatest warriors, sometime in their careers, must meet defeat. The climate killed Alaric, and they buried him in a river-bed.

serving as a protection against Indians and wild animals. Through the gate of this palisade the little company had already borne some of its number, so that to them it already seemed "old." In another year they set it off with its own fence. On January 4, 1635, they wrote solemnly, "It is further ordered that the Burying-place shall be paled in, whereof John Taylcot is to do 2 Rod, Georg Steele 3 Rod and a Gate, Mathew Allen 1 Rod, Thomas Hosmer 3 Rod and Andrew Warner appointed to get the remainder done at a publick charge and he is to have iiii a Rod."

Only a year after this the settlers established their college in the wilderness, and exactly a hundred years after the paling-in, another record was made by the college: "That the college pay one-sixth — £25 — of the cost of a new wall about the burying-place because the college has used and expects to make use of the burying-ground as Providence gives occasion for it." Providence did give all too frequent occasion. Presidents, graduates, and students, all have been interred across the way. In the center of a college group is the high, square tomb covering the body of Harvard's first president, that Henry Dunster who came from the English Cambridge in 1640 to rule the college for fourteen years. Even after he had been removed for dangerous heterodoxy on the doctrine of infant-baptism and had dwelt elsewhere for five years, he still remembered the little grave-yard, and his last wish was to be brought back there to his college. Straining our eyes at the ancient little stone, set into the top of the great slab, since laid over his grave, we can still read the long Latin epitaph.

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of the Memorial Society marks the grave of President Uriah Oakes. There are buried in this little ground five other presidents, Leverett, Wadsworth, Holyoke, Willard, and Webber. All around them lie their former pupils, elder brothers who toiled before us in our halls and who themselves often gazed upon the white group of stones, or walked among them. The stones record the fact of their Harvard study: "Col. Harvardini quondam alumni and ornamenti" — "Senatus Collegii Harvardini Socii Primarii Ejusdemque Curatoris Spectatissimi" — "Baccalaureatus 3 mo's." Inscriptions like these are frequent. An odd fact, but an almost unfailing rule is that none who have studied at Harvard are spared the Latin, none without that distinction can boast it.

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Arthur, mounted on my white palfrey, charging a dragon. My good sword, Excalibur, flashed in the sun. The dragon, with loud and unmusical protest, took refuge in the forest. Without hesitation, I plunged in — I mean, I rode in — after him.

The forest was cool and shady and full of attractive cross-roads,—long, straight alleys reaching from nowhere to nowhere. The gobbler,—I should have said the dragon,—taking advantage of the confusion of paths, fled away to his den in the fastnesses of the mountains. There was some difficulty, it is true, about the mountains; and I, at last, decided that the haystacks in the adjoining meadow were quite suitable for the purpose. The gobbler, furthermore, had undoubtedly run, choking and spluttering, thither. So I gave up the chase, and, with my hand on the hilt of my sword, advanced into the gloom of the forest.

I must have covered considerable ground, turning this way and that down the corn-rows, before I realized that the place was growing more shadowy. My father's corn-field was one of the largest in the county, covering several acres, and I was now well in the midst of it. For the first time, my warlike ardor was dampened. My heart began to beat a little faster, and I unconsciously quickened my steps.

I could hear, far away, a soft mooing, mingled with the tinkling of a bell, and I knew that the cows were coming home. I felt, immediately, a strong desire for home and supper. Yet here was an unforeseen difficulty. The forest was honeycombed with paths. Which one should I take?

As I was hesitating, my sword in its sheath once more, a sound, seemingly from among the corn-rows ahead, drew

my thoughts from home. I heard a low sobbing, like that of a frightened child. I became straightway bold again, as I felt that some one was near who was weaker than I, and drew my sword. I was King Arthur once more, and ran with a shout towards the sound.

Seated on a huge, golden pumpkin, I found a little girl hugging a doll with both arms, and sobbing as if her heart were broken. So wrapt was she in her own loneliness and fear, that she neither heard my shout nor noted my coming. Resting on my spear as well as I could (it was very long and very limp), I spoke as became a knight.

"Fair lady," said I; and, at the sound of my voice, she jumped up. "Fair lady, I have come these many leagues in search of adventure—" Here, I broke off and began to laugh. The little girl seemed greatly relieved at the sound, and smiled faintly. I began my speech, as near as I could remember, in the words of the story-book; but she looked so funny, in her bewilderment, that I forgot how to go on.

"Oh, never mind that!" said I. "You are lost, aren't you, little girl?" She was fully as tall as I, and I did not believe it.

"Yes," she answered, mopping her wet face with a small, tightly rolled handkerchief.

"Then, I am a knight, you know—I mean, we'll play I am, for I really aren't. Let's have you be a beautiful princess, and me, King Arthur. Play your name is—"

"My name is Edith," said she, with some interest. Her eyes were blue and large and shiny with tears; her mouth was very little and her lips very red. I shall never forget how she looked in the shade of the corn.

"We'll play you're Genevieve," I went on.

"I don't like 'Genevieve.' I wants my own, really, truly name. I'm Edith," she said again.

I stamped my foot impatiently. Her voice was low, musical, and still trembled a little. Somehow I could not help doing as she wished; and I did not like it.

"Oh, well, then,—if you must," I answered, "be Edith—be anything—only it's growing dark, and Mama'll worry—yours will, too, won't she? We must go—I'll show the way. I'll ride ahead on my palfrey, and be Arthur, and you'll ride behind me, and be any one you like."

"What's a paffrey?" she asked.

"A kind of a horse they used to have, with feet shod with silver, and all white—I mean the horse was—and—and—"

"Papa's got a white horse. Is it a paffrey?"

"They don't have 'em anymore," I explained, sagely. "I guess they's all been killed in battles."

"P'raps," she assented. Then, "What's *your* name, little boy?"

"I *ain't* little," I answered, indignantly. "I'm bigger'n you be, so there! I'm most a man. And my name's John Alderwood Campbell."

"I'm awful tired," complained my new friend, with drooping head. "This ain't an easy paffrey."

"Palfreys go so fast, they's uncomfortable, anyway," said I. "But let's unmount an' rest in the shadow of this oak tree. I'll guard you, while you take a nap."

"You ain't very big, to guard me," returned Edith, doubtingly. "You better grow some, to guard a big girl like me."

"Oh—I'm a-growin' an' a-growin',

ev'ry day. That's why I eat so much. O dear—when I'm all growed, I wonder if I won't want to eat anywhere?"

"Course you will," answered Edith, sleepily curling up on the ground. "You've got to eat to breathe, an' if you didn't breathe, you'd die."

"I wonder how it feels to die," I said, half to myself, as I lifted her head and propped it against my shoulder.

"Mama says we go to Heaven when we die," was the sleepy response.

"I b'lieve it feels like sleeping," I went on, without heeding her remark. "And sometimes you dream while you're dead, and the dreams are all of the *loveliest* things—they's magic dreams—"

"You're a nice boy to hold me up," returned Edith; "but I don't like what you say. If Mama says we go to Heaven, we must 'cause Mama *knows*."

I did not answer her; at least, I do not remember doing so, for I myself was fast forgetting the forest and Edith and all. I dreamed that I was riding down a valley, with Edith behind me, and that a number of knights, in gleaming armor, appeared far ahead, and galloped towards us. Then I woke. It was dark, and Edith was fast asleep. The forest was full of mysterious noises that made my heart beat fast again. I was too sleepy, however, to listen to them long. After that I must have slept several hours.

I was dreaming again, a beautiful dream, in which Edith, too, had a place, when some one lifted me, and a light shone in my face. Father had come with a lantern, and some other men with him. He cried a little, and kissed me; and one of the other men had Edith in his arms, and was crying, too. Some one laughed softly, and said, "Brave little knight!" It was very funny.

THE DEAD ACROSS THE WAY

BY JEROME C. FISHER

"Go where the ancient pathway guides,
See where our sires laid down
Their smiling babes, their cherished
brides,
The patriarchs of the town.

"Our ancient church; its lowly tower,
Beneath the loftier spire
Is shadowed when the sunset hour
Clothes the tall shaft in fire.

"Like sentinel and nun they keep
Their vigil on the green;
One seems to guard and one to weep
The dead that lie between."

Dr. Holmes does not stand alone in celebrating the old burying-ground beyond the street; others of the great Cambridge group have paid it tribute in prose and verse, and, indeed, in its own right, it has a place among the most famous of New England's burying-grounds. It is not alone the silent contrast it furnishes to the joyous, pressing life of the Yard, that interests us; its stones tell the story of New England in every phase for two hundred years.

Grim Puritans who broke the wilderness lie there, a governor and revered pastors, plain martyrs of Lexington, and proud Tories loyal to the king, presidents of the University and boys whom they taught, artist and author under the same tomb, masters and the slaves buried at their feet, "whose dust is now as white as theirs."

Our elder fellows of a hundred classes have walked here to clear the moss from the same epitaphs and to ponder the "sic transit gloria mundi." In the March twilight the dim stretch of fresh turf, with the silent lines of white tablets, brings on the mood of the Elegy.

If you walk under the shadow of the church half-way from the narrow en-

trance, you come to the oldest graves, made here at the beginning of the seventeenth century. How thick and strong are these rude earliest memorials, dug from the common stone of the region, and trimmed to a rough symmetry. Faithfully they have preserved their graven characters, more clearly than the smooth marble of later times. So, truly, were their owners; rough and stern, lacking the graces, but solid and enduring. So long have these markers stood here that the level of the land has risen, and the lower lines of their inscriptions are now hidden below the turf.

Some lie under them who were buried there even before the college was set up in the new town. 1632 is the date on one stone, reminding us how quickly burying-places were needed in all the little settlements which planted our race upon this coast. In the yellow pages of the town-records is the first mention of the cemetery, already established: "April seventh, 1634. Granted John Pratt, two acres by the old burying-place, without the common pale." And one can picture the little houses which ran down to the Charles, and the high palisade running from the site of Gore to the river and

serving as a protection against Indians and wild animals. Through the gate of this palisade the little company had already borne some of its number, so that to them it already seemed "old." In another year they set it off with its own fence. On January 4, 1635, they wrote solemnly, "It is further ordered that the Burying-place shall be paled in, whereof John Taylcot is to do 2 Rod, Georg Steele 3 Rod and a Gate, Mathew Allen 1 Rod, Thomas Hosmer 3 Rod and Andrew Warner appointed to get the remainder done at a publick charge and he is to have iiis a Rod."

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In the college group we also find the graves of the young men who died while



yet in college. Gravely the Latin is given them "Studiosi Collegii Harvardini." Three, at least, were drowned while at sport.

The inscription over one is a fair enough type to merit copying:

"Sub hoc tumulo
Conditæ sunt exuviæ
Abel Wright
filii dom. Samuelis
Wright de Westford.
spei optimæ Juvenis,
Universitatis Harvardianæ
Alumni qui anno ætatis
vicesimo sexto, et cursus
academici secundo plene
expleto, obiit, casu perluc-
toso, die Juni 28°, anno
que Domini 1707°, dum
se levando in amne
Carolensi oblectabat."

If you have the good fortune to meet with the oldest sexton, he will lead you



back to the street-edge, where, with Washington Allston, greatest of New England's early artists, the families of Dana and Trowbridge sleep beneath a granite cross. There he will show you the unmarked grave of a governor of New Jersey, 1747-1757, Jonathan Belcher, grandson of the founder, Andrew Belcher, to whom, in 1652, the townsmen granted liberty to sell beer, "for the good of the town." One of the traditions of the burying-ground is the friendship of Governor Belcher and Judge Remington, how each desired to be buried beside the other, so that when the governor had been placed beside Judge Trowbridge, as he had ordered, they took up the body of Judge Remington and brought them together. It may be hoped that some time the Memorial Society will mark the grave of this first governor and loyal son of Harvard.

Near this unmarked grave there is the table-like tomb of the ancient Vassals,

famous aristocrats of New England, who in their pride, left no name over their graves, but the deep-cut figures of a *vas* and *sol*.

There are clustered close by, a group of the little bronze standards that remind a passing world, of service given in the Revolution. Beside the fence is a simple mound over the bones of the men who died here from wounds received at Bunker Hill. Across the Common you can see the spot where these men assembled, passing by this very cemetery where they were soon to lie. Now we learn the meaning of the square blank cavities in some of the stones, from which the leaden plates, bearing the inscriptions, have been torn away not by the hands of desecrating vandals, but by gallant patriots. Dorothy Dudley wrote in her delightful diary: "July 20, 1775. Our need of ammunition is so great that even the tombs are robbed of their leaden coats-of-arms." Thus the very names of

the men who founded liberty were hurled in bullets at the troops who came to destroy it.

A little beyond the place where lie the heroes of Bunker Hill is the new monument raised to the six Cambridge men who fought the British retreating from Concord to Boston, and lost their lives along the road.

For centuries these stones have taught their silent lessons of patriotism, of service in the cause of truth, of fortitude and uprightness to the men of our college. How long in the future will they thus show forth a past, already ancient, who can tell? It is a strange contrast, this, across the way. On one side of the car-track, youth, hope, ambition; on the other, death, consummation, peace. It makes us ponder one of the old inscriptions:

"Reader:

Death is a debt to nature due,
As I have paid it, so must you."

EDITORIALS

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The ILLUSTRATED takes pleasure in announcing the election of George T. Hamilton, '09, of Philadelphia, Pa., and Warren Ordway, '10, of Newton, Mass., as art editors.

In the next number the ILLUSTRATED will publish an article by Dr. D. A. Sargent on the Strength Test.

THE NEW DRAMATIC CLUB

The ILLUSTRATED notes, with considerable satisfaction, that a Harvard Dramatic Club is about to be organized on the lines suggested in an article published by the ILLUSTRATED in its last May issue. There is ample opportunity for such a club to achieve memorable things, and we wish it every success.

DEBATING AND POLITICS

It is clear that Harvard undergraduates are not indifferent to the political situation. The men generally interested in politics, the Republicans, the Democrats, the Socialists; the supporters of Hughes, of Taft, of Bryan, of Johnson, all have their separate organizations and headquarters. Shingles are going up, campaign literature is pouring in from without the walls, buttons are displayed, and straw ballots are being taken. Those who were here four and eight years ago say that the interest is much more general than at the corresponding period in previous campaigns. More men are actively interested and a larger proportion have already declared their allegiance, not only to parties, but to candidates. Out of thirty-nine voters at a straw-ballot in one dormitory, only seven were undecided as to candidates, and only one was undecided as to party. In fact, if our little cosmos is any criterion, the voters this fall will ally with men rather than with platforms. We say that we are *for* Smith or *against* Jones, rather than we declare ourselves to be Democrats or Republicans. To some extent this is the usual prenomination situation, but it also indicates changed conditions. In the organization of both the Republican and Democratic Clubs there were unsuccessful attempts to "pack" the meeting, or to stampede those assembled into the endorsement of a candidate. Lively, sometimes eloquent, speaking has been a feature of nearly all these political gatherings. Discarding their classroom reticence, undergraduates have spoken their minds freely and forcefully. In several instances there were impromptu debates, in which the participants sometimes violated the canons of

English 18, but by their sincerity compensated for many faults.

Is there not in all this a lesson for those who head our Harvard debating system? For three years past, with commendable energy, that suggests, nevertheless, the pumping of oxygen into a dying man, our authorities have endeavored to keep alive a general interest in debating. Speakers are brought in to tell of its advantages, the clubs have each year been organized on a different system, admission fees to intercollegiate debates have been abolished, a Freshmen debate with Yale has been instituted. All this has helped only a little, debating remains unpopular. Would this continue to be true if a series of debates bearing a close relation to the impending political campaign were organized? The undergraduate likes to talk about things in which he is really interested. As a rule, the best debates in English 30 have always been those dealing with undergraduate affairs, matters in which the speakers had an emotional as well as an intellectual interest. Last year a discussion of the lemon-throwing incident at the Majestic Theater was one of the few occasions on which the class looked alive or had any reason to. And yet it was only after some deliberation that this question was allowed to be discussed. — "There is not enough concrete evidence on the question" — "it is a matter of opinion, rather than a subject for debate" — "the subject is unsuitable for academic discussion." — Such are the objections often heard when some one proposed a live topic.

In answer, it may be said that all debating that is not actual must be artificial. And nowadays our own little world is too wholesomely alive with a multi-

plicity of interests, for a healthy undergraduate to care much about a scholastic discussion of matters with which he is not directly concerned. Would it not, then, be possible to crystallize some of this extempore enthusiasm of political meetings into well-regulated discussions,

such as Hughes *versus* Taft, or Bryan *versus* Johnson? It may not change anyone's opinion, but it will provide excellent training. Moreover, it will strengthen political convictions already held, and provide a foundation of fact to support an inherited or acquired prejudice.



THE ROAD. By Jack London. New York. The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

We may not like Mr. London's ethics or his socialism, but even the most prejudiced must admit that his stories of the North and of the life of the lower classes have a wonderful strength, realism, and vitality.

"The Road" describes Mr. London's experiences as a tramp. Contrary to general belief, he did enter this life to study sociological problems. Not at all; he drifted into it naturally, so he says. At first a river pirate in a small way, he at last fell into a gang that suited him and decided to take a trip from the peaceful Sacramento valley over the "hill" (Sierra Mountains). To do this, it was necessary to get good clothes. These were generally obtained by the crowds such as he went with—boys of from twelve to sixteen—by holding up a "drunk," at night, or even by a con-

certed assault on a full-grown man; a dozen boys by the use of the "strong arm," *i.e.*, strangle hold, experience has proved, can overcome a powerful adult. A good "Stetson" derby was obtained by watching the passing throngs of Chinamen until a hat that looked as if it would fit was procured, snatching it and escaping before the astonished Celestial had time to recover himself. Then, ho for the road! A freight was soon "hopped," and despite the efforts of the "shacks" (trainmen) to dislodge him, London stays on the train to his destination.

In form the book is a series of essays, most of which have already appeared in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, each about twenty-five pages, and taking up some phase of "hobo" life. Among the best we may mention "Holding Her Down," "The Pen," "Pictures," and "Two Thousand Stiffs" (tramps). These are probably the cream of the book, though

the standard of interest and excellence is so high that it is hard to discriminate between the component parts. They are no closet stories, these. They are "the real thing, blowed in the glass"—the words, by the way, that Mr. London uses to describe the gentleman to whom he dedicates the book. It makes one's blood thrill to read of tramps riding over the wheels of freights, running the risk of being killed by the "shacks" lowering a coupling pin down so that it rebounds from the roadbed with terrific force upon the unfortunate "stiff" who is "on the rods"; of "hopping" on, or being "ditched" from a train going at full speed. Then we are amused at the way he "throws his feet"—begs for food in towns, at the stories he tells to get the longed-for "set down." We laugh at his exploits with Kelly's "army." We fairly tremble at the atrocities of the

"pen," or at the sufferings of tramps in winter. Mr. London literally touches on almost every string of human passion. He has produced not only a faithful picture of tramp life, but an absorbing narrative of how a most interesting part of the "other half" lives.

J. A., Jr.

In addition to the book reviewed in this number, we would call attention to the following, as entertaining and profitable reading—books recently written by or about Harvard men:

ENGLAND. By A. L. Lowell, Professor of Government. Two Volumes. New York. The Macmillan Company.

THE RIDDLE OF PERSONALITY. By H. A. Bruce, Graduate Student in History. Moffatt, Yard & Co.

OFFICIAL GUIDE TO HARVARD UNIVERSITY, 1908 edition. Published by the University. 50 cents net.



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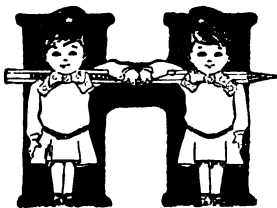
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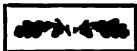
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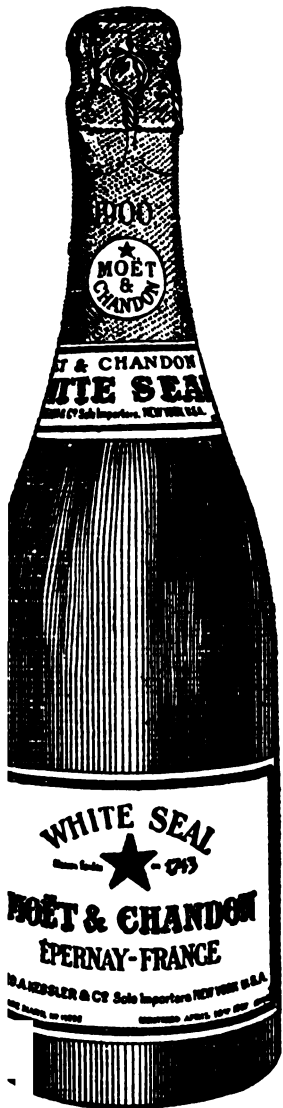
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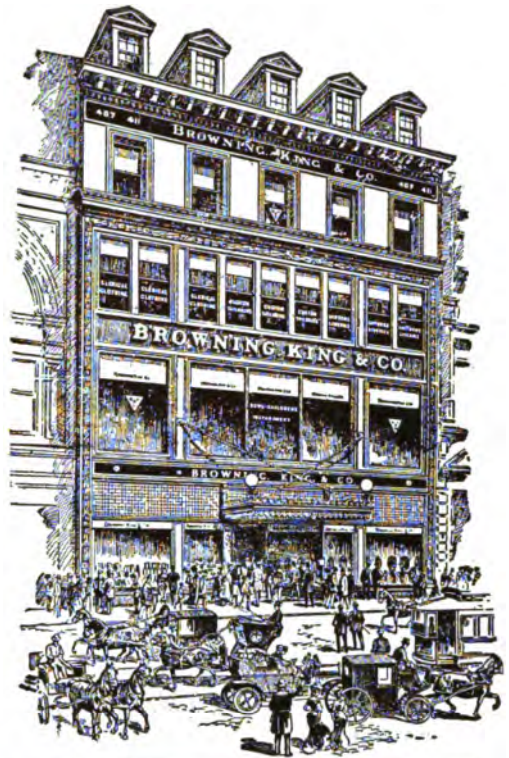
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APRIL, 1908

NUMBER 7

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PROFESSOR EDWIN F. GAY
Dean of the New Graduate School of Business Administration

THE HARVARD ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Vol. IX

APRIL, 1908

No. 7

THE NEW GRADUATE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

BY PROFESSOR EDWIN F. GAY

EDITOR'S NOTE. — The announcement of Professor Gay's appointment as Dean of the new School has just been made.

By their recent vote, establishing a Graduate School of Business Administration, the governing boards of the University have taken a most important step in the development of American education. They have thereby practically completed the organization of professional technical training in Harvard University, since the new School is to be a graduate department like the other Harvard professional schools, and like them is to rest on the basis of a broad and liberal education. Furthermore, by undertaking to give specialized instruction leading up to a business career, they have recognized, in the amplest manner, the claim of modern business to be regarded as a profession, equally with the applied sciences, medicine, law, or divinity.

Unlike the older and long-taught professions, however, with their well-established University courses and tried methods, Business, as a department of University training, has still, to a large extent, to invent its own new and effi-

cient means of instruction. From the mass of accumulating business experience, a science must be quarried. The teacher of business organization and system, for instance, must examine critically and patiently those many and closely calculated methods and devices which have been evolved to meet the increasingly complex business conditions of today. He must discover the fundamental principles of business system, and then, in a scientific spirit, teach not only those principles, but the art of applying them, after investigation, to any given enterprise, taking into account and giving due weight to all the particular factors entering into each new application. In certain lines — such, for example, as commercial law — the new School has at its service the fine tradition of method which our Harvard Law School has created, but even here both substance and methods must be adapted to another purpose. This means, then, that new courses of study must be organized and that a "laboratory-system" of instruc-

tion must, as far as possible, be introduced, if the new School is to fulfill the intention of its founders.

It is proposed to offer technical preparation for certain specified business careers, such as transportation, banking, insurance, accounting, and auditing. The two years of graduate study, based upon the preliminary college course, with a few requirements in economics and modern languages, will comprise a series of new courses, both in general subjects, commercial law, economic geography, commercial organization, accounting, and the like, and the more specialized courses, for the most part in the second year, leading directly to the business for which the student is fitting. With the new staff of instructors, soon to be recruited, but with the courses still to be worked out in detail, it is obviously impossible at the present stage to outline with precision the program of studies in the new School. But some general statements may be made in a tentative way to illustrate the character of the courses to be offered. Take, for example, the subject of commercial law. The Department of Economics has offered, for some years past, a course on the Principles of Law Governing Industrial Relations. Since this emphasizes the public aspects of law in relation to business, it will remain as an undergraduate course in Harvard College, open as now only to students in their last year of undergraduate work. It may also be taken by students in the Graduate School of Business Administration, but the School will add a series of new courses, adapted to the needs of business men. It does not have the slightest intention to make "every man his own lawyer," but it will undertake to equip its students for an intelligent comprehension of principles and facts in those portions of the

law most closely allied to business life. Here belong the subjects of Commercial Contracts, in which a full first-year course is proposed, Business Associations (including Agency, Partnership, Corporations), and Financial Operations, covering the practical parts of such law courses as Bills and Notes, Suretyship and Mortgage, and something of Trusts and Bankruptcy. The case system and free discussion will be used as in the Law School and to those who have passed satisfactorily the first year's work in commercial law, and who desire to pursue their legal training further in certain lines, a number of courses in the Law School will be open as electives. The legal courses given in the School of Business Administration, however, are to be peculiarly its own, and will be in charge of an instructor devoting himself entirely to this work. The business man, emerging from such instruction, will at least know how and when to consult his lawyer.

Or take the case of the man preparing to enter the profession of banking. While an undergraduate he will have taken a fairly wide range of liberalizing and broadening studies, including at least one, or preferably two, modern languages. He will naturally have made some preparation in economics. But his courses in Money and Banking, International Trade and Foreign Exchange have there been given with particular reference to the public aspects of the economic problems involved. When as a graduate student he enters the new School, he will find a new set of courses, conducted by a specialist in banking, which deal with the technique of banking and bank organization, with such problems as operations in foreign exchange to be worked out as in actual banking practice. A considerable part

of his second year's work will be devoted to this technical training, but he will continue in that year to take other courses of the kind which have filled most of the time of his first year, — advanced accounting, the study of economic resources at home and abroad, business organization, commercial law.

While the needs of the specialized business training are to be chiefly kept in view, the student preparing for a business career in commerce or manufacturing will not be neglected. In addition to the more general courses already indicated, especial attention will be given to the development of the work in business organization and system, from the planning of a factory and the organization of a produce exchange to the operations of a department store. Opportunity for special work will be open, furthermore, through a number of elective courses in allied fields. The training in the transportation business, for instance, will need the coöperation of the Department of Engineering. The future manufacturer may find it advantageous to take certain other scientific courses, Chemistry, Metallurgy, and the like. For the student intending to engage in foreign commerce, courses have already been arranged in German, French, and Spanish correspondence, which will add an essential element to his equipment.

The pamphlet to be issued, giving details concerning the new courses to be offered in the next academic year, will perhaps not be a suitable place in which to mention certain features of the new School which are not unimportant. The "laboratory

method" of instruction, for one thing, will permit that closer personal relation between teacher and student so essential to the best work of both. And as far as possible, students will be brought into touch not only with the professional spirit of an advanced technical training, but with business men and actual business conditions.

As has been already stated in the *Gazette* announcement, the School as at present organized, is primarily designed for those aiming to fit themselves for the ultimate attainment of posts of responsibility and leadership in the business world. This does not mean, of course, that there is any expectation of turning out captains of industry ready-made. The graduates of the School must be prepared to commence at the bottom of the ladder, to accept such humble positions as are open to any untrained beginner. But it is believed that, given the indispensable business ability — which cannot be taught, — the professional training of the School, united with the broader outlook on business affairs which it should impart, will make probable a more rapid mounting of the ladder. It is believed that through this agency Harvard may help in breeding that more efficient and more enlightened race of business men necessary if this country is to hold its rightful place among the commercial nations of the world. Not only for business, but for the government service at home and abroad, particularly in the consular service, will Harvard's Graduate School of Business Administration serve the state.

THE ORIGIN AND SIGNIFICANCE OF THE INTER-COLLEGIATE STRENGTH TEST

BY DR. D. A. SARGENT

(Director of the Hemenway Gymnasium)

This question is often asked to-day among college students, and athletic committees, captains and managers of recent date for want of definite information, sometimes find it difficult to answer. Although this subject has been fully explained by the author in some of the college publications of former years, perhaps in view of their remoteness, another article on the same theme is now in order.

The college strength test had its origin in 1880, when the present system of physical examinations were first introduced at Harvard. Prior to this time a few physical measurements had been made at the old gymnasium, but as most of these were taken with the clothes on, and according to no regular standard, no just comparisons could be made between the students of 1880, whose measurements were taken in the nude, and those who had attended college in the years preceding. The absence from the 1880 records of students with 17 and 18-inch upper arms, which were frequently found in the older records, made one feel at first as if he had fallen among a race of pigmies, or that there must have been many "giants" in those earlier days. Subsequent investigation revealed the facts as above stated, and made the author more and more desirous of having some established standard. But at this time there were no recognized standards for taking full body measurements. Moreover, no one knew

the vital significance of these measurements. A general impression prevails in the community that strength usually increases with size, but this does not always follow. Although the strongest man among professionals I have ever examined had the largest girth measurements, with a chest of 59 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and an upper arm of 22 inches, this would not be true of the majority of strong men. Large girth measurements more often cover an excess of fat than an excess of muscle. We almost instinctively size a man up by the breadth of his shoulders and the girth of his chest and limbs, and in very many cases these body measurements may be said to represent the potential strength of the individual. This is the reason for giving the height and weight of a crew or football team, and some persons think it is the reason why tailors pad the shoulders of some men's coats, and why it is fashionable for women to wear puffed sleeves and inflated shirtwaist fronts.

But there are so many other factors that enter into the possession of strength, such as quality of muscle, relative length of limb, superior nutrition, grit, determination and powers of making concentrated efforts, etc., that measurements alone cannot be relied upon in judging of a man's real muscular power. Every one has an unknown equation that sometimes makes for strength as well as for righteousness, and the only way to dis-



Dr. D. A. Sargent

cover it is to make an absolute test. But why a test of strength rather than a test of alertness, skill, speed, courage, endurance, and other personal qualities greatly to be desired? Simply because strength is the commonest factor required in all forms of physical activity. The loss of it is the first thing we notice when we are ill; the return of it is the first thing we notice as we recover. Other tests are valuable, but a strength test is fundamental.

Prior to 1880, the French, German, and English explorers had made a few strength tests with hand dynamometers in endeavoring to gauge the muscular powers of primitive folk and semi-savage races, as compared with the more highly civilized races. But little had been done towards the adoption of standard instruments and uniform methods, and there were no published records or

tables with which comparisons could be made. It became necessary, therefore, in introducing the test at Harvard, to settle upon the choice of dynamometers, have them made to record accurately, and then accumulate data enough to establish a table for comparisons. The instruments first adopted for use were the French dynamometers, one for the forearm and hand, one for the chest, and the other for the back and legs. To these instruments were also added a manometer and a spirometer for testing the lungs and breathing capacity. One great advantage in the use of these instruments was that they required little time on the part of the student or instructor, another advantage was that they recorded accurately the effort really made. But it soon became apparent that these instruments did not test the whole man, and that the power to make repeated efforts of any severity was not taken into consideration. Such a test became necessary, not only to complete the test of strength, but also to gauge the functional capacity of the heart and lungs before and after severe exercise. The number of times that a person could raise his own weight on a horizontal bar, and the times he could push his weight up from a set of parallel bars, was the test adopted for this purpose. This test had previously been used by the author at Bowdoin and at Yale in trying out students for the proficient classes in gymnastics, and it had proved very effective. The strength test, therefore, which was finally adopted at Harvard in 1880, consisted of eight specials, as follows: 1. The Capacity of the Lungs. 2. The Strength of the Lungs. 3. The Strength of the Back. 4. The Strength of the Legs. 5. The Strength of Right Forearm. 6. The Strength of Left Forearm. 7. The Strength of Upper Arm (Triceps) and

Upper Chest. 8. The Strength of Upper Arm (Biceps) and Upper Back. The method of taking these tests will be described later.

All self-respecting instructors wish to know whether their pupils are making any progress or not, and most pupils are ambitious enough to know at least how they compare with others. A gain in organic vigor and physical efficiency are the ultimate goals desired by both pupil and instructor; and however varied may be the means through athletics and gymnastics by which these goals are attained, the strength test furnishes a simple and effective way of measuring the condition of the physical system before and after the training. All students who were measured in the early eighties had their strength tested, so that a record of the actual strength as well as the potential strength were entered upon the books at the gymnasium at the same time. Nearly a thousand students were measured and tested the first year the gymnasium was opened, and a table of averages was made from the data thus obtained. It is interesting to note that since 1881-82, when the new men measured were largely Freshmen instead of all classes, as in 1880, there has been a gradual gain in size and strength of the students in all the succeeding classes. But this is another story, which we shall hope to consider in another article.

In 1882, when the first Faculty Committee on the Regulation of Athletic Sports was appointed at Harvard, one of the regulations was, "No person is permitted to take part in any athletic contests without a physical examination by the Director of the Gymnasium, and his permission so to do." The principal reason for making this regulation was that prior to 1882 a number of students who had entered into athletic con-

tests without previous examination or training had injured themselves thereby, so that parents appealed to the Faculty for better protection in athletic sports for their children. Thus, for the first time in this country, a collegiate institution undertook to assume a certain amount of responsibility in assuring itself that the individual student was organically sound and free from any functional disorder before permitting him to engage in an athletic contest. This regulation at first brought the director of the gymnasium into antagonism with some of the local physicians, who were rather free with their advice, until they were asked to assume responsibility for the competitor. The gymnasium director not only had the best interest of the student at heart, but also the best interest of athletics. He knew from long experience that young men, organically sound and carefully prepared, seldom injure themselves in even the severest forms of physical contests. He felt that it was not so much his duty to look for negative signs why a man should not enter an athletic competition as it was to look for positive signs why he should.

As I have stated before, there were no records, no standards or accumulated data giving a test of the functional power required of men entering different sports, to follow as a precedent. It was, therefore, necessary for the first few years to sail by dead reckoning, as mariners would term it. In 1885, however, the director of the gymnasium went carefully over the strength test records of all the athletes who had been in the University since 1880, and classified them according to the severity or strenuousness of the sports in which they had been engaged. As was to be expected, the men who had made the University crews, football teams, and heavy-weight



Various phases of the Strength Test

**Pull-up
Strength—lungs**

**Strength—legs
Capacity—lungs**

**Strength—grip
Push-up**

athletic squad had made the highest strength tests; the class crews, football teams, sparring, wrestling and gymnastic competitors the next highest, and the candidates for baseball nines, lacrosse teams, cricket, and track and field events the lowest. The strength tests that the individuals on these various athletic teams had made were then averaged, and the average result thus found for each group was made the minimum requirement for that group. Thus, men who aspired to row on the University crew, or play on the University football team, etc., must make a total strength test of 600 points, the next group 500 points, and the lowest group 400 points. This requirement undoubtedly stimulated many students who aspired to get on to an athletic team to make greater physical efforts, in order to be in condition to pass their strength test. It also served to weed out from the total number of aspirants for athletic honors a considerable number of students whose zeal for athletics was in excess of their ability, and it also gave a certain satisfaction to men who were not strong enough to make the athletic teams to really know where they did stand in point of strength, at least when compared with their more fortunate companions. As the students improved each year in strength and efficiency, the standards for the different athletes were raised 100 points for each group.

This form of test answered its purpose admirably until 1897, when the College Gymnasium Directors' Society was established as an event in intercollegiate competition. Then men who had been content to take the strength test, as a test, began to practice it as a competitive event in college athletics. This was distinctly the beginning of the strong man's era, and the ambition to

get on the list of the fifty strongest men in the University, and to make the first fifty in all the colleges stimulated men to make the greatest muscular efforts possible. As in other forms of athletics, where the competitive spirit runs high, every means and device that the rules governing the contest would admit, were resorted to, in hopes of establishing new records. Many things that the rules did not sanction, such as "jumping" the manometer, "jerking" and "swaying" on the lifting appliances, cutting short the "chins" and "dips," etc., were allowed in some institutions, and these practices soon brought the test as a competitive event into disfavor. Where a large number of intelligent young men are trying their best to beat their own as well as some other fellow's record in a given event, it is quite natural that some of them should discover what is for them the best way of doing it. Thus it was found that men whose legs were short could make their greatest lift by standing with knees bent and body straight and pulling directly upward with the arms while they tried to straighten their legs. Those who had long legs found they could get the best results by sliding their knees under the handle bar, and making a second-class lever of their thighs, while the man with a heavy trunk and large buttocks would place his knees under the handle bar, and while converting his legs into a "cam" or "excentric," as it is called in mechanics, would sway back and lift an enormous weight by so doing. Then in "dipping" and "chinning," or raising one's own weight by the arms on the parallel and horizontal bars, many students were not slow to discover that it required nearly as much strength to lower one's body slowly as it did to raise it, and that all of the power so

expended was power lost, consequently they allowed their weight to drop by force of gravity, and put all of their efforts into the "push up" and "pull up." Other men improved their "dipping" and "chinning" records by cultivating a rhythmic vibration of the body and legs that reduced by considerable the muscular effort required in these severe exercises.

One frequently hears the expression "the strength tests are all knack." In so far as knack means cleverness, adroitness, or an intelligent

of lungs, 50; strength of back, 500; strength of legs, 910; strength of right forearm, 80; strength of left forearm, 81; strength of chest and upper arms, 748.8; total, 2,369.8.

As all these records were made without any assistance or artificial aids, and without violating any of the existing regulations, they were allowed to stand as Harvard records. Since 1903 the regulations governing the Intercollegiate Strength Test has been so amended as to make the old records of 1901 impossible. It may be of interest to the stu-

1152.3		Harvard University		No. 10991	
		Hemenway Gymnasium, Cambridge, Mass.		Mar 13, 1908.	
Mr. D. C. Slater		08			
Group *	Individual Rank				
*1000 +	Capacity of Lungs	295			
A = 800 to 1000	Strength of Lungs	30			
B = 700 to 800	Push up	20	Back	300	
C = 600 to 700	Pull up	28	Legs	370	
D = 500 to 600	Weight	68.6	R. f. Arm	65	
E = 400 to 500			L. f. Arm	60	
F = 300 to 400			Chest & U. Arm	327.3	
G = 200 to 300			Total Strength	1152.3	
D. A. Sargent, Director.					

use of one's muscular powers, this is true. In the same sense the ability to run, row, swim, skate, jump, pole vault, and throw a ball, weight or heavy hammer is all knack, but there must be power behind it. By the methods above described men have "dipped" as many as 60 times on the parallel bars, and pulled the weight up to the chin on a horizontal bar 43 times. A lifting record for the back of 500 kilos has been made, and a lifting record for the legs of 910. The highest total strength under this régime was made by Arthur Tyng, '04, and was as follows: Weight, 72.4; push up, 60; pull up, 43; strength

of the University to know just what the present regulations are:

Strength of Back.—The apparatus used for this test is a spring dynamometer of a capacity of 900 kilos. This must not be attached to an eye-bolt or staple directly to the floor or a table or platform as formerly (prior to December 30, 1903), but it must be attached to a movable wooden foot-rest of the following dimensions: a wooden plank 20 inches long, 12 inches wide and 1 ½ inches thick. The handle used must be at least 1 inch and not more than 1 ½ inches in diameter and not over 12 inches long. The steel hook attached

to the handle should be made out of $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch steel and not more than 3 inches long.

DIRECTIONS FOR BACK-LIFT.—Stand upon the movable foot-rest in order to hold it down to the floor with the weight of the body while lifting. Neither the foot-rest nor the dynamometer must ever be fastened to the floor by screws, nails, or any device whatever. Adjust the handle to the chain so that when standing erect the outstretched fingers placed in front of the thighs will come within about three inches of the handle. Incline the body forward at an angle of about 60° (viz., 30° from the perpendicular), grasp the handle, take a full breath, and without bending the knees give one hard, steady lift, mostly with the back. No swaying of the body backward or forward, or throwing the weight on to the handle will be allowed.

Strength of Legs.—With the same apparatus arranged as for the back-lift, standing upon the foot-rest with the body and head erect, chest thrown forward, and bending the knees until the handle, grasped with both hands, rests against the thighs, take a full breath, and give one hard, steady lift, mostly with the legs, using the hands to hold the handle in place. Lifts made by "snapping," "jerking," or "jumping" up the dynamometer will not be accepted.

The Forearm Test.—The apparatus used for this test is an oval-shaped spring dynamometer of a capacity of 110 kilos.

DIRECTIONS FOR TESTING THE FORE-ARMS.—Holding the dynamometer squarely in the hand, with the dial turned inward, squeeze the spring as hard as possible; note the squeeze of the right hand, and then the squeeze of the left hand taken the same way. In making this test the individual must be

cautioned against touching any part of the person or any object whatever with the arm or hand holding the dynamometer.

Capacity of Lungs.—This test is made with a wet spirometer with a capacity of 400 cubic inches (6.56 liters).

DIRECTIONS.—Fill the lungs to their utmost capacity, and blow slowly into the spirometer, finishing the effort with a little spurt. Note the highest figures which appear on the rising tube.

As there is some objection to the use of the manometer for the "strength of lungs" test, it has been decided to accept 1-20 of the lung capacity in centiliters as a fair equivalent of the former. This will enable those institutions having the two instruments to allow their pupils an option as to which one they will have reckoned in the total strength test, and allow those institutions using only the spirometer to enter these tests on terms that will make them comparable with those which have been made for years with the manometer.

The Strength of Upper Arms (Triceps) and Chest.—The apparatus for making this test are parallel bars, which must stand at least five (5) feet from the floor and be eighteen (18) inches apart inside measurement. Eighteen inches from the end of the bars there must be a screen or partition 18 inches wide and about thirty inches high, erected vertically, and a cord or tape must be stretched between two pegs at a height of 3 inches above the level of the top of the bars.

DIRECTIONS.—After taking a position of rest upon the parallel bars, supporting the weight with the arms straight, let the body down until the chin touches the cord or tape suspended between the bars, then raise the body until the arms are fully extended. Count the number of

times the body is raised from the first time the chin touches the cord. In making this test the legs must be kept straight and as nearly as possible on a line with the trunk.

Strength of Upper Arms (Biceps) and Back.—The apparatus used for making this test is a horizontal bar not less than 1 inch or more than 1 ¾ inches in diameter, suspended 8 feet from the floor.

DIRECTIONS.—Take hold of the horizontal bar with ordinary or reversed grasp and hang with arms and legs extended at full reach. From this position raise the body until the chin is level with the top of the bar and return to the extended position. Count the number of times which the body is so raised from this position. In both the parallel and the horizontal bar tests the legs must be kept straight and the examiner should check the tendency to swing or any other form of vibration.

(In case the individual is not able to raise his weight once on the parallel or horizontal bars, or where the total strength of women is to be compared with men, tests Nos. 2 and 3 from Dr. Sargent's Universal Test for Strength, Speed and Endurance may be substituted for the ordinary "dipping" and "chin-ning." In this case only 1-20 instead of 1-10 of the weight is multiplied into the number of "dips" and "chins" in computing the strength of arms-chest and arms-back.)

Total Strength.—The points that make up the total strength are reckoned as follows: The number of kilos lifted with the back bent, and the number of kilos lifted with the legs bent, added to the strength of the grip of the right and left hands, and one-tenth of the weight in kilos multiplied by the number of times the person can raise his weight

by dipping between the parallel bars and pulling his weight up to his chin on the horizontal bar as previously described, plus one-twentieth of the lung capacity in centiliters; or,—

$$T. S. = B + L + 2F + \frac{(D P) X W}{10} + \frac{L. C.}{20}$$

Under the new Intercollegiate Regulations the best ten Harvard records for the present year are as follows:

1. D. O. Slater, '08, baseball.....1152.3
2. R. D. Chamberlin, '08, football.....1151.6
3. A. B. Mason, '08, relay and shot.....1136.4
4. H. A. Rogers, '11, football.....1117.0
5. B. T. Stephenson, '08, high jump, hurdles, and shot.....1090.8
6. E. P. Holmes, '10, relay and shot.....1041.0
7. R. V. White, '10, football.....1039.8
8. C. J. Nourse, '09, football.....1026.4
9. E. T. Wentworth, '09, gymnastics.....1020.0
10. E. V. B. Parke, '08, football and track.1013.5

Although the strongest men in the University as a class are generally to be found on the University crews and the heavy-weight athletic teams, it does not follow that an individual man, simply because he has a great strength record, is likely to be a great oarsman, football player, or shot putter. Admitting that strength is the one thing necessary to force a boat through the water, or to penetrate an opponent's rush line, it must be united strength, and the efforts must be again and again repeated, so that one's power of endurance is tested. Success in any one line of athletics now depends so much upon natural characteristics and special qualifications, combined with peculiar mental, moral, and temperamental requisites, that the chances are very much against any one person excelling in two branches of sport. This applies as well to the holder of a strength test record as to the holder of any other athletic record. Some of us think that this is a good reason why a person should confine his main ef-

ports to one sport, and practice other sports in their season largely for their cultural value, or as a means of indirect training. It is true that some sports only bring in to full action a relatively small number of muscles, and other exercises are necessary to give one the much-desired, all-round development. Although there are many groups of muscles to be developed, there is only one brain, one heart, and one pair of lungs to superintend and effect the development. If one enters with earnestness and enthusiasm into any competitive sport, the vital organs are pretty likely to be quite fully employed. If he pursues a second sport the same season with the same energy and vigor, the heart, brain, or central nervous system are likely to feel the effect of overexertion and overtraining, or nervous

exhaustion may result. Enough of these cases are now on record to justify the belief that it is as possible to break down in sport as in business. If the student body as a whole, however, are as cautious about overdoing in any branch of athletics as they are in their strength test, I should say that overexertion was not very likely to occur. Out of the 12,600 Harvard men examined, I can recall but two or three who claimed to have met with any sort of strain from their efforts in taking the strength test, and two of these men were trying for records. On the contrary the impression that lingers most persistently in my mind in recalling the stream of youth that have passed before me is this: not one man in a hundred has begun to live up to the limit of his mental and physical possibilities.

THE PHILISTINE

By EDWARD EYRE HUNT

I'll make no coward mowings when decay
 Fronts me, and death is standing at the door;
 I'll have no puling priests uplift before
 My dying eyes, a light to point the way
 To some far distant heaven's endless day
 Of indolence, beside a tideless shore;
 I'll seek no soothing promise in the lore
 Of babbling poets: — you who question, may!
 — Give me a hand-clasp; give me silence, room
 To die in, — not as some befuddled slave
 That gloats to lie with kings; not as the knave
 Who trusts to wake god-perfect — but in gloom
 Let me die standing, face to face with doom!
 My life was bold, shall death be else than brave?

THE CAMERA CLUB EXHIBIT

BY M. S. MCN. WATTS (PRESIDENT)

The current annual exhibition of the Harvard Camera Club compares and contrasts in a favorable and satisfactory manner with its predecessors. There are, indeed, fewer prints than have been hung for the last several years, but they are of a superior grade, and represent a totally different class of **work**. There are, also, fewer exhibitors than usual, and this alone is not all as it should be. There is little resemblance this year to the college exhibit in general. Certain faults are always so painfully manifest in college work that they have become stereotyped. They are the outgrowth of the mixed membership and the inadequate facilities that a university affords, and have been so often repeated that they lessen the interest in succeeding efforts by college clubs. It is doubtful if a more appreciative critique of the present exhibition can be made, than to briefly catalog the traditional faults that are absent.

There is no "coat-tailing," or "plagiarism" to be found in the display of the year. The term "plagiarism" has a special meaning in its photographic use. It means the habit that many amateurs acquire of imitating the treatment of a successful and well-known photograph upon another subject. In portraiture this often gives very striking results, and although legitimate enough, it tends to reduce the operator to a narrow range of treatment, and put upon his efforts a stamp of sameness which very quickly ripens into an inflexibility.

surpassable only by that of our "class pictures." "Coat-tailing" breeds as much monotony in the work of a club as a whole as the kindred fault does in the output of the individual. Its origin is sometimes very subtle. It often happens that a club asks advice and assistance of some good amateur, and is greatly impressed by the forceful presentation of his theories,—the writer almost said hobbies,—and by the results he attains. In the case of an enthusiastic and eloquent person, it is frequently necessary to have him appear but once in the capacity of a critic, in order to have the ensuing club exhibition present a wide variety of pictures of his peculiar type, exaggerated to every variety of logical and illogical excess. Then, if the same person happens to judge the exhibit, and give another criticism, heartless people will be prone to assert that the club has Mr. So-and-So for a "nurse." The Harvard Club has no nurse; that the members have relied upon their own untutored genius is very evident, and they count it among their virtues.

No less effective in imparting to the present display its good general appearance is the absence of prints which show haste and lack of consideration in their get-up. Our club has often been attacked for the quality of its mountings, but it will not be so scored this year. Careful selection of the pictures has likewise eliminated a fault special to college work, for the present collection shows no pictures that an observer feels



By M. S. McN. Watts

CEDARS AT SUNSET

were entered solely because the exhibitor thought they looked like the place represented, and because his friends told him so, and the absence of this drawback is a great relief.

Throughout the whole mass of the pictures now hung, there is a persistent indication that their makers understood what they were about, that they had a mastery of their medium. The technique is everywhere good. Nothing more creditable to the organization as a whole can be said, and it is only a slight exaggeration, if any, to assert that there is not in the whole number a single picture that ought to have been unquestionably rendered in another style. For the first time for several years the gum print makes its appearance. There are not many examples, and in the few instances it seems to justify itself. Gum is a valuable and much abused medium, possessed of champions and adversaries of great vigor, and about equal in numbers. It is not the place here to enter upon any theoretical apology or justification of the gum, but it is a healthy sign that the club is beginning to handle it, and at the same time not use it excessively like a fad. It is one of the up-to-date and rather rare methods of working, that are eminently valuable, in spots.

The work this year is, on the face of it, serious. Many of the pictures come enlarged, and therefore in a shape to be effective in the game of comparison. Furthermore, the appearance of the exhibit as a whole is enhanced by the presence of many framed pictures. Both framing and enlarging are indications that the exhibitor has taken a real interest in the work and has given of his best efforts. It is such endeavor that contrasts strongly with the sometimes slipshod work of former years. Real

enthusiasm is an essential to the success of any undertaking that requires hard work under the unfavorable auspices that the Camera Club has to contend with at Harvard. Very frequently it is impossible to give the club the advertisement necessary to bring it to general notice near the beginning of the college year, the time when new members should be logically recruited. Whatever impression the annual exhibition may make is generally wholly forgotten by the subsequent September.

A candid critic, reviewing the pictures hung this year, would undoubtedly find that the predominating appeal in the work shown was to the feeling of human interest, almost to the literary taste, rather than the sense which responds to the purely beautiful. Most predominant in the treatment of the landscapes and



By R. H. Stigler

Lazy Willie

in the figure work is a call upon the imagination, and a suggestion of things known and felt. Beauty of contour and design yield precedence to a suggestion that tells us the exhilaration of altitude and the moist freshness of the early spring. This is an indication of personality, for the person who so renders his landscape does it in the spirit of a whole-some being, who has discovered in his camera a tool which will allow him to set down his artistic impression, which is direct and natural, and unwarped by the trammels of a technique that impose



By M. S. McN. Watts

On the canyon's rim

themselves upon the individual who has gone through a course of training sufficient to enable him to do the same thing by means of brush or pencil. Herein, it may well be, lies the essential difference between the artist photographer and those other artists who employ different means of expression. Instinctive, very well expresses the analysis of places and things, as they appear in our collection of this year. There is no guesswork. Whatever the better run of the work expresses is set forth with a conviction that entails a respect for the thoroughness and maturity of the rendering; and if it is a debatable point, whether the true note is struck everywhere, it is a question of the judgment of the maker and his ability to find the truth, and not of his intention, or the clearness with which he gives the observer what he has found.

Among the portraits there is a more conscious effort at design, and where this is attained the work is more creditable to the author, and very likely not so satisfactory to the visitor. It is a question in the minds of many photographers, whether, after all, a portrait that has any chance of being recognized is a safe entry for an exhibition. It seems an insurmountable obstacle for the average person to get over the fact that it is "Charlie" and to look to see if it is a beautiful thing or not. "Charlie" may be ungraceful, even perhaps a little clumsy, and the picture may be soft in tone and of gracious design, but it will make no difference. "I don't know what it may be as a picture, but it *don't* look a bit like him," is generally the comment of all who have ever seen "Charlie," and if you were never sensitive in regard to a picture before, you

immediately acquire the capacity for vivid sensation. Yet there are a number of portraits in this exhibition, some above the ordinary. Several render the physiognomies of their subjects with all the fidelity that is so sought after; others are more ambitious. We respectfully extend our sympathy to the latter.

The contest this year sees an innovation in the shape of an exhibition for pictures of a scientific nature, or for those of general interest, but without a pronounced artistic intent. On previous occasions such work has been either ex-

cluded or allowed to appear and be judged with the other pictures, to the great prejudice of the general effect in both instances.

The judge of the exhibition this year is Dr. Denman W. Ross of the Architectural Department. He awarded the first prize to the group of pictures hung by Mr. A. H. Moore, the second prize to the group by Mr. M. S. McN. Watts. Honorable mentions were given for individual prints to G. R. Carter, W. Hodges, R. H. Sigler, J. C. Savery, and to the prize winners.



By M. S. McN. Watts

Before Dawn

THE "CUB" REPORTER

BY THEODORE LAYMAN NANCE

EDITOR'S NOTE. — Mr. Nance, who is on the editorial staff of a Boston newspaper, delivered an address at Harvard on March 17, on newspaper work. This article contains, in part, his remarks.

The news is the events that happen every day. Whether this news is worth printing or not depends upon with what and with whom it is concerned. The newspaper is a mirror of these events; the chronicler of current history. The newspaper is also a picture of the world as it is, of good men and bad men, — their virtues and their crimes. It plays a part something like an historical novel. It selects the interesting, the unique, and the instructive from the daily happenings of men and gives these facts in a pleasing way to its readers. It has been said that anything is news till it is printed. One of the hardest tasks of the newspaper editor is to be the first to give these chronicled events to the public. If he is the second to print them, their finest value is lost.

The purpose of this article is, as well as possible, to make clear what is expected by his employer of a man who may want to take up metropolitan newspaper work as a profession; what, in some instances, he shall do; some things he shall not do, and how he may avoid some of the pitfalls into which the new reporter falls.

The city editor of a Boston paper last summer decided, as an experiment, to break away from the fixed rule in his office, that none but experienced men should be employed as reporters. Accordingly, he communicated with men in several New England colleges, and announced that a trial would be given a number of persons, who might want to

write for him. During the summer twenty of these applicants worked for the paper. At present three remain.

Of the men who left, a few resigned of their own accord. Of those who were asked to resign, all were intelligent, but not mentally nor physically alert. They did not have the "news sense." Others would follow a given line of instruction, but didn't have the initiative to get the "story" if, so to do, they had to pursue a line of investigation not laid down by the editor. Others were not fitted by nature as investigators, and could not successfully interrogate the man who had the information. Others lacked the determination to kick over all obstacles, no matter if feelings were hurt, and bring "the story" to the office. One fault was that their form of composition was too general. Of the sandwich, there was plenty of bread and some mustard, but there was little meat. These men are not failures. They will, no doubt, make a success in other lines of work. As a magazine writer one of them will surely succeed. Notwithstanding the large percentage of men who did not stay, the requirements on a metropolitan paper are not so great but that they can be met by any man of average skill who will work seriously and tenaciously. The degree of his success depends on these factors plus his own cleverness.

The ability to write the most powerful kind of English for a newspaper or a magazine is not always a birth gift like

the divine lisplings of poets. The art is being acquired every day in Boston and New York newspaper offices. This is not sermonizing on my part. I have seen it done. There are no frills about writing for the best type of newspaper. Editors address a plain audience made up of the butcher, the broker, the banker, the baker, and the candlestick maker, who want the paper enough to pay the price for it. The bigger this audience, the more successful the paper, in the long run. The tendency of the times in the newspapers favors a pure, idiomatic style, bare of showy metaphor or classical allusion, but abounding in precision, unity, perspicuity, and character. Words of learned length, the historical or mythological allusion, add neither dignity to the style nor profundity to the thought, in so far as they refer to newspapers. In the modern trend towards plain, simple, and direct speech is seen the decadence of oratory and the old-style editorial. The wearisome roll and singsong of the ancient orators no longer persuade, and when this manner of presentation of thought is transferred to the columns of the newspaper, the plain man aptly terms it "hot air."

Editors now try to be powerful in the news pages, as well as in the editorial page, in their effort to arouse in their readers a certain feeling. Crusades by means of stories on the same subject day after day, cartoons and photographs are used with much more telling effect nowadays than some editorial writing.

With few exceptions, the "cub" reporter likes to write "high falutin'," instead of going into the question at once of who, what, when, where, and why. He refers to the sun as "the great orb of day"; the moon as "the eye of night," or "Fair Luna, daughter of

the shadow world"; warships as "steel thunderers of the deep," and a collection of clouds as "argosies of cloudland." But, when he sees his story the next morning, after the pitiless copy-readers have fed the ponderous belly of the waste basket with tons of such embroidery, the young reporter who has the stuff in him to make a real newspaper man swings around to the proper view of things, and from a rhetorical cavalier becomes just as plain and simple as a Quaker. In one or two years, after he begins to know when and where to apply the subtler forms of writing, he is permitted some latitude of expression, and as soon as this sort of writing begins to "get past" the copy desk without having the "gizzard sawed out of it," he may say to himself that it is about time to ask for more salary.

No matter what his previous training may have been, the new reporter, when he has to rush his story to catch an edition, is attacked by the old trouble of an obstruction in the flow of language and ideas. If he is writing a weather story and he wants to describe a fine day, he will contribute something about "Old Sol peeping over the eastern hills" or "sinking in a blaze of glory behind the horizon," and will interlard his story with other hackneyed expressions. This does not mean that he should subdue his writing to a commonplace, dull style. It means that he is to try, by using the right words and sentences, to tell about the fine day or the stormy day in graphic and vivid writing that is in character, yet not bombastic and ornate. When he sits down to think about his storm story, he might well figuratively prostrate himself and whisper: "O Lord, please give me an idea,—a new idea,—get me out of the dull drivel and let me write something that has 'zip' and 'bang' in it."

To this the city editor, if he knew what were going on, would utter a fervent "Amen." Then if the writer is deserving of compassion, some of the following ideas, which are more or less common to all storms, will occur to him: Kind of storm; when and how it started; progress and effect; maximum and minimum temperatures; steam and street railway traffic blocked or delayed; telegraph and telephone wires down; suburbs isolated; streets impassable; effects on theatrical performances; social and scheduled events postponed; experiences of letter carriers and policemen; what happened when the wind blew forty miles an hour at the corner of Tremont and Boylston streets; houses struck by lightning; suffering among the poor; school sessions abandoned; estimated losses.

The new writer who has a sharp eye on the betterment of his style and his salary soon studies new turns of expression, and he varies his work now and then by starting a paragraph in a picturesque and striking manner. He will not introduce a paragraph with reference to time, or such words as "yesterday," "this noon," "to-day," and he will avoid the repetition of the same opening word in a succession of paragraphs, unless there is some design in so doing. He sees that by interspersing a story with conversation he will heighten the interest. Unlike that of a magazine article, the climax of a news story is written in the first and second paragraphs. What has happened, who did it, and what was the result is set down at the beginning. To learn to tell all of the news in the first paragraph is one of the earliest tasks in the business. In this is a practical demonstration of the art of condensation in which the newspaper

man is more skillful than any other kind of writer.

The good reporter, after he passes his "cub" stage, ceases, or should cease, to use superfluous words and phrases, such as "a regular monthly meeting," "all day long," and "all day yesterday." He sees that it is time to lay on the shelf some of the pet phrases of the office, such as "a pretty home wedding," "the scene beggars description," "an old adage says," "never before in the history of the city," "a sad case was brought to light," "devouring elements," "bids fair to be a great success," "light fantastic toe," and "his many friends will sympathize with him in this, his hour of bereavement." He begins to discover that he can get good results from original ideas, and also by being just himself. If he hasn't a funny streak, he avoids the humor. If he can be bright and entertaining, he will use his powers happily when he has a story that will take this sort of treatment. When he begins to write a style that is natural to him, his stories stand out from the others on the page. He has stopped straining after effect, because he has ruptured a few rhetorical blood-vessels and sees that the habit is dangerous. He now tries to make word pictures of people and places. There is interest and life in his sentences. Some are merry, some are witty, and, when occasion demands, some have the quality of pathos. He has arrived.

In Emerson's essay on "Self-reliance" there is a paragraph that strikes the spot. It says: "Insist upon yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation, but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous half-possession. That which each can do best, none but his

Maker can tell him. . . . Every great man is an unique."

When a reporter is sent out of the office, he knows that his editor expects him to go through fire and water to bring back the story. That's the whole business, and there's nothing heroic about it. The fascination of the trade is so strong that it covers up the occasional inconveniences. If you are going to be a newspaper man, you might as well give up making social appointments, or any other kind, on your working days. You may have covered your afternoon and evening assignments, and with the clock hands pointing to midnight you may be entertaining furtive thoughts of supper and bed, when the fire alarm on the office wall rings, and suddenly you are off on your hardest assignment of the day. You will find yourself threading dark alleys, hunting up the night watchman of the burning building to learn how the fire originated, interviewing the fire marshal, and rousing the owner of the building to tell him the news and to learn the value of the structure, and the amount of the insurance. Perhaps you must run several blocks before you can find a telephone and send in the main facts for the first edition. Or perhaps a wall falls and kills a fireman. No matter how narrow your escape, your business is to get the initials, the name, and the address of the unfortunate man, to give a vivid description of how he fell at the post of duty, and perhaps to tell of a wife and family left in sorrow and want.

The production of news exclusively in his paper gives the keenest satisfaction to any editor. The reporter who does the work is the king of the place for the time being. When a rival paper is beaten, the whole office is in a state of

jubilation. Here is a story of how one reporter scored a "scoop" for his paper.

Two summers ago a twenty-word despatch was sent by the Associated Press to all the Boston papers at ten o'clock one morning, stating that Witzhoff, a polygamist with at least thirty wives in this country alone, had inveigled a Boston woman into marrying him. He got her bank account of about one thousand dollars and disappeared. Every city editor in town sent out men flying to get an interview from the woman, her photograph, and one of her ungallant husband. There was but one point of news contact on which to work. That was at a number in Summer Street where the woman, two years before, had been employed as a stenographer. The office building was about seven stories high and had, probably, thirty tenants. All the reporters got what information they could from the janitor, but this proved to be of little value.

One of them saw his brothers fail, waited till they had left, made a systematic canvas of the offices, and finally found an office boy who knew the woman. He said she lived on a given street in Arlington. The reporter hurried to this street and began a house-to-house search for her. After an hour's work he was told by a woman that the person he sought had moved at least a year before. This did not daunt the reporter, and at the last house on the street he ran across a man who had been a neighbor of the Witzhoffs. This fellow became interested in the gossip about his old friends and telephoned five or six of his acquaintances and learned that the Witzhoffs then lived in Medford. The reporter started for the new address. It was then five o'clock in the evening, and he hadn't had a bite to eat

since morning, but I don't believe he thought about that. Two hours later he had located the house in Medford. The Witzhoffs had moved again he learned from a woman on the first floor; where, she didn't know. A lodger in the third suite, however, did have the address of the Witzhoffs. It was in Allston.

At nine o'clock the newspaper man rang the bell in a flat on X— Street. An old lady answered.

"Mrs. Witzhoff here?" he asked.

"No, she's gone to the theater."

The dame was Mrs. Witzhoff's mother, and soon her tongue clacked off stories by the yard about the polygamist. She told and retold the whole history of the gay Lothario's affair with her daughter. Would she lend a photograph of her daughter? No, she couldn't. One of Witzhoff? Well, she thought not. By judicious persistence and the hint that the paper might be able to regain a watch Witzhoff had stolen from her, the reporter obtained both photographs. Then he hustled out and sat on the doorstep, with the pictures under his coat, awaiting the homecoming of Mrs. Witzhoff. At midnight she arrived. She was willing to tell all of the bad qualities of her husband, and ended a fine interview with the sincere wish that he would get his just deserts.

At half-past one the reporter dashed into the city-room of his office. "Where the deuce have you been all night?" began the night city editor.

"Mrs. Witzhoff, — found her, — interview, — photos."

"Fine, — good boy! Give 'em to me!" And the night city editor, now smiling, flew to the art department to have the pictures made into plates for the paper.

Other editors left their work and with reporters crowded round the excited young man to hear a brief account of

this quest. The office was alive with interest. Here was the biggest "scoop" in months.

The night city editor stuck his head in at the door and shouted happily at the reporter, "Let her go for two columns, — first page! We'll double lead the introduction and play up the pictures for a three-column combination! By George, won't we tear 'em up in the morning!"

When the last edition of the paper came from the press at 3.25 there was the long, beautiful "scoop." Then the reporter rubbed his head as if he had just remembered something. "Say, Mr. Jones," he exclaimed to the night city editor, "lend me a quarter. I want to go over to Bridley's for a feed."

A great deal has been said about the kind of education with which the journalist should be provided. Some colleges have established chairs of journalism. This specialization is an excellent background, but book learning will no more make a real newspaper man than the knowledge of how to mix paints will make an artist. The newspaper man is made in the newspaper office. Horace Greeley said a reporter should sleep on the files and eat ink. College training is a great help, but it does not insure success. The best journalist must be an all-around man. He must know "whether the theology of the parson is sound, whether the physiology of the doctor is genuine, and whether the law of the lawyer is good law." His education, accordingly, should be extensive, and his powers of observation well trained.

While in college the man who wants to write for a newspaper will do well to study modern history, economics, politics, and all the English literature he can crowd into his course. The knowledge of one or two modern languages

is helpful. The Bible from a literary standpoint and Shakespeare's works should be read carefully. The English language is the main thing, however, since it is the instrument that he must apply continually for the expression of his ideas. He must know this language thoroughly if he would make a large success. Next in order is the cultivation of the ability to use this language in written words, sentences, and paragraphs.

The most practical step the college has taken in the direction of teaching the newspaper business is that of giving students a daily drill in writing sketches of incidents that come under their own eyes. To see things as they are, and to tell what he sees, in simple, lucid, graceful English,—that is what is required of a writer for the newspapers, and that is what he may acquire from daily themes.

The helpful literature on practical newspaper work is limited. There are a few books, however, written by men who have been through the battle, and who are not wordy theorists, which will repay time and money spent on them. Among these volumes are: "The Art of Newspaper Making," by Charles A. Dana; "Making a Newspaper," by John LaPorte Given; "Writing for the Press," by John Luce; "The News-

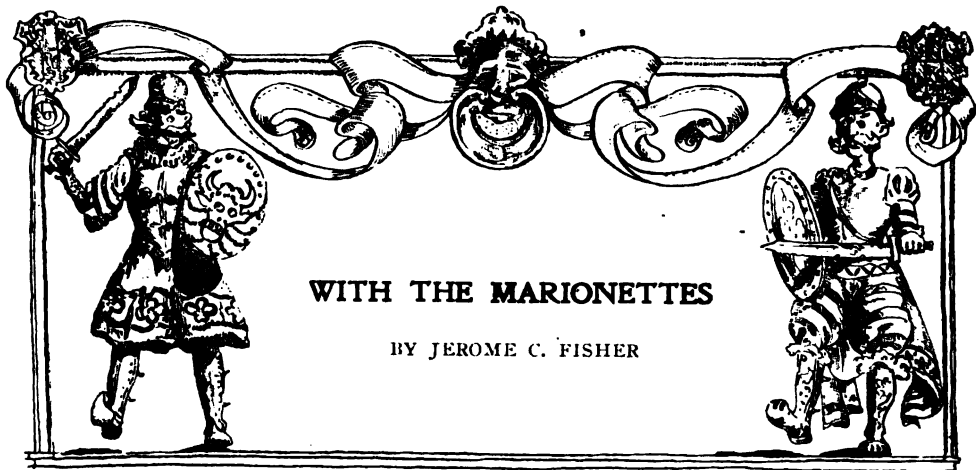
paper Worker," by James McCarthy, and "Practical Journalism," by Edwin L. Shuman. The latter two books are especially rich in sane suggestions for men contemplating writing for a newspaper.

Every prospective newspaper man should be familiar with American politics. He has to know the framework of his city, state, and nation before he can write intelligently about them. He should acquire early the habit of reading thoroughly at least one morning and one afternoon paper. If he is to work for one of these institutions, the sooner he absorbs its characteristics the better.

Above all, the newspaper man, after he has learned the rudiments of news gathering, must know the value of words and how to put them together.

The newspaper profession deserves to secure in increasing degree the coöperation of young men who, besides possessing the graphic faculties, are actuated by the strict motive of giving everybody a square deal,—men of integrity, loyalty to a fixed purpose, determined to maintain in its best form the liberty of the press. It is to this stamp of reporter that editors are looking to push forward the standard of journalism more successfully, even, than it has been propelled in the last prosperous decade.





WITH THE MARIONETTES

BY JEROME C. FISHER

The Teatro Pantomime is only a step down North Street from the Elevated, but that step bears one from modern America to the heart of Italy. It is an adventure in itself to touch elbows with the gaily-dressed Italians in front of the Banca Italiana and to pass the dim windows with their odd cheese cows and dogs, or sticks strung with rings of hard-bread, but you enter a new, strange country at the little theater. There the actors are large, gorgeously dressed lay-figures that walk and court and fight by the manipulation of iron rods joined to their heads and hands. A hard-working Italian three feet above in the diminutive flies supplies the motive power, while another in the wings delivers all the lines, speaking now as one character, now as another.

Marionettes are a very important institution in Italy, where they have delighted the people for centuries. Indeed, the Romans are said to have had them directly from the Greeks, who wrote often of their "nevroplastes," and in that time all classes enjoyed them, even Plato and Horace being numbered among their admirers. In later eras Galien and Cervantes and Tertullian,

with Goethe and Voltaire, figured in what an old French writer records as "leur liste de glorieux patronage." In Naples and Florence they are still the most popular diversion. Every tourist goes to see them, and every peasant who can scrape together ten *soldi*. The marionettes may be at the opposite extreme of the drama from our ambitious productions, but they occupy quite as prominent a place in the current thought of their patrons.

The Italian city in the North End hungered for its marionettes, and so three years ago Rosario Savarta brought over his theater complete, —scenery, marionettes, plays, everything exactly as it was in Naples, — and set it down among his eager countrymen. From the outside you may know the theater by its low stone arch, which alone distinguishes its building from all the neighboring tenements, and on the front you may see a wonderful painting of a fierce Christian knight who has just inflicted an impossible wound in the side of a bleeding Saracen. This mural masterpiece would seem to presage the long-expected new school of Italian art.

To enter you pay ten cents — fifteen

if you wish a seat among the aristocrats—to a patient woman by the door, who divides her time between making change and dandling a tiny bundled baby. When the door closes behind you, prosaic Boston is shut outside the four walls. Artists may be enchanted by the “atmosphere,” a smelly haze of garlic and cigarette smoke, drifting in a blue sea over the heads that are massed at the lower end of the narrow room, as if tumbled there by the slope of the floor. It is a laughing, gesticulating mob of Italians that turns to look at us with cheerful interest and genial frankness. They are keenly appreciative of the honor the American ladies have done them in venturing to see their theater. “Open the door for the ladies and let the smoke out,” cries a gallant voice, and every member of the audience is ready to supply information.

When the audience returns to its chatter, the visitors look about with keen curiosity. There is no asbestos curtain nor glaring “exits,” only a bare room and a stage, the simplicity of Shakespeare’s day. There is, moreover, an orchestra to thrill our spirits to the proper mood: a jolly violin and a romantic guitar, playing together quite harmoniously. It is impossible to fancy the marionettes without that joyous acclaim and low plaint to echo the wooden hero’s triumphs and sorrows, and the strange tones dwell in your memory, inextricably mingled with the odor of tobacco smoke and the babble of Italian tongues.

The audience is well worth detailed study. We grow used to the ever-present immigrant standing in the street cars or digging in the streets, but it seems altogether different to be lost among them and to see them at close range. You begin then to appreciate them as

individuals and to realize how different they are from their American environment.

Here is a whole community of people who talk in sounds which we call unintelligible. We glimpse a whole world of thought and feeling quite distinct from the familiar one in which we live. Look across the row at that eager group centering about the dark-skinned boy, whose white teeth gleam and disappear in laughter as he tells the story of the day. It is easy enough to learn the simple history of his life. He came this year from an olive orchard in Palermo to seek larger use for the corded muscles that ripple under the thin coat. He works all day digging the bed for a great new building, among men whose words he cannot understand, seeing all around him events and appliances which he is just beginning to comprehend. His interests are all under the blue skies of Sicily: whether his family there can add a new goat to the herd, whether Pietro will escape the conscription, whether Rosa will go to the fête. So after his day’s toil, he comes in the evening to this familiar scene of the marionettes, and throws off homesickness by talking of these things with men who know them too.

Beyond the grizzled veteran with golden hoops in his ears is a fisherman down the bay, who has brought in his boat-load of ground-fish every evening for fifteen years. The bullet-headed Calabrian beside him, with crimson shirt open at the front over a tangle of hair, works in a bakery across the street, making Italian bread with the texture of a pretzel and the shape of a doughnut. Scattered sparsely through the room are the bright head-dresses of signoras, who have come with their husbands and the



children. They are few, however, for there is a touch of the East remaining with the Italian that causes him to keep his women from public gatherings. The sleek man just in front of us, boasting a white collar, is the owner of a fruit stand in the suburbs — "reech, vairy reech, some days he make fiv' dollars," we are told — but he still comes as eager as the rest to see the marionettes.

At last we are all to see them — it is no narrow privilege of fashionable plays to begin late. The music thrums faster, the curtain hitches up, disclosing in the center background a bright red castle. On either side the stage is safely neutral, a circumstance which explained itself later. Then appears the first of the actors, a knight in tinny armor, a shield on his still left arm, and a glittering sword in his right. One is dimly conscious of a thin black line running upward from his head to the flies and of another which moves with his arms, but these soon sink out of notice as unimportant details. Regularly he turns his helmeted head from side to side as he stalks to the center of the stage, but the impassive countenance gives no sign. Immediately there appears from the other wing, in like manner, a similar figure, which halts abruptly before the first knight, and addresses him in a deep bass voice — at least we hear the salutation. Knight the first raises his sword to heaven in two movements, and jerks it from side to side while he answers in resonant Italian with a voice remarkably like that of the other. There follows a heated discussion, the gestures grow more violent and words become impassioned. The knight with the red plume clashes his sword and shield with a sweeping rotary motion and rushes off, his feet spurning the stage, and is

followed, amid tumultuous applause, by the other. The castle in the background is now pulled upward into a tight little roll, that is removed, and in an instant, with a whirl and a snap, the grand hall of the castle interior appears. With these two settings we are soon on a basis of comfortable acquaintance, for one or the other serves all evening.

A king enters the palace, looming a good two inches above the vulgar crowd. A courtier approaches and kneels before him. That kneeling was an anatomical marvel; it was sharp from the waist and stretched his thighs flat backward along the floor. With a spring he rises to his feet and retreats to the back wall, where he is left leaning with a curious concave slump, as though exhausted by his obeisance. Another courtier has followed him and now leans against his breast with a parallel slump, remaining motionless. One after another they are stacked against the wall, coming faster and faster. At one point a hand suddenly descends from above like that of Sargent's Jehovah, makes a convulsive grasp, and then a knight tumbles disgracefully on his face. A man darts out from the flies, stands the man up again, and disappears like a flash, while some young American behind us shouts, "Butterfingers." Courtiers continue to come, some swooping in like a fairy at the Hippodrome, touching the earth just before they reach the king, others with a fast stride that must dizzy their swift-turning heads. The queen, thin and stately, enters next, her rank indicated by a flowing white veil, and from her proper place behind the king, stares fixedly at the villain as he glides in.

It is time that we begin to understand what is transpiring. Thus far we have listened with physical pleasure to the

smooth-flowing sentences, and have seen the speakers, one after another, go into action with wild gesticulation, stamping of feet, their whole bodies trembling with emphasis. We had actually caught the words, "magnifico bastille," that accompanied a gesture toward the castle, and had felt that we were absorbing Italian very fast. Now we began to be so interested that we

continues till July. The story is one of the ancient Charlemagne cycle, which Neapolitan and Sicilian marionettes have played for centuries. It is called "Il Paladin," and concerns the advance of the Turks upon France. Carlamagno goes with his court to investigate a huge castle of which a border lord has suddenly become possessed. "The devil, he built it in one night for Magigo, who



sought an interpreter. A young gallant behind us eagerly placed at our service a sort of unnaturalized English, and proved a faithful libretto for the rest of the evening.

We had thought to come in time to see the beginning of the play, but it seems we were late — about four months late, for the drama began in September and

lived at that lord's. Of course *I* don't believe the devil built any castle that way, but that's the story and these people all believe it." Arrived at the castle the villain collapses in chagrin. "He's jealous, he's the millionaire of that country, and he says he's got thirty-six castles, but this one is bigger than them all."

The castle-holder appears with his po-

tent Magigo, the latter dressed in baggy silks, and, by an exception, without a sword in his hand, and both invite the king to enter the castle and receive the homage of the seven hundred thieves within. The stage is cleared, and there is a quick change to the interior. While the train enters, the lord pushes out his hand toward Magigo, uttering a series of despairing gutturals. "He's wondering," we are told, "how he's going to feed that bunch. He's got a fine castle, but he's broke; he ain't got no money," and Magigo sends out his seven hundred thieves to ravage the country for the king's dinner. "To-morrow night," we hear, "they are going to show a big banquet on the stage, with all the men sitting at the table." We regretted not seeing those wooden effigies eat.

After a roaring scene of the time-honored *commedia a braccio*, the Turkish army, four men strong, led by their princess, invades the border. "She's the very strong lady of that time. It took a good deal of a man to lick her." She is clad in armor and carries a hammer, with which she calmly beats in the heads of her adversaries. At last the mighty Orlando advances to meet her; they rush at each other, waving sword and hammer in the air, and come together with a clash of armor and belaboring of weapons. They separate and fall to again for another round, while a stamping Italian behind the scenes furnishes the din of battle. At last both retire, unsatisfied and unvanquished.

Taking advantage of an invitation to "see the wheels go round," we stoop under a little stage door. Signor Savanta receives us, delighted at our surprise when we find how small is the stage, and that the marionettes which but a moment seemed full-statured only come to

our waist, a perfect illusion of perspective. The little space is crowded thick with actors hung by their rods from the wall, their bright costumes jammed into odd contrasts, —

"And all them high-toned kings what puts on airs,
Bunched up with laborers, thieves, and millionaires."

Built against the back scene on which the castle rolls up and down is a narrow board where the "operators" stand. It is just high enough to permit them to bend over the top of the scene and yet be hidden by the flies. While we are looking a busy Italian seizes our friend Orlando from the file beside us and carries him quickly to the end of the running board, where Giuseppe, his operator, lifts him by the head-rod with his left hand and takes the sword-rod in his right. Now Orlando is lifted a little and borne slowly into the center of the stage, while Giuseppe, by deft turns of the wrist, moves the body so that the legs swing alternately forward. Giuseppe closely watches the reader in the wings and moves Orlando's arms forward and up in an impassioned appeal, or around against the shield in anger, now retreating, now advancing up and down the narrow boards, while his brother manipulates the queen. Rosario himself is delivering the lines, reading with fiery force from his worn book, his mobile countenance expressing the emotions that his puppets are interpreting on the stage. Unseen, he moves his arms, shrugs his shoulders, and stamps his feet as though himself before the footlights. Now he leaves the book and pours forth line after line extemporaneously.

The play comes to a glorious stopping-point, and through the curtain you hear

the audience crowding towards the door. With a smile the rods are offered to us, and we attempt to act a play of our own, but the figures are horribly heavy and their legs perversely refuse to walk in any one direction, while their arms stray

unmanageably. Giuseppe takes them up, and again they are alive.

At last we come reluctantly away, and though still faithful to Shakespeare, yet we understand why the Italians care so much for their marionettes.



EDITORIALS

A PLEA FOR CO-OPERATION

Ever since the announcement by the Athletic Committee that it would consider the total abolition of intercollegiate contests in winter sports, there has been a growing feeling of resentment against the Faculty for inspiring this action. The communications to the *Crimson* attest an increasing bitterness of spirit among some of the undergraduates. This feeling must soon be reflected among the members of the Faculty if they continue to read sarcastic comments on their general intelligence. Surely this is a poor way of approaching a solution of our difficult athletic problems. We undergraduates should remember that the Faculty, by a single vote, can abolish all intercollegiate games. The powerful factor of might is on its side. We are kicking against the pricks. It behooves us, then, to be

more circumspect, and not to prejudice those staunch friends who have been pleading our cause at the Faculty meetings. Let us rather try and understand the Faculty point of view, in order that we may more effectively defend our own.

For years past the members of the Faculty have been troubled by the indifference, not to say contempt, with which a considerable proportion of undergraduates look upon their college work. At the same time they have become alarmed over the increasing interest in intercollegiate games and the complete absorption of almost all the live men in college in the big contests of the year. They feel that there should, in general, be more interest in studies, and somewhat less interest in certain phases of athletics. There is a good proportion of undergraduates who would agree that such changes are desirable. This is a

long way from admitting any necessity for the abolition of a single intercollegiate game. It is a mere acknowledgment of certain evils in our college life as at present organized, which we are willing to see remedied. Here, then, is a basis of coöperation with the Faculty members. Suppose that, instead of writing communications presenting partial and unrelated views on the athletic question, with little or no bearing on the fundamental issues, we formulate some plan of coöperation with the Faculty for attaining what may well be

made a common end. Why could there not be established a Committee of Faculty members and students with this end in view? Perhaps, from among the undergraduates, the Class Presidents would be the most representative members. The Faculty would naturally select its representatives from among the less radical element. Is it not at least probable that the discussions of such a joint committee would develop some plan of action more mutually satisfactory than the proposed abolition, or the alternative of "laissez faire"?

BOOK REVIEWS

LITERATURE AND THE AMERICAN COLLEGE: ESSAYS IN DEFENSE OF THE HUMANITIES. By Irving Babbitt, '89, Assistant Professor of French. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25 net.

This country has always boasted of the "liberty of the press." But though the press may have the liberty to publish what it pleases, it is seldom free to do so. Motives of gain, of policy, of partisanship, or of friendship often interfere. Professor Babbitt, however, has not been deterred by any of these motives from giving full expression to his views on the general policy of Harvard and its President. Both are freely criticised in this book. That a man can do this without prejudice to himself speaks well for the liberal spirit of our administration.

But in justice to the author it should at once be said that this criticism is only incidental to a general estimate of the "Zeitgeist," as this appears in the American academic and business world. He begins with a definition of human-

ism, which he describes as a just balance between sympathy and selection. Just now the humanities need to be defended against the encroachments of physical science, just as formerly they needed protection against theology. After a consideration of the two great types of humanitarians, Bacon and Rousseau, exemplifying respectively scientific and sentimental naturalism, the author discusses "The College and the Democratic Spirit." The colleges generally are democratic in the absence of former distinctions of family and rank. But the aristocratic snob has been displaced by the athletic snob. Pure mind training is likely to effeminize; an overabundance of athletics is apt to brutalize. Oscillating between these two extremes we miss the note of real manliness. In America the good student takes his course in three years, the mentally inferior require four. This is the reverse of the logical English method, where all take a pass degree at the end of three years, while the hard workers remain to get their diplomas with honors. The

democracy of elective studies should be refuted by a higher democracy which points out that certain studies have shown themselves permanent, having been winnowed out of the chaff of ephemeral things by the flail of time. These are the humanities, and it should be the especial function of the small college to foster them.

The chapter on "Ancients and Moderns" concludes with some remarks on the new system of honors in Literature at Harvard, which, as the author believes, works to promote the humanities and thus to conserve the traditional quality of the A.B. degree. Two things impress even a superficial reader of Mr. Babbitt's book, the author's success in maintaining a classic spirit of aloofness from the environment of which and out of which he writes, and the wide range of the literature from

which he quotes. Himself a teacher of French, Mr. Babbitt frankly declares that a study of modern languages to have any value as mental discipline must be based on a thorough knowledge of the classics. Where his opinions bring the author in conflict with the elective system, he meets the issue boldly, points out defects, and enumerates the advantages he would hope to realize by a return to more rigid study programs.

Frequent reference to conditions here makes this a book of particular interest for Harvard men; but the author's judicial criticisms based on a careful analysis of modern conditions will recommend the work to readers everywhere as a fair-minded, compact, interesting and suggestive estimate of some much-mooted educational questions.

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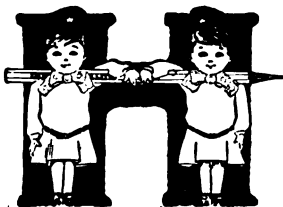
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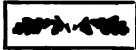
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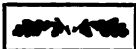
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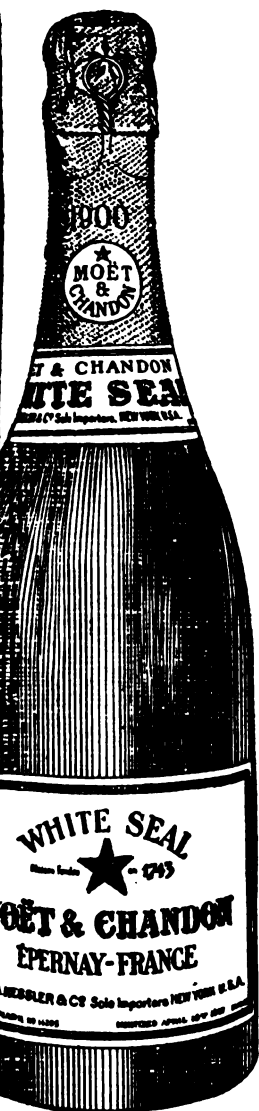
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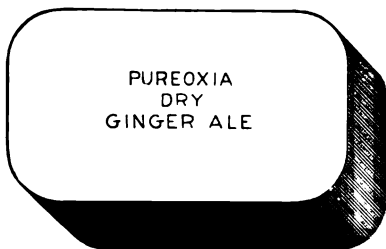
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CAST OF "THE MUMMY AND THE LULU BIRD"
Students of Architecture, 1908

THE HARVARD ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

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OUR DRAMATIC SEASON

BY HANS VON KALTENBORN

"Why not organize a Harvard Dramatic Society to coöperate with Professor Baker in producing each year the best piece of work done in English 47, the course in dramatic composition?"

This query closed the ILLUSTRATED review of our dramatic season just a year ago, and, happily enough, it is an excellent starting-point for a discussion of the most important events of the year that has just passed. The Harvard Dramatic Club has been organized, Professor Baker is one of its graduate advisers, and a play written in English 47 will soon be produced. Adequate mention of the club's aims has appeared in the *Harvard Monthly*. What has not been said, though this, too, is important and interesting, relates to the manner in which the club came into being. As if to prove John Corbin's assertion that Harvard is disorganized, two groups of men had almost started two different Harvard dramatic clubs before they became aware of one another's aims. It remained for an announcement in the *Crimson* to bring them together. So exactly did their purposes correspond, that each member of the group not con-

cerned with the announcement, was puzzled to know who had revealed their plans. And although one of these groups was primarily interested in acting and the other in play-writing, they have found a basis of coöperation that is full of promise. This fall the club will present a play written by a Harvard man that has been selected as the result of a competition to which graduates as well as undergraduates are eligible. The Play Committee of the club, which includes men who have written and are writing plays, will make the first selection, and the Graduate Committee will make the final choice. It is hoped that the play will be selected before College begins in the fall and produced before the Christmas recess. The second play will be given after the spring recess.

As if the addition of two more plays a year were not enough to overload our top-heavy dramatic curriculum, Harvard this year gave a hesitating welcome to one more new group of histrionic aspirants, the architects. Adequate preparation, solidity, and careful construction might be expected in a play written and acted by men who are soon to build halls



E. F. Hanfstaengl, '09,
as Gretchen Spoots-
pfeiffer, and
C. D. Moss, '09, as
John Winton in
"The Fate-Fakirs."—
Hasty Pudding
Theatricals, 1908

Revel Scene in
"Bartholomew Fair."
—Delta Upsilon





THE "PONY" BALLET IN "THE TITLE SEEKERS."—PI Eta

and houses, but unpreparedness and loose joints in the plot and performance were the only things that marred what was, after all, the best college play of the year. "The Mummy and the Lulu Bird" is an all-Harvard product. Scenes and scenery, costumes and characters, music and jokes, were all home-made. Some of the witticisms were even so localized about Robinson Hall that the rest of the Yard failed to catch them. The hit of the performance, apart from the half-dozen instances of brilliant individual work in dancing, impersonation, or characterization, was the chorus of goodies. Could the Yale students see and hear this chorus, they might protest against the displacement of their male "sweeps."

Through coming at the close of the season the architects had hard work to clear their expenses, despite the fact that they did nearly all the work themselves. In the way of financial success the Pi Eta Society outdistanced all other organizations, clearing something like a thousand dollars on this year's performances of "The Title Seekers." The Pi Eta has been fortunate for the past few years in having some of the best singers in College among its members, and in point of vocal effort "The Title Seekers" was far ahead of the other musical plays. Back in the sixties, when the club was organized, the members went in for the drama. Later on they turned to burlesques, making a hit with the "Caliph of Bagdad" in '81. Attorney-General Moody and Professor C. N. Greenough, now of Illinois University, distinguished themselves at these performances. In '95 the club got its own theater, and in recent years has been producing two plays a year privately, in addition to the annual public performances. With an \$80,000 clubhouse nearing completion,

the Pi Eta Society looks forward to even more ambitious efforts in dramatic performance in future years.

If good singing made this year's Pi Eta show a success, the lack of it somewhat dulled the ever-delightful Pudding play. The idea underlying "The Fate Fakirs" was worthy of George Ade, and when the Pilgrims poured from the *Mayflower* to be received by the Indian Culture Club, the long-missed wit and satire of historic Pudding plays seemed to have returned. But, alas! it soon developed that the only dull moments in that frolicsome chow-chow of entertainment were those where we were asked to recur to a half-forgotten plot. And where are the good old college jokes? Is "nutty" squirrels and "U 4" really the best we can do now? If so, it might even be excusable for the librettist to spend an hour or two with a back file of the *Lampoon*. As to the music of "The Fate Fakirs" and the other musical shows, it jingles pleasantly into one ear and out at the other. Much of it has a pale prettiness, and if some of it were well sung and well played it would at least achieve a whistling popularity.

Far more important than the musical shows from the standpoint of dramatic history is the annual Elizabethan revival of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity. The D. U. plays are the most carefully prepared and best acted Harvard plays. It is such work as this society does that suggests how much may be accomplished by the new Dramatic Club, which can select its talent from the membership of the entire University, and which—the shades be praised!—will have women to play women's parts. For this has been the great difficulty in any endeavor to do serious dramatic work. The Delta Upsilon would not be obliged to select such an indifferent play as "Bartholo-



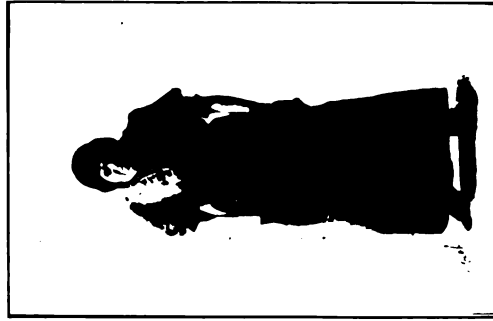
R. D. Murphy, '08
Author and Leading Lady of the Pi Eta Play



Combined Cast of the two Spanish plays, 1908



"DER NEFFE ALS ONKEL."—Deutscher Verein



H. P. Breed, '08, as Ursula.
"Bartholomew Fair."



F. A. Wilmot, '10, as Cokes and
H. R. Shipherd, '08, as Waspe.
"Bartholomew Fair."



F. M. Evans as Phyllis.
"The Mummy and the Lulu Bird."



F. L. Trautmann as Isis.
"The Mummy and the Lulu Bird."



J. C. Hills, '09, as Rabbi Busy, and
N. B. Cole, '09, as Dame Putecra
"Bartholomew Fair."



L. B. Packard, '09, as Mrs. Littlew
"Bartholomew Fair."

mew Fair," if the women's rôles in some of the better plays did not present insurmountable difficulties. It was interesting to see how the dash and vigor, with which this loosely constructed Jonson comedy was played, kept the audience interested to the end. Few professional companies could have come so close to making it a success, for they would not have played it with the same enthusiasm.

In the language plays the past year has seen some interesting developments. The Cercle Français, which has achieved its dramatic reputation with Molière plays, forsook the works of this master for something more modern, presenting three plays in one evening, as though to atone with quantity for a possible lack of quality. Those who saw the performance differ as to its merit, but by general opinion the entertainment was not so good as that of previous years. The only possible excuse the Cercle could give for forsaking its legitimate function of interpreting the French classics is that it could draw larger houses and give better satisfaction with modern plays. This it might do if all the members of the cast spoke understandable French, if women played the female rôles, and if modern French farces did not offend Cambridge delicacy. Taking conditions as they are, the Cercle's chances for artistic and box-office success would probably be better if it adhered to its traditions.

The Deutscher Verein, on the other hand, has taken a step in advance, with an adequate performance of "Der Neffe als Onkel," a classic comedy, adapted from the French by Friedrich von Schiller. It is pleasant to see such a name as Schiller's on the Verein's programmes, for it carries a promise of more serious dramatic effort than the Verein has at-

tempted in the past. It is rumored that next year the Verein will brave traditions to the extent of coöperating with the Deutscher Verein of Radcliffe in the production of some first-class modern German play. The attempt to improve on the impossible women in the play this year might stir to even more desperate undertakings. There really is no reason why the Radcliffe tradition should not receive a jolt in the interest of dramatic art.

The Spanish play is still fighting its way to recognition and is, no doubt, doing a great deal to promote the study of Spanish at Harvard. In truth, there is hardly one of the many performances given by Harvard undergraduates in the course of the year that has not some legitimate *raison d'être*, unless it be the musical shows. And since these, though constantly increasing in number and pretentiousness, flourish and prosper in popular approval, this alone may be held to justify their existence. But how long will it be before the Faculty will take a hand to limit intra-collegiate performances of plays? If the truth were known, it would be found that for one hour given to intercollegiate sports, two hours are devoted to intra-collegiate dramatics. To some extent the same men take part in both, and it seems a little strange that athletics is getting all the blame for reduced standards of scholarship.

But let us leave the Faculty members to find these things out for themselves. Play-acting is healthy and helpful, and with the encouragement to be offered through the new Dramatic Club, we may even expect to see play-writing develop to an unusual degree. Perhaps a year from now, instead of welcoming a new Dramatic Club, the ILLUSTRATED may be able to record the first achievement of a budding Harvard dramatist.



"NURSERY DAYS." From the "Fate Fakirs"

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ATHLETICS

BY ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

One of the delights of college life is that "it comes fresh and fresh every month." Spring is eternal in Harvard University, life moves so swiftly and so joyously; the span of human existence and the circle of man's experience is accomplished so quickly: from Freshman infancy to Sophmoric enthusiastic youth, to the strenuous middle life of the Junior, to the contemplative old age of the Senior, takes but forty-four months, and by a judicious use of anticipated subjects, and of non-indurated electives, may be reduced to thirty-two months. It is like the effect of the Accelerator in Wells's story: the student goes through the stages of life with such speed that other people seem to stand still.

With all its advantages this rapid progress compels college generations, as they follow each other, to go through the disappointments and disillusionments of life at the same reckless pace. For instance, every new class learns the unwisdom of its instructors, their apathy to the reputation of the University, and their positive intention that Harvard shall be defeated on every athletic field and river. To the student, this discovery comes with a painful shock, and he supposes that he and his friends are selected out as victims for this repressive system; he does not know that his academic grandfather eight years ago, and previous generations for half a century, have experienced the same lack of sympathy. Long before the Civil War the Faculty occasionally used to remonstrate at the broken noses incident to the big-

side football battles on the Delta. The Athletic Committee is now in the twenty-sixth year of its service, and in its twentieth year as a standing joint committee of graduates, undergraduates, and members of the Faculty. As long ago as 1888 the Faculty was greatly stirred up by what it thought to be an undue interest in athletics; Corporation and Overseers were aroused; and investigation was made into the athletic and scholastic status of the students; student coöperation was invoked; the views and the desires of undergraduates were consulted, and they cordially joined in a movement for the removal of abuses.

Athletics is, therefore, no new subject for the discussions of Olympus, and curtailment in the number of events, so as to diminish the disturbance caused by athletic contests, is not a remedy suggested for the first time in the year 1908. It was only yesterday,—or was it in 1879?—that the *Harvard Advocate* headed its local column with the joyful and full-capitalized announcement "ERNST WILL PITCH." Ernst, once the greatest man in the University, now only an eminent biologist! And back of him was Ames, captain of the baseball team, who condescends to become Dean of the Law School. Strange that men like that should be put on the Athletic Committee and then fail to understand the needs of their University! That was the youth of the world, the Golden Age of athletic heroes, known and revered by every man-jack of the students. After it came

the Iron Age of Captain Pappy Henshaw and his celebrated roar of coaching, when the first man on his side came to the bat: "Now then, everybody run!" And then the days of Dudley Dean, who made the winning touchdown at Springfield, and also the winning two-base hit on Holmes Field.

Nowadays people differentiate responsibilities, and are aware that the Athletic Committee means well but is hedged in by "the Faculty," which to the student mind is a gloomy and mysterious power, a kind of "My dam's god Setebos." Does water collect on the stone walks in the Yard? The *Crimson* forthwith flays the Faculty. Is there a lack of wire netting in the tennis field? What is the Faculty going to do about it? Does an instructor expect too many pages of translation? The responsibility is the Faculty's. Is the broad-sword team defeated in the match for the championship? It is due to the interference of the Faculty. Those who are within the machinery of the University are aware that responsibility is by no means so centralized. Everybody who draws a salary knows that the Corporation makes all appointments, fixes compensation, and holds and manages all the property of the University. The graduate is interested in the authority of the Board of Overseers, for which he votes once a year, and from which issue resolutions and committee reports. Indeed, there is not one Faculty, but half a dozen, which, until the blessed rule requiring that Harvard intercollegiate teams should be Harvard College teams, not including athletes trained in other institutions who came to Harvard for professional study, all had a direct interest in the whole subject of athletics. In days still not very distant, they were occasionally victimized by students who

had an immense interest in the law or classics or medicine, which lasted until the evening of the Saturday before Thanksgiving. "The Faculty" is a composite expression which, when applied to athletics, commonly means the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, in charge of the instruction and discipline of Harvard College, the Scientific School, and the Graduate School.

This Faculty is not such a bad set of fellows after all; it includes former athletes, among whom is the President of the University, and the fathers of present and prospective athletes; it knows more about the college world than might be expected in view of the scanty information which can be gleaned from the *Harvard Crimson*. So far from being hostile to athletics, it officially puts it in the same category as billiards, or trying for the college papers, or reading the Sunday newspapers, or other time-consuming pursuits. In fact, nothing would please the Faculty of Arts and Sciences better than to have athletics take care of itself. There are other matters for discussion, and it was a joyful moment when, in 1888, the former Faculty committee of athletics gave way to the present joint committee of nine.

Nevertheless, athletic questions sometimes find their way unasked into the Faculty Room. In the first place the relations of the American colleges with each other upon this subject have produced a system of intercollegiate law, a school of intercollegiate diplomacy, a network of alliances, protocols, agreements, and treaties, which during the last twenty years have been sometimes made and always sanctioned by the Athletic Committee, but which cannot escape the attention of the Faculty. Sometimes it seems a pity to expend upon discussions over the rules and practices

of sport so much good breath, which would suffice to sound a flute or to keep in action the chemical blow-pipe.

The incidents of athletic negotiations, such as the dramatic breaking-off of relations, or the renewal of harmony on a three-years' pact, may interest Faculty members, but they are aroused by the invasion of athletics into the domain reserved for the other functions of the College. It makes a painful impression upon many of the college teachers when one day in the fall (and last year two days) should be practically given over by the whole College to a spectacle which has been carefully set at a time of day when it need not interfere with College exercises. The Faculty is still more sensitive to the continued interruption during the first two months of the college year due to the general excitement over the football season. The objection is not so much to the effect upon the players themselves, for they are too few in proportion to the whole number; but it is aggravating to feel that the student body permits itself to be so absorbed by one of the accidents of College life. No rule of discipline is more salutary than that which forbids a student who is on probation from taking part in public athletic contests and dramatic and musical performances, for it is an automatic system for putting pressure on the neglectful person through his friends and team captains; but the probationer who is not a candidate for any team equally helps to diminish the average of attention and consecutive study.

It is entirely true that athletics is not the greatest, though it is the most conspicuous, force that tends to break up the regularity and effectiveness of College life. It is perhaps a misfortune to the College that so many hundreds of its students live within two hundred and

fifty miles of their homes and come and go frequently. The dramatic performances are insatiable devourers of students' time; club and society life may be a distraction; candidates for the College papers hardly find time for such details as College work. The Faculty feels that all these things are accidental, outside the main purpose of the University and the presumable intention of the students when they come to College. Of course there is a way of dealing with these matters through the individual; whatever powers the Faculty has not, it does prescribe the terms upon which men shall be allowed to remain registered in the College and to take degrees. If all the individuals who are delinquent could be brought up to their work, nobody would accuse athletics of being a disturbance to studies; but it is natural that the Faculty, seeing what it supposes to be the principal disturbance, should, by its votes, express the belief that too much energy goes into seeing other people perform athletic exercises.

Here comes in the constitutional question, Who has the ultimate authority over athletics? In creating the Athletic Committee, twenty years ago, the Corporation did not surrender its control over the University property, including playgrounds; the Overseers gave up no right to investigate anything that seemed to them harmful to the College; the Faculty retained its powers of discipline over lazy or otherwise obnoxious students. Nevertheless, the Athletic Committee relieves each of those bodies from responsibilities for which they are not well fitted and insures a fixity of policy and the maintenance of a system of control. The mixed character of the Athletic Committee makes it possible that its decisions will be different from what would seem desirable to any one of the

three governing bodies; but in general it has been a conservative body; it has often been remarked that the undergraduate members of that committee are likely to be cautious, and the Faculty members are ready to learn the point of view of the students. There might be some better system for the control of

athletics; God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but then He never did! Whatever the ills of athletics and the difficulty of keeping it in proper subordination to the serious concerns of the University, the Athletic Committee seems the safest body to intrust with that function.



A LAST LETTER

By JOHN HALL WHELOCK

Forgive me, dear, this last and vain delay,
 This desperate utterance and foolish boast
 Of all my love of you, the thought that most,
 Now, in this urgent hour, I long to say;
 In the full dawning of the radiant day
 Love's twilight wanes, with the innumerate host
 Of stars and dreams retiring, like a ghost,
 Down the long aisles of Time I fade away.

Treasure my love, and keep it ever new,
 I charge you, dear, as an anointing kiss
 Upon your spirit, through the days to be,
 Nor grudge me this last, aching cry to you,
 Wrung from a soul departed; after this
 Is the long silence of eternity.

A COLLEGE PLAY IN THE MAKING

BY J. C. BILLS, JR.

February dreams and May performances are long weeks apart, and the road between is rough and heavy, at least so the amateur college actor finds it when he receives his copy of the new play and reads it carefully to decide on the character he wishes to try for. The play-manager calls the fellows together and the coach speaks up:

"I don't know you men yet, and you don't know me. But we've got a big job here, and we've got to work together. I'll have a provisional cast ready for the first regular rehearsal to-morrow. Now I want to say a few words about the actor's art—"

We may well miss the rest of the talk. Several of the fellows always do, being forced to leave by urgent engagements or 'phone calls. A week later, however, the work is on in earnest. Regularly, at four o'clock, the thirty members of the cast meet in the "heavenly vault"—a barren room at the top of some five-storied building—and rehearse the play, one act a day. The coach has already changed the characters about several times. The girls' parts are most difficult to fill, the strain of football "Bob" reducing himself to dainty "Francisca" is tremendous. The heavy voice responds harshly to the light phrases, and the big black oxfords that tramp about the stage have little of the sixteen-year-old trip to them. And the scenery is not over realistic where a table serves for a palace and a chair for a cottage. Far away seem the fair May days and the applauding audiences and

—the little girl at the college up the river.

Another week passes. The coach has instituted a series of facial contortions, most hideous to behold. He calls it vocal culture. And day after day dramatic personæ line up and go through the old exercises—

"Po le ah lu—ah lu."

"R-r-r-rick, r-r-r-r-rock."

How prosperous the play seems! Every one is doing finely—surely the play will be a big success. Dreams builded upon dreams—would that the first performance were nearer.

Meanwhile the coach is called away for several days. The fellows slump. He returns unexpectedly, and, although it is long after the regular rehearsal time, only half of the men have arrived. He finds four of the soldiers playing poker, and they are loath to leave the game and get into their parts. Marguerite sits off in one corner smoking, and Sir Henry is deep in problems of Economics I. It is a sultry day, and the air in the "heavenly vault" is heavy. The facial contortions lack their wonted vigor, and the rehearsal drags. The coach calls the fellows about him:

"Look here, men, you are putting on this show like a lot of babies. This is your show, not mine. For heaven's sake, wake up!"

That is the first of a long series of similar talks, and before the week is out half the parts have been changed.

"You haven't material enough connected with this play to put on a two-act farce," declares the coach.

"You're damn right," retorts Sir Ralph, who has been changed to the character of Alice.

The time comes when there is no more shifting of characters, no more grumbling. Daily Sir Henry kisses the hand of Marguerite — Sir Henry in Jenk's woollens and Marguerite in wide-flapping trousers and sporting a twentieth-century moustache. He who cuts now is appealed to by coach and players alike. The "heavenly vault" is abandoned and the scene shifts to a real stage, where broom handles and boiler lids give place to swords and shields. The coach advises to "cut the smoke" and "be careful about work and sleep." It has come to the time when the best amateurs are liable to "go stale." They are living in a constant play now. They talk to one another in the play phrases: "Ho, Sir Ralph;" "Ye, Sir Henry;" That I do love thee, Marguerite, thou knowest." The fellow passenger upon the street car wonders if the mental strain of the modern college is not too great for the best results. An English thesis ends in a grand harangue on the modern drama, the dreams of night are set with backgrounds from the play scenes. And the first performance looms large just ahead.

The last week passes like a dream. It is the night of the dress rehearsal. For the first time the asbestos is down, and back of it — make-up men, stage hands, costumers, and wig-girls mix in a general mêlée.

Sir Ralph comes from his room armed in full and with clanking spurs. Alice steps from the ladies' dressing-room remarkable in form and ruddy with color. From the booths above a small company of soldiers come clanking along, while the apparition of a madman, with disheveled wig, flies through the corridor in search of the rest of his costume.

Country-folk, tradesmen, girls and boys, mingle in the throng. Close-fitting tights, flouncing skirts; colors gay, colors somber; hair and paint and dust — all pushing steadily to the room of the make-up men. What god-like wonders they are, these make-up men! Paint and powder, oil and paint — a square faced football player enters the room, a blushing girl leaves. Presto, it is done!

And now the entire troupe is ready and huddled together in one room.

"Damn this wig, it's too tight," grumbles the madman.

"Oh, gee, but I'm hot!" sputters the corpulent fool, who has six inches of cotton stuffing all over his body.

The coach enters — "Just a last word to you men. You'll be judged by what you do to-night — get into it!"

The evening passes. Everything has gone wrong. The thumping heart has driven terror through tingling veins; the mind has been blank, the prompter active. The crestfallen actors gather after it is all over, and the coach again speaks. Nobody knows how often or how much a coach speaks in those three months.

"Men," he begins, "it was rotten! How do you expect an audience to sit through two hours and a half of such tomfoolery? Get into your parts and say something. The entire performance was vile. Now, it's up to you!"

No speech of the coach tells as this one. The fellows realize at last what they are up against, and the next few days make wonderful improvements in the show. And now the glorious spring days have come. The long drudgery of the winter is past and the performances are just ahead. Night after night the smiling actors acknowledge applause more or less merited; night after night they learn the old lesson of the uncertain audience.



A SHIRT-SLEEVE REHEARSAL

Chapman

"I'll be hanged if they didn't laugh at the wrong time in my speech," says the crazy-man.

"It's the most sober lot of people I ever saw," answers the fool. "Nobody even smiled till I tried to wipe off the sweat, and rubbed off a lot of white paint instead."

But finally the home performances are all over and only the happy climax remains—the performance at the girls' college up the river. On the morning of that last day the actors hastily pack and, with big red stickers upon their suit-cases, set out for the station.

Thirty men can pretty well fill an ordinary coach, and having become wise from experience, the railroad doesn't crowd a body of students, and, if possible, gives them a special car.

Slowly the spirits rise. Somebody starts a song, somebody proposes a cheer, somebody steps out on the rear platform and waves his hat at a schoolgirl beside the track. Excitement grows. A colored waiter enters the car to announce lunch, and forthwith Sir Ralph begins to rehearse his lines to him—

"I stand for the laws and customs of Merry England. My fathers have bled before me, and I will bleed now. Do thy worst, base coward, I will fight while yet I have life —"

The real speech should end in a duel, but this one doesn't.

A performance at a girls' college is a happy occasion. At least so most troupes think. During the afternoon there are teas and calls and suppers. College girls are nothing if not hospitable. The fellows land at the college portals in a bunch, they straggle into the theater that night one by one. It is truly astonishing how many of them have relatives, or relatives' friends or friends of relatives' friends upon whom they are obliged to

call. The leftovers, gathering at the hotel for dinner at night, have a sad and lonely time.

The grand end has come. All the work, all the pleasure of the season leads to this. The coach speaks for the last time—

"You are doing first rate, men. Just keep it up for all there is in you to-night. Hit it hard."

The little rooms back of the stage are intended for casts of ten, not thirty. The make-up men are slow, the costumes have been mislaid and are gathered a piece at a time. The wig-girls will insist upon smiling at Sir Ralph and Sir Henry, when these worthies are saving their best for after-play calls. Every one is in the way; no one is ready.

"Remember your business with the fair Alice," says Sir Henry.

"Sure! But damn it, this corset pinches me like hell! One of the stays is poking through my hide."

"Who took my tights?" yells a soldier.

"Where's the woman with the needle? Mine are ripped all to the devil," asks another.

The stage manager comes rushing back—"The house is full, fellows; it's the best yet."

A dozen men break for the stage to get a peep at the audience. They search the curtain and the walls—there is but a single tiny hole to look through and then only one at a time. They line up and wait turns, and one after another applies his eye.

But "Alice" only looks a moment. "Damn it," he mutters, "there is some fool chap sitting next to her! I wonder—damn it!"

The call-boy enters the wing—"Last call for first act. Curtain going up."

There is a scramble in the narrow corridor. Sir Henry and Sir Robert collide

with Gertrude, who jams back her wig as the curtain goes up, and the play is on. What an audience it is! The long hall stretches far back in rows of up-turned faces, and in front the girls sit close about the stage. Every man feels instinctively that the crowd is with him.

"Zip it, fellows!" whispers the play manager, as he dashes up to the foot-lights.

"Dig in hard!" says the business manager. "This audience saves the day, and we'll make money."

"Set it fast!" growls the stage manager to his assistants when the change of scenery comes.

The first act has gone off admirably. True, Alice lost her wig in a grand leave-taking, but the crazy-man got some business in and made most of the audience think it was his. In the duel, also, Sir Robert was badly scratched in the arm; but he didn't show it, and the

girls thought it was all in play. Yet these are only minor things; the play is going with a spirit and zest before unknown. The fellows pat each other on the back, grip hands, and swear to do all there is in them. They clench their fingers and set their teeth. It is a wild, happy intermission.

The second act goes better than the first, and the third beats the second. The nervous tension of that troupe of men is at fever height. All the work of those past three months suddenly becomes worth while.

"Get into it!" whispers the play manager as the curtain rises for the last time. "We'll give them a cheer at the end."

And the cheer that echoes down the long aisles from thirty men comes back to them with merry vigor from five hundred girls' voices.



IS HARVARD GERMANIZED?

BY E. F. HANFSTAENGL

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The recent publication in book form of Mr. Corbin's essay on Harvard, which attracted considerable attention when it first appeared some months ago, justifies a recurrence to his general characterization of Harvard as "a Germanized University." Mr. Hanfstaengl, as a native of Germany and a member of the class of 1909, speaks from first-hand knowledge.

If one but glances over the scores of criticisms, essays, descriptions, and other literary attempts which deal with Harvard, the words of the student in "Faust" come to one's mind: "Mir wird von alledem so dumm als ging mir ein Mühlrad im Kopf herum." The "rudis indigestaque moles" of ideas, projects, remedies, reforms, and slanders almost serve to becloud the opinions developed by one's own experience.

Just such a strange hybrid of false and true, good and bad, is contained in a recent book by John Corbin, "Which College for the Boy?"* Although this book discusses conditions at Princeton, Michigan, Cornell, Chicago, and Wisconsin, I shall limit myself to a consideration of the chapter entitled "Harvard: A Germanized University." The very title, which I read with some surprise, requires a clear definition as to its meaning. From the title we might fairly assume that Mr. Corbin regards Harvard as a university distinctly German with respect to social life, administration, and instruction. But he declares himself: "The spirit and needs of our young men" to be, "in many respects, infinitely removed from those of the German undergraduate," and finds that "though differing in many details," they are "essentially similar to those of the Oxford and Cambridge man." His whole reasoning here recalls the answer of the student,

who, when asked "How do you like Marcantonio?" replied, "Quite well, but I prefer Botticelli."

As the reader sees, Mr. Corbin is a spokesman for the English college system. I must add that he consistently sticks to the fixed idea that the condition Harvard is now in is a mere deterioration of an English college, while Professor A. B. Hart, in an article dating from September 28, 1907, published in the *Boston Evening Transcript*, has shown clearly that Harvard College never was a college in the same sense as Oxford and Cambridge, and that efforts to anglicize Harvard have, without exception, culminated in fiasco. Nevertheless, we learn that "Harvard has transformed itself from a typical English college" into an institution which, in the spirit and scope of its instruction, compares not unfavorably with the foremost universities of Germany." Let us hold to the words, "spirit and scope of instruction," for this in the author's eyes seems to be the crux of our difficulty. It is back to 1817—the times of George Ticknor and Edward Everett—that Mr. Corbin traces the germination of German ideals in our alma mater. The Germany of that day he sums up in epigrammatic fashion: "Books, not men; science, not citizenship, was what Germany stood for." One need but recall German statesmen like Stein and Hardenberg, generals like Blücher, Gneise-

* Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., Boston. \$1.50 net.

nau, Boyen, Lützow, and York, patriots like Arndt and Fahn, and cosmopolitans like Goethe, who were all still alive at that time, to show the cogency of Mr. Corbin's summary. Or, does he want us to believe that two years after Waterloo the heroes of the German struggle for liberty had sunk into the passive oblivion of scholarly retrenchment? In what seems a tone of regret we hear from the author, who keeps pointing at the resulting evils of Germanization, that the immediate consequence was "the increasing and opening" of our library, "until to-day the Harvard Library is the third largest in the country."

It is peculiar that, although the words "Germanized" and "Germanization" are employed almost on every page of Mr. Corbin's article, we fail to get any concrete example of what he understands them to mean. As much as I can snatch from his chaotic utterances, Harvard is indebted to Germany mainly for the intense narrowness of true scholarship and the "single aim" of her scientific investigators.

He endeavors now to give illustrations of Harvard's shortcomings during President Eliot's Germanistic régime since 1869. His allusion to Theodore Roosevelt as the only one of his graduates "who has gained world-wide distinction" is unconvincing, and at the same time unfair to the representative Harvard men in other, perhaps less ostentatious, professions. It is fair to assume that a goodly number of President Eliot's graduates will yet be heard from.

We are further informed that the "disintegration of the traditional college spirit has proved most momentous at Harvard," — "it being the most radically Germanized of our universities." Mr. Corbin seems unconsciously to have absorbed the notion that there is no uni-

versity spirit in Germany. "Alt-Heidelberg," with its charming interpretation of German university life, has not only been performed on all German stages of to-day, but it has also carried its warm, human message to other countries, including America.

Mr. Corbin's chief scape-goat is, however, the elective system, "by virtue of which classes do not meet in lecture halls as units, but mingle with all the other classes and (*horribili dictu*) with graduates." The passage of Mr. Corbin's essay is also characterized by that superficial quality which German commentators would describe as "ungründlich." As a matter of fact the Freshman, upon entering college, is seldom at liberty to choose his courses. He finds himself, as a rule, united with the greater part of his class in courses like History IA, English A, and Government I. Last year History IA, a course of 303 men, was taken by 280 Freshmen; English A, a course of 525 men, was taken by 500 Freshmen; Government I, a course of 383 men, was taken by 260 Freshmen.

The same grouping prevails in the second year, for, in courses like Professor Münsterberg's in psychology, out of a total of 216 students, fully half are Sophomores, and in Economics I, with a total enrollment of 392 men, 260 are second-year men. It almost seems as if Mr. Corbin regarded the making of acquaintances as the chief purposes of university instruction.

What we learn about the dismal fate of Freshmen who, upon their arrival at Cambridge, are greeted by a series of beer nights arranged by upper-classmen will arouse only the ridicule of any one who has been at such a function. Of course a Freshman "depends on his own natural push." But this truism does not

prove the utter uselessness of this "clumsy and ineffective attempt" to extend welcome. No means of welcome could save a Freshman the trouble of winning his way. As the German saying has it, "Man kann einen Hund nicht auf die Jagd tragen."

Harvard College, with its detailed regulations as to the behavior of the students in dormitories, with its organized athletics, its hour-examinations, attendance records, and its annual promotions is thoroughly non-German. The sole ideals which Harvard seems to have taken from Germany are the ideals of higher scholarship. I remember a lengthy address by Professor Eugen Kühnemann of Breslau, visiting professor at Harvard a year ago, to the members of the Deutscher Verein of Harvard University, in which he undertook to outline the principles that govern the administration of a German university. That his talk had contained some information that was new to the majority of the members became clear to me when I saw them gather around him and cross-question him for a long time after the lecture had come to a close.

The only time Mr. Corbin "gets warm" as to some Harvard conditions is when he speaks of the defective condition of American secondary schools. Why did he not discuss "Which School for the Boy?" instead of putting us off with frail household words on Harvard's devotion to foreign ideals.

Professor Francis Peabody, in a lecture in the winter of 1906-07, spoke on university ideals in England, Germany, and America. With the English ideal of culture he contrasted the German watchwords, "Akademische Freiheit," and the American ideal of purpose. This trait develops too frequently into what Dean Sabine calls the "scoring" spirit. Thus a man may take courses for the sole purpose of "getting his degree" or do the work in a certain course only to "cover" it. Although Mr. Corbin pretends that reasons to account for the Germanization of Harvard are as plenty as blackberries, he fails to realize that the American ideal of purpose displaces the essential German element of objective interest: "Deutsch sein heisst objectiv sein, eine Sache ihrer selbst willen tun."



SUMMER WORK

EDITOR'S NOTE. — It is the intention of the *ILLUSTRATED* to present under this head a series of articles dealing with various kinds of summer work done by college men. Several thousand Harvard students engage in gainful occupations during the long vacation. The object of these articles will be to present succinct statements by experienced men of their impressions of the work they have done, so as to provide undergraduates contemplating summer work with an independent basis of judgment as to their prospects of success in one or the other kind.

I. SELLING BOOKS

Every year almost a hundred men go out from Harvard after Class Day as representatives of two large publishing firms, and, as a result, a considerable proportion of these students are paying their entire college expenses without doing term time work. As this line of employment has become a recognized means of earning expenses for self-supporting students in practically every college of the country, a brief discussion of the business and some of its experiences may be of interest to him who is wondering how to increase his assets to meet the demands of the next term, as well as to him who is interested in studying human nature and gaining practical experience.

It is the common belief that in this business "many are called, and few are chosen." Here all depends on the individual, for you must not expect a farmer or mechanic to hand out his hard-earned dollars simply because you are a college man and perhaps smile on him. To succeed here, as in any business, a man must be thoroughly prepared and work hard. If he fulfills both of these requirements, his chances of success are excellent; indeed, I should almost like to say, he cannot fail. The writer is

an ordinary person; his friends are certainly frank in telling him so, and thus it turned out, for last summer he cleared up just about the average of the Harvard contingent, a little over \$4.50 per day. Nobody earned less than \$2.00 a day, for the companies guarantee that a man will earn at least that amount, and if he fails to do so, make up the deficiency in cash. Some "stars" earn more than \$20 a day.

The writer's best day's work netted him a little over \$8.00, and when most unsuccessful he made \$1.00. These figures do not allow for living expenses. One of the two big companies publishing the books generally handled gives its students an expense allowance, which is usually sufficient to pay board. As this in the country is much lower than in big cities, the average student can easily count on making \$20 a week *clear*, for board is practically the only expense; for once a man gets into a good town, he need travel no further for that summer. The railroad fares, contrary to general belief, need not figure prominently in the student's accounts.

Let us briefly go over the experiences of a solicitor from his hiring to the day when, with a satisfied smile, he reckons

up his profits. Usually the student becomes interested through hearing of the success of some of his friends during the previous summer, and decides to investigate for himself. He sees a student "manager," or a representative of the company over the "manager." He is told that here he can pleasantly earn a large amount of money in a short time, and gain invaluable experience. The student agrees to work, takes the "training" — instruction in the work he is to sell, — and starts for the field of action.

On the train going to his "territory" — the town or township he has selected, a strange feeling seizes him. Why did I ever do it? I don't know a soul here, and I'm not made for selling books anyhow. Doubts begin to assail him, doubts about his ability, his book, fear of the people he is to meet. Oppressed by such dismal speculations he approaches his territory. He alights from the train, pulls himself together for appearance' sake, and looks about. He selects a boarding place, unpacks, and sits down to think it over again.

Here the strong-minded man begins to revive. Others have sold books, why not I, though this certainly is the worst town in the whole state — the minister told me so (this was an actual experience with the writer). Every beginner thinks that his territory, though it is of the best, is the "worst ever." Weak-kneed fellows sometimes give up at this juncture, but their number is small. A man's will, the encouraging letters of his company, for they write to him almost every day at the start, together with their newspaper, — both firms get out a small publication full of helpful advice, — and the accounts of the large earnings of others, all these factors stir him

to action. He sallies forth, having read and reread his instructions. If he is successful at the first it is a great help, for the writer keenly remembers the feeling of confidence that he gained from selling to the first man he approached. The whole world took on a rosy tinge, and from being an emissary of the devil, the manager appeared as an angel of good fortune.

The budding solicitor returns home — for so he soon comes to call his boarding place, having taken perhaps two or three orders. It isn't so bad after all. The next day he does better, and every day his confidence increases. He is acquiring experience all the time that is going to help immensely as he progresses. In a few days' time he is doing very well, and if he is like most men his work improves to the last.

The men who come to our rooms to sell us books are not looked upon, as a class, with much favor by the college community. Reasoning from this we conclude that the life of a student solicitor is not an agreeable one. It would not be, indeed, if the analogy were a true one, but it is not. Here we are intellectually, and presumably, financially, above the man who approaches us; "on the road" we are intellectually on a par with the best men in the community, and are not worse off than the majority of our customers financially. A twelve-dollar-a-week man in a small town is earning "good money," and with the cheaper prices of staples lives as well, if not better, than the twenty-dollar-a-week man in the large city. Nor do these people meet agents as often as we do, and so they are more approachable. Generally they welcome a chance to talk to some one from the world out-

side. The public to-day recognizes the value of good books, and is often looking for something in the line of what you have — some intellectual "get-rich-quick" compendium. This is the sort of book, as experience shows, that appeals to the greatest number of people, and consequently sells best. These books are of solid merit; the writer sold one, but was so impressed with the merits of a similar rival publication that at the close of the season he bought a copy for his own use.

If the solicitor so desires he may meet the best people in the town. The writer did his summer's work in a place of some eight thousand inhabitants, boasting of two Harvard alumni, lawyers of the town, and a dozen graduates of various colleges. All of these he met, several became his friends; in fact, he was so cordially treated by some that it began to interfere with his business. A man must guard against this, for after a few days his acquaintances are apt to take up his time to the detriment of his business.

The work, then, after the first few days, is pleasant. One must not imagine that the beginning is intolerable; but he should remember the German proverb, "Aller Anfang ist schwer." In only four instances during the entire summer did the writer fail to get an interview after stating his business. Such a thing as being "kicked" out or "dogged" out is unknown, though the jokers speak of these felicities as an everyday occurrence. A man with any spirit soon comes to regard his interviews as a sort

of mental tussle, in which the object is to persuade the prospective, though now refractory customer, to his way of thinking. One does not sell a book every time, but as the agent gains in experience he reduces the proportion of his failures. All the time, too, he can console himself with the thought that he often gains more from a defeat than from a sale.

The man, then, who sells books is fairly sure to be pleasantly employed and earn quite a large amount of money. He will also gain invaluable experience; many men take up the work on this account alone. There surely can be no better way to broaden human sympathy and understanding than the constant attempt to influence the minds of others. The salesman is standing on his own feet, he is gaining confidence in his own resources. It is worth while for a fellow to see the effort required to earn a few dollars; it will make him less reckless, perhaps, with his "Mem" checks the next winter.

To sum up, a summer of book selling, more so at the start, is not a "snap course." I mean that one cannot make a lot of money without work. But this is true of any business; you must give value for value received. He will meet good people, earn many dollars, and gain much knowledge of the world and of men. If he works faithfully, the chances are that when he sinks into the big chair in the Pullman — he generally comes home that way — he will say to himself: "Well, I did have a good time; it was worth while."

EDITORIALS

ANNOUNCEMENT

The ILLUSTRATED Board for 1908-09 will be made up as follows: Hans von Kaltenborn, '09, Editor; Oscar G. Mayer, '09, Secretary; Jerome C. Fisher, '09, Associate Editor; George T. Hamilton, '09, Art Editor; Warren Ordway, '10, Assistant Art Editor; Edward H. Merritt, '10, Business Manager; Manning W. Morrill, '09, Circulation Manager, and Burton Kline, '06, Adviser.

THE ATHLETIC SITUATION

In "A Bird's-eye View of Athletics," published in this number, Professor Hart surveys the situation in a genial and generous spirit. It is well to let our elders have their say, and when they speak so pleasantly we are glad to listen. There is something even in being able to agree to disagree. Up to the present, ignorance of all the facts has been responsible for most of the bitterness engendered between students and teachers. A speech like that of E. P. Currier at the 1909 class dinner and an article like Professor Hart's enrich understanding and soften prejudice. With a better knowledge of the facts and working in the spirit of coöperation that is now abroad, we should soon reach that blessed state where we confront no "athletic situation."

A BOOK-FAMINE MASS MEETING

What reforms in college administration and instruction we college youth could bring about with the dynamics of football enthusiasm! Let us take, for example, the very evident necessity of

providing more copies of the prescribed books in such medium-sized courses as Economics 6B and English 45. Let us suppose the one hundred members of the former course to have cut a recitation and organized a mass meeting of protest on the steps of University Hall. The administrative officer who finally appears is greeted with loud shouts. The captain of Economics 6B, a puny, black-haired, spectacled hero of the examination-room, steps forward and addresses the trembling officer as follows: "Honored Sir: In the name of my studious comrades I appeal for justice. The diligent members of this course are unfairly hampered in the keen intra-collegiate competition for academic excellence. D's upon D's, aye, sir, even E's upon E's have been meted out to us for the past two months because of the handicap under which your negligence, your hostility, has placed us.

"We want more books! [Wild yells from the members.] Yes, indeed, more books. For the week preceding the decisive hour of the monthly test we cut short our luncheons and haste to Harvard Hall. There we are told that the two Hadleys are out, the three Johnsons are out, the three Taussigs are out. Thirsting for wisdom we sprint across the Yard to Gore Hall. There we learn that the one Hadley is in use, the one Johnson is in use, the two Taussigs are in use. There are six applications ahead on each book. Undaunted we file a seventh, then rush back to Harvard Hall in the hope that a tennis engagement, or that tired feeling has obliged some one to give up a book. Vain hope. We sit down to wait, twenty of us, gazing

covetously at the lucky dozen who are gloating over the longed-for volumes. Then come hours of suspense. Will some one give up a book before four? The clock on Memorial strikes the hour, our vigil was in vain. Chagrined, but not defeated, we sprint back to Gore, there to learn that our name has just been called, and we have missed our chance. Sometimes, to be sure, we get a book, and then, just when we have fought down the happy dream-visions of youth and begin to take an interest in the resumption of specie payments, a voice at our elbow remarks, 'Time's up,' and the

precious book is snatched away. At the test the worst is sure to happen, the question is on the book we were unable to secure. Oh, sir, take pity on us, and if you would have us read books, give us books to read."

The administrative officer promises to investigate, he finds the situation to be as stated, and the result, oh, joy! On the Friday before the next Saturday test we enter Harvard Hall at four o'clock, after a refreshing afternoon outdoors, and are able to secure all the prescribed reading to take home.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE RELIGION OF A DEMOCRAT. By Charles Zueblin. Published by B. W. Huebsch, New York. \$1.00 net.

In this volume are preserved the six lectures delivered by Mr. Zueblin this spring under the auspices of the Harvard Ethical Society. The author points out that every man must have his own religion with the stamp of his personality upon it, and that, although religion is universal, it is only vital when it is a conscious personal possession, a living faith being more important than any special faith.

The Church, he asserts, is inadequate for the expression of democratic religion, because it depends upon dead formulæ, fears to trust the instincts of the people, and is separated from industry and politics. Only through the democratic state can democratic religion be attained. A democratic state is one in which no man is in economic, physical, political, esthetic, intellectual, or moral subjection.

The state should synthesize and democratize all human wants, which involves the interrelation of religion and all other human interests. The church may be a coöperative agent, subject,



Professor Charles Zueblin

however, to the state; and democratic religion will be organized through the parish and the municipality, by democratizing art, education, and morality, in the public galleries, libraries, school-houses, town halls, and churches. The dawn of democratic religion will be seen when the wants of the people are harmonized and vocalized and all good human work is aspiration.

ITALICA: STUDIES IN ITALIAN LIFE AND LETTERS. By William Roscoe Thayer. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. Price, \$1.50; postage, 12 cents.

The lovers of history, who know Mr. Thayer through his "Dawn of Italian Independence," and, more recently, through his "Short History of Venice," will rejoice to have in permanent form this collection of papers taken from different sources, essays — historical, biographical, and critical, — concerning the Italy he loves so well and the people among whom he has at various times dwelt as one of them. Historian, poet, lover of the highest forms of beauty, master of the Italian tongue, no American living is better qualified than he to write of the past glories and present hopes of the lovely land of romance so cruelly enslaved and ill-treated, which has so bravely broken her shackles and struggled back into a proud position among the nations of to-day.

Mr. Thayer has covered much ground in these papers, "sketches," as he modestly calls them, of the Italians who have been his friends, the bewitching spots where, from time to time, he has made his home, and the great writers whom personality and training have enabled him to appreciate as few foreigners are prepared to do. In "Venetian Legends and Pageants" his descriptions, couched

in the clear, accurate, and lucid English for which he is conspicuous, riot in color and atmosphere, and carry us back in imagination to the glowing days of which he writes; in the two essays on Modern Italy, he astonishes the readers who have not followed the course of the Italy of Cavour, Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi, and have been unaware of her steady progress, by the tale of her successes in the line of industrial development. The literary papers are what may be expected from the student who sat at the feet of Professor Charles Eliot Norton and has been proved worthy of his master. Of the book as a whole, the best description may be borrowed from its own pages, written of the work of the Countess Martinengo Cesaresco, "One perceives that many of these are essays of high literary quality, not written to order, but for the love of it — in which experience, travel, observation, culture overflow for our delight. . . ." The book is dedicated to the memory of Harrison Otis Aphthorp, the beloved Master of Milton Academy, whose name is enshrined in the heart of many a Harvard graduate.

THINGS WORTH WHILE. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. In *The Art of Life Series*, Edward Howard Griggs, Editor. Published by B. W. Huebsch, New York. 50 cents net.

If it could be said that any one man links the literature of the nineteenth century to that of the twentieth, the distinction would belong to Colonel Higginson. After a rich and full life as an author, soldier, and man of affairs, at eighty-four he gives us a volume which, though small in size, is full of reminiscence, wise counsel, criticism of life and manners, and homely philosophy.



Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson

One will enjoy reading this book, but one will enjoy even more reading it a second time. Colonel Higginson writes in such a quotable style that the reader will find himself making constant reference to the book because it touches helpfully on so many of the perplexities and joys in life. And patriotism of a refined kind marks the volume throughout.

There is nothing old or old fashioned about it except in the virtues that it possesses. It is like an echo of the best days in the New England school of literature, and the style carries the reader back to thoughts of Emerson, Lowell, and Longfellow. In this day of "best sellers," "largest circulations," and machine-made literature, it will prove mental refreshment to spend an hour under a shady tree with "Things Worth While."



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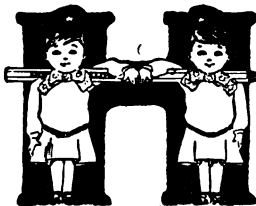
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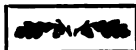
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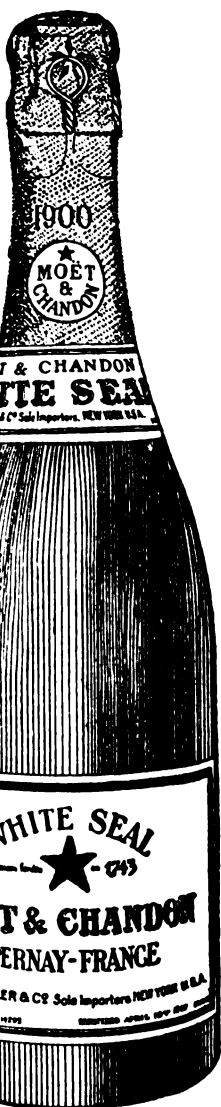
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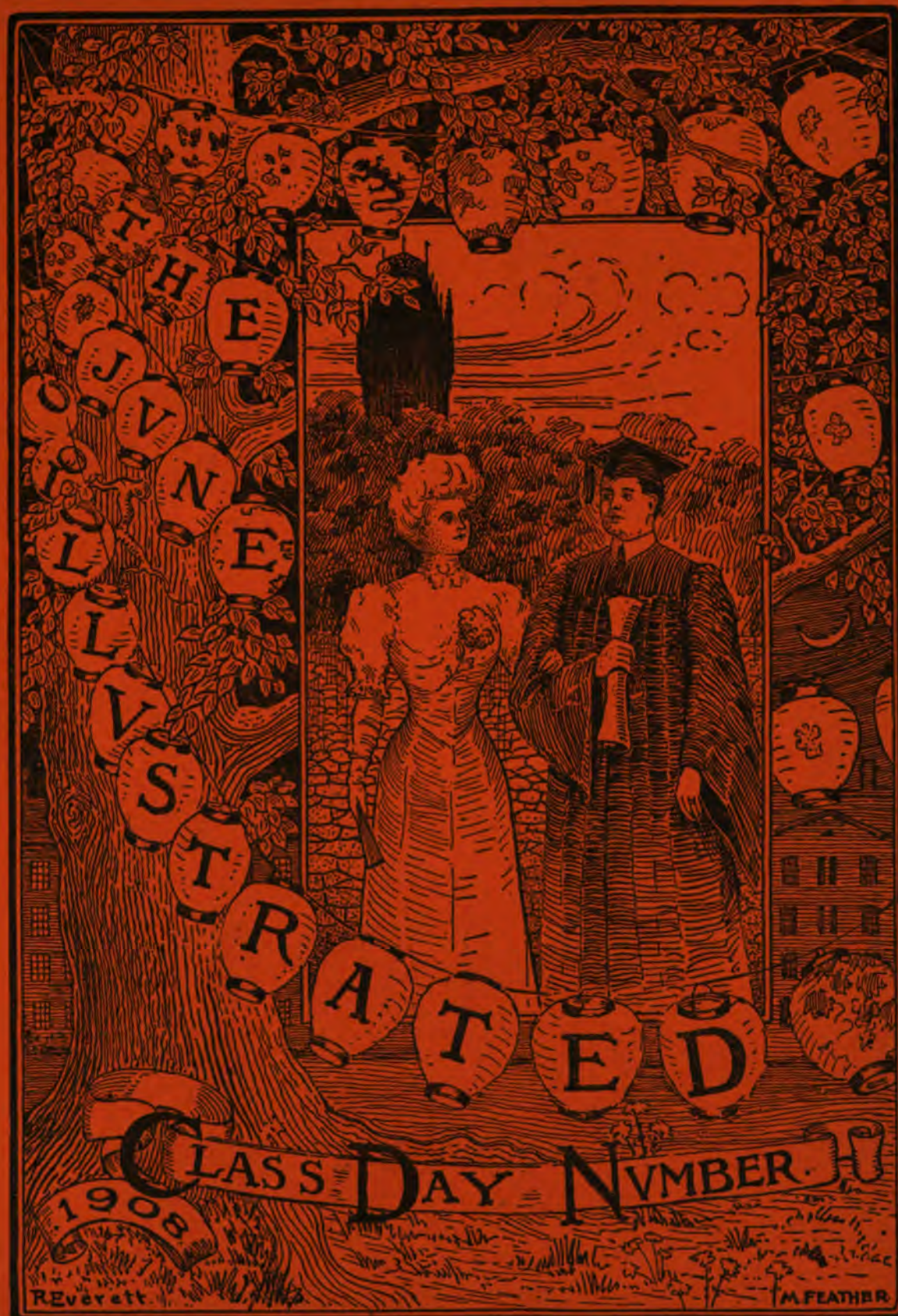
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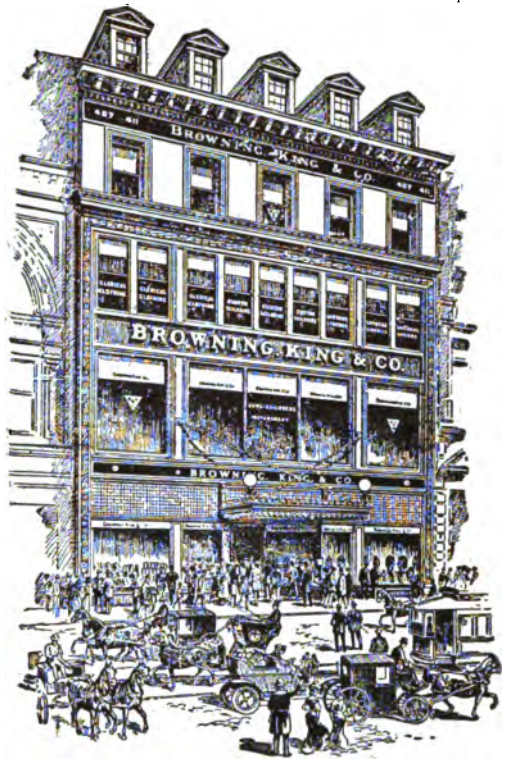
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VOLUME IX

JUNE, 1908

NUMBER 9

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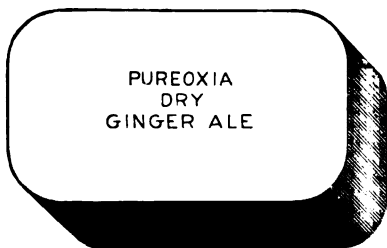
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MISS MAUDE ADAMS AS "VIOLA"

THE HARVARD ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Vol. IX

JUNE, 1908

No. 9

1908 ON COLLEGE COURSES

*A consensus of opinion as deduced from
a postal-card canvass*

On May 27 the ILLUSTRATED mailed seven hundred return-postal cards to all the members of the Class of 1908, including those who are no longer in College. They bore the following communication:

"It is the endeavor of the HARVARD ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE to present in statistical form the estimate of the Class of 1908 on the courses and the instruction in Harvard College. Your conscientious coöperation in answering the questions on the attached card will help to bring out representative and possibly serviceable results. G. Emerson, '08, the Class Secretary, is coöperating with us, and hopes to use the statistics in his first annual report.

"Letters relating to courses and instruction are solicited. They will be printed (signed or unsigned as the writer directs) in so far as they contribute to the discussion. Answers, to be of service, must be mailed before June 7."

On the face of the reply-card there were blank spaces for enumerating three "favorite courses" in the order of choice and three "most regretted courses" in similar order. There was also a blank space for "reasons."

For various reasons, chiefly perhaps the short time allowed and the ordinary difficulty of securing a large number of answers to any postal-card canvass, only one hundred and sixteen cards were returned in time for tabulation. This is about the proportion of answers that had been expected. They come from every type of man, and seem to be fairly representative of the opinion of the class. It is almost needless to add that, for a variety of reasons, some of which will appear in the statement of results, the bare statistics are not always an accurate indication of the comparative popularity of a course. The number of men in a course, or the fact that a course was given in the Freshman year and would naturally be less distinctly remembered than later courses, are circumstances that affect the result. In tabulating the results, the following method has been pursued: The "favorite course" named first received three points, the next one, two, and the third, one; the same proportion was observed in totaling the "most regretted courses."

Taking these figures just as they stand, Comparative Literature 12 would seem to head the list, having 28 votes for it

and 1 against it, or a net "favorite" vote of 27. Economics 21 is a close second, having 24 votes for it and none against it. English 2 is third, with a net "favorite" vote of 23.

But there is a considerable difference in the number of men enrolled in these three courses. Last year Comparative Literature 12 had 166 members, Economics 21, 152, and English 2, 94. Taking an enrollment of 100 as an index number, and thereby putting the courses on an equal basis, the comparative rank of these three courses is changed, and they are all outranked by a number of courses having a smaller attendance.

In making up the table, in which are listed all courses in which five or more points were registered, this method has been pursued. To be sure, the use of 100 as an index number is purely arbitrary, and several objections might be urged against it. One hundred was selected as approximating to the average number of men in all the courses which are listed and because it is convenient for calculation. It may be well to state that while the use of an index number provides a fairer estimate of the relative popularity of all the courses, its use tends to emphasize the relative popularity or unpopularity of some. In case of the smaller courses, on which few opinions were expressed, it gives an exaggerated importance to the opinions of one man. With this reservation the table is offered as a fair presentation of the results.

Of all the men who returned cards, a fraction over ten per cent do not regret any of the courses they have taken since entering college; several regret but one or two, and a good many regret having taken a course for purely personal reasons, as "my unfitness for the subject," "did not have time to follow it up," "out of my line." One man says:

"I regret no courses; I selected my program with care, and had a purpose in each course chosen"; another: "Out of 12 whole and 10 half-courses there is none I regret taking." Some other comments are: "Never yet saw a course that did not have good in it. No one ever learned too much." "My only regret is that I was unable to take more courses than I did." "All my courses have helped me." "No regretted courses, only those my time did not permit me to follow up."

An interesting feature of the vote is the large number of courses in which the "favorite" points are just about "balanced" by the "regretted" points. English A is an example. There are 19 points for it and 20 against it. The men who liked English A say this about it: "Of great practical use." "Puts premium on imaginative and refined work." "Interesting." "Just what a Freshman needs to introduce him to college work." "Most directly and immediately practical." Those who regret the course say: "Spoiled my writing. Before I came to college I had done good work on a newspaper. The miserable padding engendered in English A spoiled my style for journalism for some time." "A young and inexperienced instructor who lacked the slightest trace of sympathy. Criticism harsh, continual, and unnecessarily offensive. With the exception of English A, every course I have taken at Harvard has been both pleasant and of distinct value as a factor in my education." "Kills all originality, besides being an unholy bore." "The course was all right, but my instructor was an overworked, irritable man." "The section meetings presided over by assistants are absolutely valueless." "Because of its too youthful and therefore harsh instructors."

RESULT OF CANVASS

COURSE	"FAVORITE" POINTS	"REGRETTED" POINTS	TOTAL ENROLLMENT LAST YEAR	NET POINTS "FAVORITE" + "REGRETTED" -	REASONS*
Phil. 4	14		14	100 +	Instructor's personality
Ec. 2	14		33	42 2-5 +	High quality of course and teacher
Ger. 26	5		12	41 2-3 +	
Ec. 3	18		44	40 9-10 +	Instructor and instruction
Phil. 17	5		14	36 +	
Chem. 6	5		15	33 1-3 +	
Eng. 5	11		34	33 +	Personality of instructor
Eng. 2	27	4	94	24 1-2 +	Quality of instructor and author
Hist. 24	11		45	24 1-2 +	
Chem. 5	7		34	20 5-7 +	
French 6	14		73	19 1-5 +	Good lecturer
Phil. 10	5		27	19 +	
Ger. 4	12		64	18 3-4 +	Author and instructor
Gov. 4	7		42	16 3 5 +	
Ec. 21	24		152	16 2-5 +	Alive, practical, interesting
C. Lit. 12	28	1	166	16 1-3 +	High quality of lectures
Hygiene 1	26	5	160	13 1-10 +	Valuable as well as interesting
Hist. 13	15	3	104	11 1-2 +	
Educ. 2	6	2	37	10 4-5 +	
Gov. 17	8		80	10 +	
Eng'g 11A	9		95	9 1-2 +	
Eng. 18	7	2	64	7 4-5 +	
Ec. 18	6		90	6 3-5 +	
Eng. 7B	11		217	5 +	
Phil. 1A	12	7	80	4 1-2 +	
Ec. 1	27	9	392	4 2-5 +	
Phil. B	9	4	124	4 +	
Zoöl. 1	10	4	147	4 +	
Ec. 9B	14	5	236	3 4-5 +	
Gov. 1	21	8	385	3 1-3 +	
Phil. 1B	6		216	3 +	
Chem. 1	12	5	298	2 1-3 +	
Hist. 10	7	6	55	2 +	
Ec. 5	7	7	209	Neutral	
Eng. A	19	20	525	— 1-5	
Physics C	6	7	190	— 1-2	
Hist. 1	17	27	303	— 3	
Hist. 12		5	126	— 4	
Educ. 1		6	33	— 4 2-5	
Latin B	1	8	152	— 4 2-5	
French 2c		6	106	— 6	
Ger. A		20	330	— 6	Dislike of subject
Physics B		5	82	— 6 1-4	
Hist. 16		9	132	— 7	Dull lectures
Math. E		6	84	— 7	
Anthrop. 5		8	86	— 9 3-10	Too specialized and uninteresting
Anthrop. 1	5	12	73	— 9 1-2	
Botany 1	4	20	147	— 10 6-7	Too much technical detail
Eng. 22		8	72	— 11	Uninterestingly conducted
Spanish 1	2	10	74	— 11	No interest in subject
Math. F	3	14	74	— 12	
Math. C		5	40	— 12 1-2	Student's unfitness for subject
Ger. 2A		8	60	— 13 1-3	
Eng'g 3D		10	59	— 17	Uninteresting
Ger. 1A		10	55	— 18	Poorly conducted and of no practical value
Math. D	2	10	42	— 19	Student's unfitness for subject
Ec. 8	3	21	50	— 36	Poorly presented
Slavic 4		7	14	— 50	Of no value to men who took it

* "Reasons" are not given where there was any difference of opinion or where less than four men make mention of the course.

History 1A is liked because "the subject is interesting," "the lectures are excellent," "it is a personal satisfaction to know the facts of History 1A," "it is good training and a pleasant course." It is objected to on the grounds that "it is a preparatory school course," "a personal dislike of the subject," "of no use if you do not continue the subject," and "it is too general to leave any definite impression."

Economics 1 is a favorite course for the reasons that "it covers a series of practical questions every educated man should think about," "earnest endeavor was made thoroughly worth while," "a good man headed the course, it was interesting and a spur to constant endeavor," "it was well given and made clear by good professors," "a good course," and "immensely interesting." It is regretted because "an awful bore," "didn't like the subject," "dull, uninteresting, and not a fit preparation for other courses."

Government 1 is a favorite on account of being "practical and interesting," "it is good to know how we are governed," "because of the man who gave it," "deductive," "practical information interestingly presented." Those who regret this course do so on account of a "personal dislike of the subject," "the section instructor and my own negligence," "subject-matter and instructor."

Economics 5, where the vote is also evenly balanced, "the course is valuable largely on account of the personality of the instructor, who made the work really interesting," "the subject railroads is of great interest," "interested in financial affairs," "intelligently handled, and very practical for one who will take it seriously," "it is one of the most practical courses in college," "on account of the amount of training and

the actual pleasure the course afforded me," "this course is not all facts, there is some theory." It is regretted because "it proved so uninteresting that it was impossible to do the reading without going to sleep," "it is very badly managed and unfairly marked, the amount of study having apparently no relation to the grades."

Anthropology 1 was put down as a favorite "on account of the way conducted, but the lecturer was very poor," "it was very interesting and appealed to me because I sat under a good man," "broadly educational, and useful in almost any position in life." The "regretted" comments are: "A course that should be taken only by prehistoric fossils and those with a good sense of humor," "taken as a 'snap,' not interestingly presented," "it is not at all in line with the rest of my work, and I got nothing from it," "uninteresting and unprofitable because no work connected with it," "absolutely a waste of time to even take the lectures. However, I may not be a judge of its value, for I only took it the first half-year, got a 'C' and then dropped it."

German 2A is regretted by one man because he feels that "the time could have been better spent." Another says: "German 2A I regret, owing to failing in the course, due to a general inability to learn languages. I also feel that the instructor did nothing towards personal help, which I have seen in so many of the courses." The same man makes a comment on his favorite course, which is worth quoting for its general bearing: "Botany II is conducted in a very charming manner: one may ask questions in the lectures; clear explanations are put on the board; a review of the previous lecture is given in every lecture, etc. In the laboratory you feel free to

really work, and you are in small sections and may come and go when you wish, if you do six hours a week on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. The whole course makes you feel that the instructors are interested in you."

History 13 is liked because "practical, interesting, and well managed," "broadening," "subject-matter," "deductive," "human interest," "it teaches a man to think and not merely to read. It helps him estimate the value of his technical books. It makes one a better American," "because of the man who gave it." The only man to list it as his "most regretted" course says: "History 13 appears to miss its aim; not a history course as given, but a constitutional law course with running fire comment on men and events, which I should rather see dominate it."

Only eight of the men who answered failed to assign reasons for their choice. Among the reasons for regretting courses that have not yet been quoted are the following: "No desire for cinch courses." "A 1.30 and a 9 o'clock, with a petty assistant, who gave an E on an hour examination as the result of questions marked B, E, C, respectively." "These courses stupified my intellect, deadened my imagination, and imparted to me no knowledge, absolutely no knowledge whatever." "Owing to a bad mark in the course, yet I did a lot of work," "sophorific lectures," "I learned a whole lot of facts and dates, most of which I have forgotten," "reprehensible person who has it in charge," "my utter unfitness for scientific work," "accursed nature of the German language, and the instructor's unfailing Teutonic insolence," "because I took them as snap courses, not really having time to give them the necessary attention," "physical discomfort of Boylston Hall,"

"in a little while you forget all you ever knew, as these things do not occur in everyday life," "the assistants knew no more than the students." One man liked English 2 "because Shakespeare gives the highest and best delineation of human character and motives." He says also: "I was only in college the better part of one year. My daily regret is, and my life-long regret will be, that I left college before I had graduated."

Of the letters received only two contribute something to the discussion. The first is a criticism in the manner of conducting Physics B. Three postal cards were received listing Physics B as a "regretted" course. The writers agree with the author of the letter in their general opinion of the course. The letter follows:

To the Editor of the HARVARD
ILLUSTRATED:

I take the liberty of availing myself of the privilege that you have extended to every Senior in Harvard College, the privilege of estimating—favorably or unfavorably—the courses of his study. It is needless to write or to say much about favorite courses, they speak for themselves. What is needed, is to give some reasons why certain courses are most disliked, in order that such courses may be radically improved. In my opinion, a course that is disliked has no justification for its being. Christ's attitude toward the Sabbath may find application here. A course is for the student and not the student for the course.

A course that seems to be sufficient unto itself, without reference to the students taking it, is Physics B. And yet, if any, certainly this course, should be adapted to the wants of the students. Unlike any other elementary course, it is taken not only by Freshmen, but also

by upper classmen to remove a condition in an admission requirement. Neither type of student is likely to be attracted by the intrinsic value of the course. The success of such a course can only depend on the way in which it is handled. I shall enumerate a few points which will show why the writer regards Physics B, as now given, an unsuccessful course.

1. The lecturer views his students as a group of specialists, as it were, although the course presupposes no previous knowledge of physics at all. To juggle with mathematical formulæ without adequately explaining their meaning and significance to the student not trained in mathematics, is surely not the method calculated to awaken the student's interest in the science of physics. I have often desired to ask the lecturer whether Physics B is a course in physics or in mathematics, all the more since the experiments tried by the lecturer to prove his mathematical equations very seldom yielded this result. In short, the course presupposes too much mathematics, and the lecturer, a mathematician, seems to regard the realm of matter, with which a proper study of physics is to deal, as a mere concrete proof of mathematical truths.

2. The enthusiasm and inspiration which one must feel in the presence of a great science, such as physics indeed is, do not flow from the lecturer and are not transmitted to the student. While the student is thus bored in the lecture-room, he fares no better in the laboratory. There he performs his experiments in an absolutely mechanical fashion. He is told to do things thus or thus. He gets full credit for his experiments and his results, although the principles which these are to reveal are altogether foreign to him. I confess frankly that my experiments have meant

to me nothing more than a mechanical activity. And yet I am recommended by another department of this University for the degree with distinction, *Magna cum laude*. I mention this fact to show that it is not always the stupidity of the student which is responsible for these conditions.

3. But it is in the recitation-room where lack of interest in the subject itself is most prevalent on the part of both student and instructor. There the student is required to "recite" certain exercises worked out at home. No discussion, no explanation follows, after the student has stated the problem and the formula which he used in solving it. Here, again, the method followed is a mechanical one. I have often feared that the instructor might ask me to explain the principle underlying the problem which I had so successfully solved. I had no idea of what such problems stood for.

I have known a score of men in this course whose work was done entirely by a tutor, and who passed the course, although their examinations must have revealed to the instructor the whole truth. The student of moderate means has to choose between failure in the course or the memorizing of meaningless formulæ and mathematical symbols for the sake of getting through a course which imparts to him no knowledge whatever. He is given the mere letter and not the spirit.

I admit that I was somewhat prejudiced against the course from the very start. This prejudice had certainly a great deal to do with my personal attitude. The general tendencies, however, which I have here indicated, are true, and will no doubt be admitted by every member of the course Physics B.

"1908."

The second letter is from a man no longer in College, and now engaged in scientific work in the West. It is an enthusiastic appreciation of the benefits derived from College work, and may well serve to conclude the expressions of opinion:

To the Editor of the HARVARD
ILLUSTRATED:

Every course I took at Harvard was a joy and delight to me, opening up new mines of knowledge, new realms for my mind, and new vistas for my imagination.

I went to Harvard to get a technical education in chemistry; I came away with the technical education,—and something better, namely, an intense longing to become a cultivated scholar, with the desire to apply, whatever of scholarship I have or may attain, in all my intercourse with my fellows.

This longing for scholastic culture I acquired partly from the general atmosphere of Fair Harvard, but mostly from two courses: Philosophy 1A, as given by Professors Royce and Münsterberg, and Chemistry 8 (Historical Development of Chemical Theory), which is given by Professor Richards. I lay much stress on the man who gives a course. The same course with the same material may be given two following years by two men—one a scholarly scientist and the other a mere encyclopedia. There is all the difference in the world between the two. From the one the master gives, you get the facts illuminated and vivified by their relation to life and to human endeavor in many another field. The master gives you inspiration and ideas and longings. Professors Münsterberg, Richards, and Royce were such masters to me.

R. NORRIS SHREVE, '08.
FERGUSON, MO.

CHRISTO ET ECCLESIAE

By EDWARD EYRE HUNT

Sweet spirit of freedom that guided our sires
Through the dangers of forest and sea;
Sweet spirit of truth that enkindled the fires
Of their hopes for the nation to be;
Sweet spirit of Christ, which art freedom and truth,
Lead and light our fair Harvard we pray,
That the future may perfect the promise of youth
And her sons be thy soldiers always.

A TREASURE HOUSE OF BOOKS

BY W. C. LANE

(Librarian of Harvard University)

EDITOR'S NOTE. — The illustrations in this article are from photographs by J. R. H. Moore.

With the opening of the Treasure Room in Gore Hall, the College Library is able for the first time to bring together into one place, the larger part of its rare and valuable books,—those which cannot be left on open shelves, but have to be placed under lock and key and used under suitable supervision. By an ingenious system of sliding cases, which stores an enormous number of books compactly in a small space, a very large number of volumes can be brought together in this room, while the floor cases, with their glass doors, make it possible to display some of the special collections in such a way as to be interesting to the casual visitor. The room is at present unprovided with any showcase in which the individual volumes of these collections can be conveniently laid out for the inspection of visitors, but it may be worth while to put on record a brief account of the more interesting volumes.

We pass over for the present the great volumes from the famous Italian presses, which were received in the bequest of Dr. Henry Ware Wales's library in 1856. We make only passing mention of the books received in the library of Count Paul Riant, in 1900, placed in the case adjoining the Wales books, and including some hundred incunabula, another hundred of manuscript volumes and choicely bound books relating to the Crusades, early travels in the Holy

Land, and contemporary accounts of the long wars between Turkey and Europe. In other cases are Mr. John Bartlett's great collection of books on Angling, the rarer volumes from Professor Bôcher's library on Molière and Montaigne, and more interesting than any of these to most visitors, the collection left to the College in 1881 by Thomas Carlyle—the books which he used in writing on Cromwell and Frederick the Great, "whatever of them, that is, I could not borrow, but had to buy and gather." The bequest was left "as a poor testimony of my respect for the alma mater of so many of my transatlantic friends" and a token of "a variety of kind feelings, obligations, and regards towards New England." The books which Carlyle used most are full of annotations and memoranda in his characteristic cramped hand-writing, and many of them indicate his customary contempt for other writers who were not careful in regard to their facts.

All of these we pass by for the moment and come to the two cases holding the books received from Senator Charles Sumner's library in 1874. Charles Sumner had been a life-long friend and supporter of the College Library, directing toward it a constant stream of gifts, particularly contemporary political pamphlets, which he used to say he could find more conveniently on the shelves of the College Library than in his own study.

79)

Ode to Heaven *

Palace roof of cloudless nights
 Paradise of golden lights
 Deep, immeasurable, vast,
 Which art now, & which wert then;
 Of the present and the past
 Of the eternal where & when
 Science chamber Temple, Home,
 Ever canopying dome
 Of acts & ages yet to come!

Glorious shapes have life in thee
 Earth and all earth's company
 Diving globes which ever throng
 Thy deep chasms & wildernesses
 And green worlds that glide along
 And swift stars with flashing tapers
 And icy moons most cold & bright
 And mighty suns, beyond the night
 Atoms of intensest light.

At his death in 1874, he left his whole collection, comprising about 3,750 volumes, and a residuary bequest, amounting to over \$36,000, from which the Library now derives an income of more than \$1,800 a year, which is spent for books on politics and the fine arts. In 1897 Mr. E. L. Pierce, Sumner's literary executor, placed in the Library his letter-books (177 volumes), containing letters received by him from 1830 to 1874. The greater part of Mr. Sumner's books have been scattered in different parts of the Library, according to their subjects, but the choicer volumes—those interesting mainly on account of their bindings, their early date, their rarity, or their historical associations—have been brought together and are now to be seen in cases 40 and 41 of the Treasure Room. Sumner had the tastes and the instincts of a true book-lover and book-collector, and he had opportunities for collecting such as are denied to the collectors of the present day. He cared for his books as books and for what they contained, but he was also greatly attracted by books which had belonged to well-known authors or statesmen and had the added interest of autographs and inscriptions. This interest in personal associations led him also to acquire manuscripts, and we find among his books autograph manuscript music by Rousseau, by Hayden, and by Bellini; fifty pages of Scott's manuscript relating to the modern drama; a manuscript copy of Edmund Burke's "Observations on the Conduct of the Minority," with corrections in Burke's hand, and letters from him to his secretary. One of the most precious bits of manuscript in the collection is a copy of Burns's Bannockburn, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," written out by him and sent in a letter to the Earl of Buchan. There are also manuscript



Book with autographs of Pope and Swift

notes on Seneca in the hand of Hugo Grotius, the writer on international law. He also bought autograph letters and documents freely, and has left behind a somewhat notable collection of such papers, representing a wide range of statesmen and writers. A list of the names represented may be found in the Catalogue of the Sumner Collection, published by the Library in 1879. Among autographs in the collections, the most precious is that of Joannes Miltonius, written in the autograph album of Camillus Cardoyn, a Neapolitan nobleman, who resided in Geneva from 1608 to 1640, and collected in his album the signatures and sentiments of a great number of travelers as they passed through Geneva. Milton has inscribed on the page presented to him the sentence "Cœlum non animum muto dum trans mare curro," and has added the closing lines of "Comus,"

" . . . if Vertue feeble were
Heaven it selfe would stoope to her,"

with the date "Junii 10, 1639."

A scrap-book contains such interesting objects as a ballot for the President of the French Republic in 1848; a ticket

admitting Mr. Sumner to Westminster Abbey for the coronation of Queen Victoria; official copies of the Emancipation Proclamation and of the first proclamation calling for troops to suppress the Rebellion; a copy of the *Richmond Whig* for April 4, 1865, the day after the Federal troops entered Rich-



Manuscript of Shelley's Skylark

mond, beside many other memorials of slavery and ante-bellum politics; but the books which have interesting personal associations are perhaps the most attractive part of the collection. Here are books which formerly belonged to Madame de Pompadour, Louis XVI and XVIII, to Napoleon and Talleyrand, Colbert and Chancellor Maupeou, de Montesquieu and Montaigne (a copy of "Strabo"), a copy of Voltaire's "Mahomet," corrected all through in Voltaire's hand for the second edition; a New Testament which belonged to Racine, with his miniature autograph at the bottom of the last page; a Plautus

which belonged to Dr. Johnson; a volume of "Things about Pope," collected by Horace Walpole, containing the rare plan of Pope's garden and grotto, views of his house, portraits and caricatures, and contemporary pamphlets; other volumes have belonged to Queen Elizabeth, to the Earl of Essex, to Robert Cécil, to John Wilkes. We find a copy of Burke's "Appeal from the Old to the New Whigs," given by the author to Lord Southampton; a handsome copy of Shaftsbury's "Characteristics," given to Charles Sumner in 1851 by the Lord Shaftsbury of his day. Milton's copy of "Pindar" is here, with careful notes all through in Milton's hand; a copy of the Bible which belonged to John Bunyan, with his autograph on the title-page of the New Testament, the title-page of the Old Testament having disappeared. There are volumes from the libraries of John Gay, of Congreve, of James Thomson, of Thomas Gray, of William Wordsworth. A copy of Coleridge's



John Bunyan's Bible



Gore Hall Treasure Room

"Friend" contains this inscription in the hand of the author:

"To Hyman Hurwitz from S. T. Coleridge, with that regard and respect, which men who reverence themselves pay to those whom they know worthy to be revered. Highgate, 27 April 1821."

A much-battered copy of Ossian, in two volumes, once belonged to Lord Byron, and many of the blank pages are covered with notes in Byron's hand. His signature is on the fly-leaf of each volume, and at the end of the first volume is a translation into verse of Ossian's "Ode to the Sun," consisting of forty-two lines in the poet's hand.



Dryden's Greek Copy-book

A copy of the "Noctes Atticae" of Aulus Gellius has manuscript notes by Melancthon, and three of the front fly-leaves are filled with his handwriting.

A copy of Erasmus's Paraphrase on Luke is exquisitely bound, but its great interest lies in the fact that on the margins are twenty-seven original pen-and-ink designs by Holbein, many of which, alas, have been cut into when the book was rebound.

A copy of "The Federalist" contains John Adams's autograph, and his initials

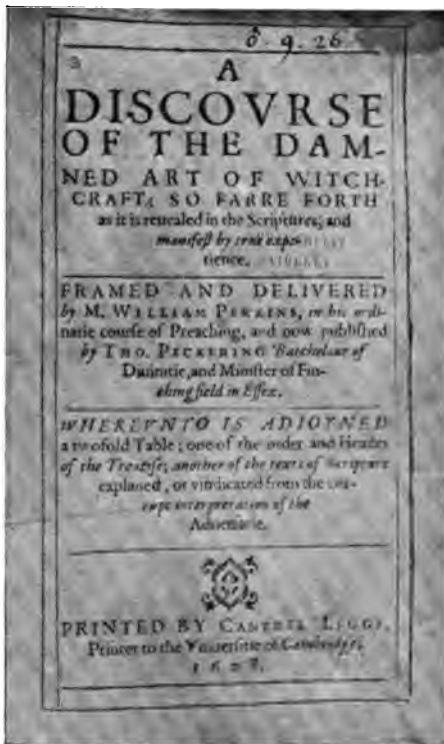


Book from Napoleon's Library

are stamped in gilt on the covers. An inscription in his hand indicates that the volumes were presented to Thomas Brand Hollis, the friend of the Library's great benefactor, Thomas Hollis of Lincoln's Inn, and from him they passed through a number of different owners to Charles Sumner.

The long set of diminutive volumes of Cicero once belonged to Thomas Buckle, the historian.

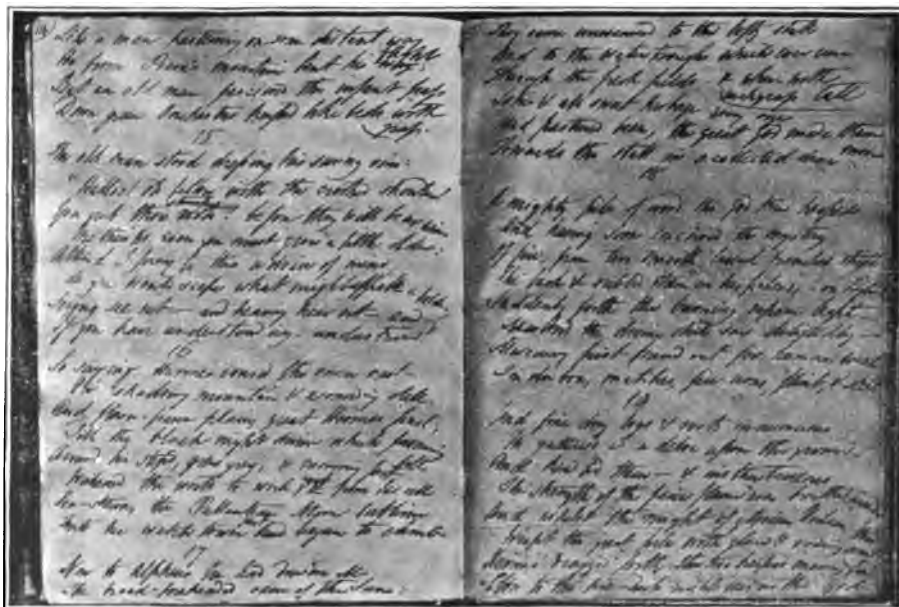
A privately printed volume of translations by Lyttelton and Gladstone was given to Sumner by the second author,



and bears the inscription, "From W. E. G., with warm good wishes."

Here too are the Lucretius which belonged to John Evelyn; the Tasso with the autograph of Drummond of Hawthornden; the Commentaries of Blaise de Montluc, with the autograph of Edmund Waller on the title-page; a copy of that famous book, Puckle's "The Club," bears the autographs of A. Pope and I. Swift; and even more interesting is the Greek Exercise Book which John Dryden studied as a boy at Westminster School, and in which he has scrawled his name, boy fashion, all over the blank leaves.

Many other interesting books in this collection might be mentioned, but the above are perhaps the more striking examples of books made precious by historical and personal associations. What a company of wits and scholars and statesmen would assemble in the Treasure Room of the College Library if each former owner came back to claim his books!



RADCLIFFE ON HARVARD

The Small Sister's Point of View

BY A RADCLIFFE UNDERGRADUATE

Radcliffe frankly admits that while Harvard grew up long ago, she, his younger sister, is still in the awkward age. She looks from her own buildings, so very brand new that the smell of paint and mortar still lingers about them, to Harvard's, with the ivy upon them, which seem to have become as much a part of the soil as the elms which shade them. She admires Harvard's age, his traditions, his associations, and that beauty and refinement which he has put on with his years. And there is something else. The mere proximity of recitation halls, laboratories, and dormitories at Harvard brings the students together. The life of the individual and the life of the College are one. But in the buildings encircling the green at Radcliffe the students do not come in contact with each other on all sides of their lives — the dormitory life is a little apart and it affects but a small portion of the student body; the personal contact, the everlasting thrashing out of old problems, the give and take of daily intercourse, which seem to bind college and student together and which go on at Harvard, is to a great degree crowded out. From the outside Radcliffe gets some such impression of Harvard as M. André Tardieu speaks of receiving during his brief stay: to him the atmosphere was full of a "spirit of solidarity."

But while Radcliffe admires her elder brother for all these things, she doesn't envy him anything; she is too proud to do that. One of Radcliffe's best friends

once wittily defined Harvard as "a neighboring segregated institution for men." If the truth must be told, to many Radcliffe girls Harvard is that in earnest. No member of this institution for men is interesting to Radcliffe merely because he is a Harvard man. His faults may never be transformed to virtues by the fact that he is a member of that College across the square. The distance is too great for the gulf to be bridged, and not far enough to lend enchantment. And of this neighboring institution Radcliffe as a whole — I am not speaking of individuals — tries to see as little as possible. If her duties call her to work in the Harvard Library, she chooses her time so as to avoid the long processions from recitation halls or from Memorial. Once in the library she gets her books and sits penned off from the Harvard occupants of the history reading-room, her back discreetly turned toward them; all this is done with an amused consciousness that, while such behavior satisfies her own sense of the proprieties, it is quite unnecessary: Harvard is unconscious of her existence.

Radcliffe desires to forget that she was ever called the "Harvard Annex." She is a true American girl, and the idea of dependence, even upon a big brother whom she admires, does not delight her. On the contrary, she even speaks of herself as the College, feeling that she has quite as legitimate a right to this definite article as he has. And she wishes there were a Radcliffe "Coöperative," so that

Harvard might not be given the chance, which she understands he has taken, of speaking of his Coöperative as the hen coop.

When remarks such as the one just quoted come to Radcliffe's ears, she can't help feeling that, as an elder brother, Harvard is rather disposed to snub her. She is sorry to discover such a spirit, for she would like to think of Harvard as a perfect gentleman. When she goes to a Harvard Class Day or to a Harvard tea or ball game or debate, she always finds Harvard that, and when she goes to a Harvard theatrical performance and sees men playing the parts of women, then especially does she consider Harvard a perfect gentleman.

It must be because Radcliffe is so busy winning her own basket-ball games that she is not always posted as to Harvard's football and baseball victories. At any rate, being a woman, she admires the war-like virtues and refuses to hear that Harvard has a reputation for getting beaten, and she hopes it isn't true, what a certain western college has reported, that Harvard men no longer like those "wuff games" and would "wather wow a wow-boat or eat a chocolate cweam,"

and that they think of adopting as a new cheer, "Huwwah for books and marbles! Huwwah for tops and stwings!"

Radcliffe rather enjoys poking fun at her big brother, but the fun poking is only on the surface, as she trusts the Harvard snubs are too. Although she is so proud, so independent, and so occupied with her own affairs, she never forgets her relationship to Harvard, and that her big brother shares with her the Harvard professors, the Harvard standards, and the air of Cambridge. These are benefits which she thinks superior to those of any other American college. She is grateful to her conservative elder brother for his generosity in letting her come down to an intellectual desert with the grownups. And yet her precocious soul is not quite satisfied. A sentence in the Radcliffe Catalogue, relative to the pamphlets issued by the University, describing Harvard courses, keeps recurring to her, "It must be clearly understood that the courses offered in the Radcliffe announcement are the only courses open to women." She can only hope that, as time goes on, she may grow up and at last be allowed to come down for the whole intellectual dinner.



THE YEAR ON THE RIVER

BY J. RICHARDSON, JR.

Rowing at Harvard is at present in a rather bad way, and yet not much need be done to put it in a far more satisfactory condition. Lack of system and organization in the general crews is the cause of the trouble. A brief review of all the rowing here this year will show just where and how this lack of organization has worked, and will give an idea at the same time of the development of the University crew.

When College opened a squad of thirty men was picked by the coach and captain of the University crew to compose the fall University rowing-squad. The chief aims of the fall work were first to pick a stroke for the spring crew; second, to better the men on the squad in general smoothness in their rowing, and third, to select, as far as possible, the best men for the spring University crew. All the available stroke material was tried out, and it was found by the middle of the fall that Sargent, our present stroke, was the most likely man for the position. Many long and very slow paddles were made, and resulted in the desired improvement in smoothness and general control. At the end of the fall there was a race over the four-mile course between the three University crews, to assure the coach that the men who had been selected for next spring could go the distance, which they all proved. All the men chosen in the fall got through the mid-year examinations properly, and on Feb. 11 the first crew started in practice with the order determined on in the fall tryouts.

The dormitory crews were called out three days after College began, and all men were urged to come out, since, if they proved their worth, they might be taken on to the University squad. At the start the crews numbered twenty-two, but soon dwindled to seventeen—this is the first example of lack of system. Captains were appointed at the Weld and Newell boathouses to take charge of coaching conditions and times for rowing of the crews; but though they worked hard, they necessarily



J. Richardson, Jr.

worked without system, and the result was inevitable. Some of the men on the second crews began to come down only when they happened to want to, and the others naturally got disgruntled. No report of this, however, was made to the captain of the University crew, except in a slipshod sort of a way.

The two days of bumping races for the two divisions of the dormitory crews provided some very good racing, and at the end of this, the four best crews were picked by the coach and captain of the University crew to row a race over the mile-and-a-half course in the basin. This choice of the four best crews might at first seem a doubtful proposition, but all the captains of the crews that had not been picked agreed with the wisdom of the choice. The straightaway race, held between the four best crews, was great sport. In the last few strokes Claverly won surely the title of head of the river, beating Randolph by about six feet. Matthews, which was chosen from the second division, came third, within three-fourths of a length of Randolph, and Mt. Auburn Street (first division) was a close fourth. It was felt that this straightaway test was a good method for proving more conclusively than is possible in two or three days of bumping races, which is really the fastest crew on the river.

The University squad in the spring was composed of the three eights which had rowed on the squad during the fall, and eight more were chosen from the various dormitory crews on the basis of their performances in the races. The crews were very fortunate in getting out on the river on Feb. 19. Coach Wray tried to divide his time equally between all four crews and saw to it that each crew received coaching every day. All

four crews immediately started doing a good deal of light work. On Saturday, March 21, a race took place between the three lower crews on the squad, to enable the coach and captain to pick a second crew. A close race resulted, and the eight best men from the three crews were retained on the University squad. On Monday, March 23, the class crews were organized and captains elected. Here, again, the lack of system came out, for the men dropped from the University squad did not at once report for the class crews, but instead delayed a few days, thereby retarding the class crews for just that length of time.

The idea in keeping only two crews on the University squad was to raise the standard of class rowing, and it seemed better to have all the men rowing every day, even at the danger of having now and then to borrow a man from the class crew, than to have substitutes on the University squad with nothing to do. As men showed up well on the class crews they were taken on to the University squad and other men were dropped to fill their places. I think this system worked well.

The class races again showed the lack of organization. No one knew when the other men were coming out. No one knew when the second-crew races would be rowed. The class races were rowed on May 16 and were won by the Sophomores, the Freshmen were second, a length and a half behind, while the Seniors were third, and the Juniors last. As the Freshmen had broken an oar early in the race, the Sophomores challenged them for a match race to determine which was the best crew to go to Philadelphia. This race was won by the Freshmen by a length and a half, and they, accordingly, rowed in the American

Henley at Philadelphia, on May 23. In two races they came in first and second, and made a very creditable showing.

In the meantime, the University crew made but one change after it had gone on the water (except for a temporary trial of a different stroke), and its improvement was fairly consistent. Much long, slow paddling was done, and there was a good deal of improvement in the recovery. The crew beat Annapolis in a two-mile race by half a length, and although they did not row well, the result was satisfactory, since it was Sargent's first race at stroke. The trip was an absolute success — taken during the few days previous to, and first half of, the Easter vacation. The crew had a bully time, and learned, as you can only learn just before a race, what its chief faults were.

After this race there was a steady improvement, especially in the stroke oar, who developed into an excellent man. The men all rowed regularly in the

morning and kept in fine condition. Dr. Ladd, the new doctor, who accompanied the crew to Annapolis, came out regularly twice a week, and by the continued good health of the crew, proved himself an ideal man for the job.

The Cornell race was rowed on the Charles, on May 30, and Harvard won very easily by ten lengths. The Cornell crew was no test at all, but the men in the Harvard crew rowed satisfactorily. Both races have been rowed in the shell given by Mr. W. C. Baylies, '80, and the Yale race will be rowed in the same boat. Her rigging has been changed to the American style, but she is a remarkably fast boat.

The crew has now left for New London, where it will complete its training for the Yale race. The chief impression that the crew have of the season is of having a good time and enjoying the whole of it. It leaves the Charles River without yet having been behind at the finish line.



University Crew starting from the float. Coach Wray on the right

MAUDE ADAMS AT HARVARD

BY LEE SIMONSON

We have had the incomparable good fortune of seeing Miss Adams perform "Twelfth Night" on the same Elizabethan stage upon which, three years ago, Forbes Robertson gave us "Hamlet." To the scholars among us the evening may have been eventful, chiefly because it was a restoration of an Elizabethan comedy in its historic environment, an opportunity to experience an antiquarian's or a student's delight in seeing one of Shakespeare's comedies as a tapster or an apprentice of his day, huddled in the pit, must have seen them. Certainly the preliminary pleasure of the evening was of this sort. We were a little better able to see Shakespeare through the eyes of his age, of which we prate so much and understand so little. The unique and imperishable quality of any type of art is never quite grasped until we see under those peculiar limitations which called it forth, and which are inseparable elements of final perfection. All art is the solution of a problem; and that the conditions may be arbitrary or accidental is of no importance. You cannot talk of the beauty of a design until you become aware of the space it has succeeded in filling. The four square lines enclosing a Japanese print are just as much part of it as the figures in the print itself. One-half the perfection of any bit of music is our sense that the melody as it sings or ripples, so perfectly exploits the most exquisite possibilities of its chosen instrument. What the space is for a print,

or the instrument for a melody, the Elizabethan stage is for one of Shakespeare's comedies. One has only to hear a Bach suite on a harpsichord to understand how utterly it is distorted by the roar and resonance of a piano. One has only to see a Greek tragedy as we saw it last year at the Stadium, to understand how completely everything that is most Greek in it vanishes once it is put behind the gaping hole of a modern proscenium. So, too, one has only to see "Twelfth Night" on the bare platform, with its canopy, curtained alcove and musicians' balcony, to understand how much of the very imaginative quality in Shakespeare's dramas we are accustomed to refer to without end, is distorted and marred by the elaborate realism of our theater.

The fewest of us knew the other night whether we were supposed to be seated in *The Swan* or *The Globe*. The fewest of us cared. And rightly so. For the great service of the English Department in staging a Shakesperian play in its historic setting is, that upon this severely simple stage, the whole imaginative spirit pervading the comedy begins to live as it never could otherwise. The play exists in a world of its own. We know comedy not as a solitary thing of to-day, but with its handmaids of song and dance and music. The players are not slaves of a curtain; we do not feel them crouching like rabbits in hutchies, waiting to pop in one door and out another. They stray on and off to



Miss Adams in the duel scene from "Twelfth Night" on the Elizabethan stage at Sanders Theatre

music, like the lordly and gracious figures of a revel or a mask. Indeed, the whole play becomes infused with the festive spirit of a pageant. The incidents arrange themselves like successive groups of a decorative frieze. From first to last the play exists upon an imaginative plane, and we have the sense of participating at festival.

It was this unique *ensemble*, which the setting of the play insured, this mood created, which made one realize how the theater of England, like that of Greece, had become a temple of the people. And Miss Adams's Viola fitted in completely with the festivity and Elizabethan pageantry. It was a Viola with a sense of humor; Viola, frankly delighting in the prank of masquerading, with eager expectancy and whimsical good-humor, only now and again becoming aware of the quaint pathos of her predicament. We have been accustomed to something entirely different. Tradition invests Viola with a pensive and romantic melancholy. We hear of her as among the most "womanly" of Shakespeare's heroines, and are told of the depths of her nature. And within the last five years we have had two interpretations of the part which embody this tradition perfectly, and are the surest possible indications of the novelty of Miss Adams's conception.

Miss Edith Wynne Matthison played Viola, some four years ago, to Mr. Ben Greet's Malvolio. Primarily, Miss Matthison is an elocutionist; one felt first and last the exquisite cadence of her elocution, the consummate delivery of the lines, so that to shut one's eyes and listen was very nearly enough. Miss Marlowe, playing more recently with Mr. Sothorn, though quite unable to read the verse in any such manner,

gave to Viola the typical womanly sweetness and quiet loyalty, and made Viola's fun a flickering surface of her fundamental seriousness. Miss Adams has simply reversed the process, with refreshing results. Her moments of seriousness were incidents in her gay abandon. She had the frightened pout of a child when Orsino, twitting her at the very outset as to her "small pipe," that is "as a woman's organ," seems likely to discover her disguise; and her look of almost comic relief when he drops his suspicions and turns to "the affair" drew a ripple of laughter from the house; the air of saucy impudence with which she assures Malvolio she "will hull here a little longer" won the audience definitely to her side, with a chuckle. And her exclamation, "I am the man," as she puzzles over the ring, was followed by a gasp of almost mischievous delight. It was the "scrape" she seemed to be thinking of and not Olivia's predicament. And so throughout, she was never the woman, but the immature girl, shy, awkward, affectionate and resolute by turns; always winsome and always alluring.

One may defend tradition, one may complain that Miss Adams's reading of blank verse is not perfect, and that the more serious scenes are glozed over. I leave such matters to the critics. If Miss Adams's Viola is incomplete, she is, nevertheless, in perfect accord with the air of gay pageantry about the play, and untiringly delightful; indeed, a girlish, happy-hearted Viola, headlong in her fun and not inclined to dally over her sorrows, merely heightens the contagious gayety of this gayest of all the comedies, and makes its worth, if anything, a little more heart-easing.

As for the company, its support on the whole was varied and even. The

single disappointment of the evening was Mr. Lawford's Malvolio. His legs were cast for the rôle as none, perhaps, will be for years to come. But Mr. Lawford chose to accent merely the comic aspect of the chamberlain, and missed the niceties of pantomime and extravagances of speech and gesture which give the effect. The Olivia (Miss Victor) was perhaps too consistently fiery and passionate for a gentlewoman with the propensities to mourning and retirement, though her highly colored manner stood her in good stead in the more romantic scenes with Cæsario. The clown and the two knights made a memorable trio. Mr. Trader as the clown effectively carried off the task of giving just the right serio-comic touch to his motley wisdom. Mr. Tyler as Toby, with a rich, deep growl, scored all his fun without a single lapse into vulgarity. Mr. Carter contributed an untiringly amusing characterization of Sir Andrew, accentuated

with endlessly humorous details from the falsetto to the sniffles and the caper.

But minor points of criticism are of small account. The performance was an occasion, and as an occasion it will be remembered. Whatever shortcomings in detail there may have been were lost in the splendid *ensemble* of spirited and festive gayety and the alluringly novel impersonation of Miss Adams. In conclusion, we can only voice the enthusiasm and the appreciation of the undergraduate body in the mutual service of Miss Adams and the committee in charge — Professors Neilson, Kittredge, and Bliss Perry. This second revival is perhaps only the beginning of a series. We can only hope that performances by noted players as guests of the University will become a more frequent and established custom, and in time attain to the sanctity of a tradition. The Court has done much as a patron of the theater. Why not the University?

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 The strength and glory of mine art reveal.

An iron gauge art thou, in power cast,
 To testify my brother's new-born might
 A wondrous symbol of his upward way
 From out the silent horrors of the past,
 Through pain and persecution's horrid night,
 Into the dear-bought freedom of to-day.

EDITORIALS

1908 ON COLLEGE COURSES

The editors of the ILLUSTRATED have enjoyed a valuable and interesting experience in tabulating the opinions of the Senior Class on College courses. To learn that another man regrets or cordially hates a course which one has heartily recommended to all friends gives a distinct shock. And to an undergraduate it is at least surprising to learn of the violent opinions for and against the same course and the same instructor held by members of the same class. It will make him more charitable in his judgments and more ready to weigh the opinions of others against his own. If the canvass proves any one thing, it is that "one man's meat is another man's poison."

There is, however, another side to the result. With reference to certain courses, the men who have taken the trouble to express an opinion are unanimous in their condemnation. A study of the postal cards relating to several of the courses near the bottom of the list brings the conviction that something is radically wrong with the instructor or the material he presents. The undergraduates have a right to ask that the heads of the different departments look into the complaints that have been made. If they are justified something should be done. There is no excuse for continuing a course that disappoints all the men who take it, or for retaining an instructor whose methods or personality repel the men with whom he comes in contact. The canvass has shown with what whole-souled unanimous enthusiasm the undergraduates endorse the teachers and

instruction that give them profit and inspiration. Poor courses and poor teachers not only work positive injury themselves, but keep men away from those courses and teachers from which all men derive benefit.

But while the Faculty deliberates the undergraduates can take matters into their own hands. For the first time, perhaps, they have an opportunity to examine a consensus of opinion on the important subject of instruction. They would do well before deciding to take a course that seems to be unpopular, to have a talk with the instructor and with other men who have taken it. And if their attention has not heretofore been called to some of the courses which most men seem to like, it would be worth while to look them up in the Catalogue and take them into consideration. The opinions of other men should influence but not determine us.

THE YEAR ON THE RIVER

The ILLUSTRATED presents this month an interesting article from the pen of Captain Richardson, in which he discusses "The Year on the River." Beginning in a pessimistic tone he strikes at the end a note of guarded optimism, which we are more than ready to endorse. He who reads between the lines of Captain Richardson's article may see that Harvard has the right to place full confidence in the men who are to represent her at New London this year.

But there is one feature of Captain Richardson's article that deserves more than passing attention. He remarks on the lack of system that prevails in our

rowing, and cites several concrete instances where ineffective organization has worked positive injury. So many men are interested in secondary rowing that effective system is essential if they are all to obtain the full benefit of our excellent rowing facilities. The popularity of the new Weld boathouse and the increasing interest in dormitory rowing promises to attract a large number of men to the river next year. Those who are placed in charge should see to it that the men are properly organized, and that something is done to encourage or compel regular attendance.

A CHEER FOR THE BASEBALL TEAM

We all ought to be heartily ashamed for our attitude towards the baseball team after its slump during the first part of the season. Hardly a man could be found to speak

a good word for the nine that, during the past three weeks, has played some of the best ball ever seen on Soldiers Field. We all knew that the nine was made up of good material, and that it was having a run of hard luck, and yet there was abroad a spirit of carping criticism that did not speak well for our sportsmanship and that must have disappointed the members of the team.

There is, however, one consolation. It may have been this criticism that spurred the nine to work together in a hearty effort to "buck up." Anyhow, it has "bucked up" splendidly and has shown the men from Brown, Dartmouth, and Cornell that it can play ball. And now, no matter what may happen in the games to come, let us stand back of the team, every manjack of us, to the very end. The nine has shown what it can do without our help, let us give it a chance to show what it can do with it.



ON THE WITNESS STAND. By Hugo Münsterberg. The McClure Company, New York. Price, \$1.50.

The appearance of a new book by Professor Münsterberg marks an epoch in the world of thinkers. For many

years that distinguished American-German appealed almost entirely to scholars, the men by whom he was surrounded, both in his own and his adopted country, but of late — ever since his "American Traits. From the Point of View of a

German" was published, the "intelligent middle-class reader" has caught eagerly at any word from his pen.

"On the Witness Stand"—a title which at once sharpens curiosity—is a collection of essays on Psychology and Crime, which are of almost equal interest to the initiated and the uninitiated,—to those who are students with Professor Münsterberg of the wonderful new science of Psychology and to those who scan his pages with the avidity of a casual reader, who is astonished by finding in them the excitement of the latest detective story added to an exposition of the mind of man, which fills the newcomer into this realm of mental science with an awed desire to penetrate still farther its mysteries.

In these ten essays upon Psychology and Crime, there is so much that is fascinating, so much that one longs to quote, that the limits of space are more than usually irksome to the reviewer; one cannot, however, abstain from mentioning the amusing manner in which Professor Münsterberg anticipates the indignant protests of "the lawyer and the judge and the jury," who "are sure that they do not need the experimental psychology. . . . They go on thinking that their legal instinct and their common sense supplies them with all that is needed and somewhat more; and if the time is ever to come when even the jurist is to show some concession to the spirit of modern psychology, public opinion will have to exert some pressure." He goes on to say that he is at present working upon a "treatise on 'Applied Psychology,' which is to cover the ground with technical detail." Meanwhile, he has written the "following

popular sketches, which select only a few problems in which psychology and law come into contact," and which will go far towards enlisting "public opinion" in the grave matters of which he writes. He says: "I have not touched so far the psychology of the attorney, of the judge, or of the jury—problems which lend themselves to very interesting experimental treatment."

The "searchers after truth"—or after a new sensation—who have met these essays before in ephemeral magazine form, and have now the privilege of rereading them more thoughtfully, will be surprised to discover the depths indicated, though not yet fathomed, by Professor Münsterberg, and will await with greatest interest the more profound and exhaustive investigation of these subjects which he has made his own, in the book which he promises in the future.

THE GOVERNMENT OF ENGLAND. By A. Lawrence Lowell. Two volumes. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$4.00 net.

In these days of ephemeral publications that seem destined even by their authors to live only for a moment, it is a pleasure to find occasionally a work of real scholarship, a work that shows care, time, and attention not only to facts, but to their treatment. Such a book is Professor A. Lawrence Lowell's "The Government of England."

We can do little more than point out the book's salient features, leaving the reader to get his facts and inspiration from the volumes themselves. The subject is discussed under eight heads, the first two of which overrun the initial

volume — "The Central Government," "The Party System," "Local Government," "Education," "The Church," "The Empire," "The Courts of Law," and "Reflections." Of these we are inclined to judge the first most scholarly, the second, the most instructive, and the last, the most literary.

The chapters on "The Empire" are interesting reading to an American, in view of the problems arising from our own dependencies.

In 1896 Professor Lowell wrote an able study on "Government and Parties in Continental Europe," which has been through more than one edition; in 1893 James Bryce, a friend to whom indebtedness is expressed in the preface of "England," brought out the first impression of his "American Common-

wealth." If called upon to compare Professor Lowell's earlier and later works, one might say that "England" shows an advance both in depth of scholarship and in manner of treatment. It is interesting also to place side by side the book of an Englishman on America and the study of England by an American. Here, again, we are inclined to think that Professor Lowell excels in scholarship; but to analyze English Government, replete with antiquities, requires more scholarly research than is necessary on American institutions. These demand, more than anything else, a broad horizon, a keen analysis of current conditions. In both of these Mr. Bryce leads, so that, in a way, each author has done the work for which he was best fitted.



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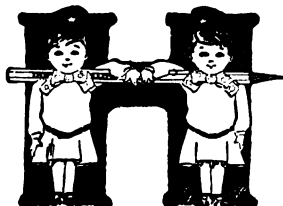
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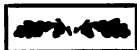
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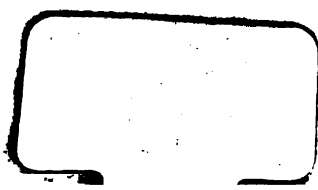
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